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THE LIFE

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, K^T.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LL.D. F.R.S.

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, &c. &c. &c.

BY D. E. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

"Mirabile est, cum plurimum in faciendo intersit inter doctum et rudem; quam non multum differat in Judicando." Cic. de Orat.

"Inest mentibus nostris, quædam cupiditas, VERI videndi." Cic. de Off. Lib. 1.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1831.

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Sir T. Lawrence del.r

J. Worthington, sculp.t

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M. P. LL.D.

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

THE private papers and confidential correspondence of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, have been entrusted to me as his biographer. In these documents I find that he very frequently mentions you, in terms which evince an impression of your kindness in private life, and an admiration of your talents and liberal spirit, in your patronage of the Fine Arts.

In offering to you, therefore, the Dedication of this work, I feel that I am paying a respect to the judgment and affections of this great and good man, whilst I am showing a deference to the general sense of your pre-eminent character and public services.

Your acceptance of this Dedication will be received, as a testimony of your respect for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and as a consequence of your intimate connexion with the moral and intellectual improvement of our country in the most eventful period of her history.

I could not have the vanity to solicit it, as any approbation, or countenance, however indirect, of my performance, nor can it be construed into any concurrence in my opinions, or approval of my sentiments. For these I am alone responsible before the great tribunal of the public. Like yourself, I can claim one of the most exalted and inestimable of distinctions—an inflexibility to aught but conviction, and an indifference to any thing that I do not deem integral and right.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With great respect,
Your most obedient,
And very humble Servant,
D. E. WILLIAMS.

PREFACE.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control, and with which, in the first instance, I had no connexion, have devolved upon me the important task of writing the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Serious and important, indeed, is this duty, both in relation to the arts, and to the character for genius in the great and eternal republic of Art, which this illustrious man has acquired for his country.

The biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence is, moreover, connected with a very peculiar era of history; and his private life and professional exertions have reference to names in Europe, the greatest for power, rank, affluence, talents, and virtues.

No man was ever more admired in public or beloved in private life, than Sir Thomas Lawrence; and probably never did the death of any person, in a similar sphere, occasion more regret among men of genius, or deeper sorrow in so

large and extensive a circle of private friends—friends selected exclusively for all that is great and good in our nature.

Upon the sudden, unexpected, and certainly afflicting death of this eminent man, his friends and admirers were anxious that his biography should be given to the world, by some person of a celebrity in literature, and of a character which might create a confidence in the adequate performance of a task so delicate, so important, and so fraught with difficulties severe and innumerable. The family, and all who had known Sir Thomas, were rejoiced that the office was undertaken by his friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell; and the republic of Letters and of Arts hailed the selection as a promise of excellence, and as a just tribute to the important nature of the subject, as well as to the memory of the deceased.

I was selected at this period as the coadjutor of Mr. Campbell,—as "the humble pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions, from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress." That smile from learning and genius, however, I have happily received, in the delegation of

the principal task to me by Mr. Campbell, when circumstances prevented the performance of it by himself. These circumstances will unquestionably be regretted by the world—and unquestionably regretted they would have been, to whomever he had resigned the office, —for how very few, even of the most eminent, would have inspired equal hope and confidence in the performance!

Of my own very humble powers, the work, I fear, will afford indisputable evidence; but I throw it forward in the free and open market of public opinion, in which all performances and persons eventually find their proper level. I send it forth with unfeigned diffidence and humility, but without any desire to deprecate censure, further than by claiming a just consideration for the very peculiar circumstances under which it has been written. If it affords no satisfaction to the public, let the selection of me to the office be attributed solely to the exceedingly kind feelings which have, in this instance, obscured the judgment of that eminent man, who in honouring me with his confidence and friendship, has cast the one solitary ray of pride and comfort over my life.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was devoid of that

self-love, which is almost the only substitute for the education that begets the useful habit of accuracy in the minor details of life. He did not keep accounts, memoranda, notes, or papers; he neither recorded facts, dates, nor incidents; nor did he even write down the invaluable observations which he had occasion to make upon men, books, and professional works, in his career through life. His correspondence alone remains; and it will be seen that his letters were generally without date, to persons in different parts of the empire, and written spontaneously, in the short and precarious intervals of his intense exertions at his profession. Hence the difficulties of collecting the materials of this biography have been incalculable, and the labour, beyond what can easily be conceived. But the materials being obtained, they formed, from the causes just recited, a chaos of confusion almost impossible to reduce to order.

These difficulties will be received as some apology for the imperfections of the work. They were of incessant occurrence, and of an almost insuperable nature; and they exacted a sacrifice of time and labour, and imposed the necessity of personal inconveniences, which were found by Mr. Campbell, inconsistent with

the other very important literary plans in which he was then engaged. It was under these circumstances that the task was devolved upon me; and the communication was made to me in the following letter:

"Middle Scotland Yard,
Whitehall, Nov. 10, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE explained satisfactorily, to those who have the best right to an explanation from me on the subject, the circumstances which would make it hopeless for me to attempt publishing the Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"Under the sanction of Sir Thomas's nearest friends, I have consigned to you whatever documents I possess for the work; conscious that you will be likely to accumulate new materials more promptly than I could have done, and trusting that public criticism will be charitable towards you, when it considers the difficulty of your task. I should be happy to give you assistance in completing the biography, but I have neither health nor leisure for more than my present occupations.

"I think it my duty, however, to offer a few remarks on the earlier part of Sir Thomas's Life;

the only part of it of which I have digested the documents. I am convinced that you need not waste any time in attempting to trace our artist's pedigree from the Knight of Palestine. From the information which the Heralds' College afforded me on this subject, I can form no other conclusion than that Mr. Lysons' enthusiasm for his gifted friend warped his accustomed accuracy of judgment on this heraldic point, and that there is no proof at all of Lawrence being descended from the family of Ashton Hall.

"I transmit to you some documents respecting his early pecuniary circumstances, and the aid which he gave to his father's family, with a hope that you will participate in my feelings on the subject. I have been sorry to see in the newspapers, many harsh reflections on the relatives of Sir Thomas, for having been the cause of his whole embarrassments through life, by the early burthens which they are alleged to have selfishly imposed on his generosity. Without presuming to dictate to your judgment, I would recommend to you to give a candid and full hearing to what the family have to say on this delicate matter, and to remember that a pathetic interest in the

dead, is most unjustly obtained by any censure on the living, that is founded either on exaggeration or on questionable proofs. Not to speak of the difficulty of clearing up family facts so long gone by, there would be much indelicacy towards Sir Thomas's memory, in making the narrative of his life a vehicle for inculpating his family.

"If he had complained of them, the public might have a right to be a party to his complaint; but he loved them tenderly; and if he were alive, he would be the first to protest against the vulgar curiosity of dissecting his domestic concerns with his dearest kindred.

"I may be told, perhaps, that even Sir Thomas's private character now belongs to the public, and that our curiosity has a right to be satisfied as to the causes of this remarkable fact;—namely, that an artist, whose popularity ought to have made him rich, was actually embarrassed in his circumstances throughout life. Was his money spent in profligate dissipation? No: it is quite clear, as far as a negative can be proved, that he was neither a gambler nor viciously extravagant.

"That a part of his pecuniary difficulties arose from his generosity to his relatives, I think it

must be inferred from their own statements, but not to the degree that would entitle us to consider them as the principal, still less the sole, cause of his embarrassed affairs. I believe that, if he had been a twentieth part as circumspect in money management as in conversation, and half as cautious to avoid innocent extravagance, he would have been, in spite of his generosity to his family, a rich man. But he was utterly heedless of accounts. I could not credit the fact, unless I had had it from the best authority, that he kept his books so imperfectly, as to have omitted a debt of five hundred guineas due to him from one of the noblest families in the kingdom; and it is probable that he omitted other sitters, who were not so punctilious as that family in volunteering the payment of the unclaimed debt to his Executor. He was munificent in his kindness to brother artists, and was prodigal to all who applied for his charity. I believe, too, that a vast deal more of his time than is commonly supposed, was spent in gratuitous drawings or paintings, of which he made presents to his friends.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

"To D. E. Williams, Esq." T. CAMPBELL."

It has been said that the jealousy of painters exceeds that which is imputed to authors, the *genus irritabile vatum*, and that it is more productive of its poisonous fruits. This work will prove that the subject of it was totally incapable of so base a passion; and with respect to his contemporary artists, it is but justice to state, that, with a few rather painful exceptions, (exceptions found where least expected or justified,) many members of the profession were willing to contribute to the biography of this great man, all the sources of information which their friendly or professional intercourse and correspondence with him could supply.

The same feelings pervaded the private friends of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the anxiety to have his life upon record, and to contribute all in their power to the making of his biography the perfect mirror of the individual, is the most conclusive testimony to the excellence of the man. He must be of no ordinary nature, who, amongst numerous acquaintances of every rank and profession, finds such zeal of panegyric and warmth of attachment, and with scarcely any instance of indifference, and not one of animosity.

It is unnecessary to enumerate the many in-

dividuals who, by giving up their letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence, have contributed to the value of this work. Their names will appear in the following pages, and, it is trusted, to their honour. I have been much indebted for papers, to Mrs. Bloxam, his beloved sister, and to her sons.*

The names of the different members of the Angerstein family,—of the enlightened Secretary of the Academy, Mr. Howard, and of that liberal gentleman and eminent architect, Mr. Soane, as well as of Mr. Woodburn, stand conspicuously among those who have given up Sir Thomas's letters for the benefit of the work; and from Mr. Clint, of Gower Street, and Mr. Evans of Newman Street, I have received many communications, conveyed in a spirit of candour and friendship towards their companion in art. It is to be regretted that the severe parliamentary duties, or the important literary toils, of the Marquess of Londonderry, or some other cause, have prevented his favouring the work with a few of the great number of letters which he must have

* The Author is compelled to advert to the efforts of some of the friends of Sir T. L. to induce him to garble papers, to suppress facts, and to set forth statements to deceive the public. These attempts he uniformly resisted.

received in his frequent and long correspondence with a man, from whose friendship he must have derived so much of satisfaction and honour.

It affords a high degree of satisfaction to revert to the promptitude, the unaffected kindness and unostentatious warmth, with which Mr. now Sir Robert Peel, came forward to contribute the documents in his possession to the biography of his friend. A love of literature, a fine feeling for the beauties of art, and a social though refined kindness for ingenious and worthy men, have distinguished this pre-eminent political character, amid the cares of state, and probably the unexampled toils of legal and official reforms. I took the liberty, at a very late period of my labours, to communicate to Sir Robert Peel, that the attachment towards him for kindness, and an admiration of his judgment displayed in his patronage of the Arts, were so constantly expressed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his confidential letters, that I felt it my duty to offer him a Dedication of the work. A deference to the affections and judgment of Sir Thomas Lawrence appeared to me to render this an imperative obligation. I cannot resist the feeling of inserting Sir Robert's immediate reply to me,

his unknown correspondent. The letter must afford such consolation to the family and friends of the deceased; and it presents an instance of personal attachment and liberality of spirit, so gratifying to the public, and consolatory to the votaries of the Arts, that I feel myself justified in its publication.

"Whitehall, April 7, 1831.

"SIR,

"I HAVE the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and cannot hesitate to accept the offer which it conveys. It cannot fail to be gratifying to me, to have my name connected in the manner you propose, with the memory of the distinguished artist whose biography you have undertaken; for whom I had the sincerest esteem and warmest personal regard.

"I will not presume to offer any suggestion with regard to the terms of the Dedication. I take for granted that Mr. Campbell has transmitted to you a packet of letters addressed to me by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which I gave to Mr. Campbell when he contemplated writing the Life of Sir Thomas.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

D. E. Williams, Esq. ROBERT PEEL.'

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THE LIFE

OF

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

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SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in the parish of St. Philip and Jacob, in the city of Bristol, on the 4th May 1769, and was christened on the 6th of the same month.*

* Some difficulties have existed respecting the ascertaining of the day of his birth. It was generally stated to have

I enter minutely on the parentage and descent of our artist, from no wish to attach unnecessary importance to the ancestry of a great man—such adventitious circumstances are extrinsic to the true glory of genius, and perhaps our interest in gifted men is more deeply bespoken by humility than by pride of birth. It gladdens our philanthropy,—it is animating to youthful talent, to see a great man emerge from

been, the 13th of April 1769, or 4th of May 1769; and, in the Register of his admission as a student of the Royal Academy in 1787, he is entered as eighteen years of age, on the 6th of May of that year. The rector of Christchurch, Bristol, wrote the following letter on the subject:—

Sir,—I have, at your request, examined the Register of Baptisms of the parish of Christchurch, for the name of Thomas Lawrence, but cannot find it in either of the years you mention, or for some years either preceding or subsequent.

I find the names of two other children of the same parents inserted therein, viz. "Littleton Colston, son of Thomas and Lucy Lawrence, baptized December 18, 1770, and Frances,* daughter of the same, baptized December 10, 1772;" and these, after a careful inspection, are all that occur.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Robert Watson,

Rector of Christchurch and St. Ewen's.

Bristol, Oct. 11, 1819.

* Both died very young. The following certificate appeared in the Paper called "The World," on the 1st of May 1790. "Thomas Lawrence, son of Thomas and Lucy Lawrence, was born 4th of May 1769, as appears by the Register of St. Peter and St. Jacob, Bristol.--James New, Vicar."

obscurity by his own powers, and to find him disproving the truth of "poverty's insuperable bar"—whether by founding a family, like Sir Richard Arkwright,* or, if poor, like Burns, by his being able to make his children honoured at the ends of the earth for their father's fame. When we learn that Burns's ancestors were all peasants, and that he was born in a clay cottage which his father had built with his own hands, there is no good heart that will be less interested in the Heaven-taught ploughman, than if his biographer had found his cradle in a palace, or traced his lineage to the Bruce.

A democratic writer has said, that Nature is

* Nothing can more strongly illustrate the subject than the system of withholding and bestowing the blushing honours of titles. Sir Richard Arkwright, who had done so much to enrich his country and benefit mankind, and who had made a splendid estate, was knighted in his old age, as one amongst the many who carried up addresses, congratulating the King upon escaping from the impotent attempt of the old Bedlamite, Margaret Nicholson. All who received the honour of knighthood on this occasion, were facetiously called "Peg Nicholson's Knights." Poor Peg died in Bedlam, A.D. 1829. She lived to a great age, and, for years before her death, used to sit for hours motionless in one position. Her immense, dark, and brilliant eyes, contrasted with her withered face, formed a singular spectacle. She was the beau-ideal of a queen of witches. Her attempt upon the King was altogether of a character unworthy of notice; and it was swelled into importance for political objects.

partial to democracy: if she be so in the production of genius, she gives poor folks but a sorry chance of enjoying her favour. I believe Nature to have no such classified partialities, though circumstances may afford one class of society better means of fostering their talents than another.

When I undertook this great man's biography, I began by investigating his parentage. The first account of his ancestry that I received, came from the information of one of the best antiquaries of England,* who had drawn out his pedigree, and who asserted that Sir Thomas could show Baronets on both sides of his ancestry, and that few of the equestrian order could prove so good a descent. The family of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he said, could claim paternal descent from Sir Robert Lawrence of Ashton Hall, an ancient seat in Lancashire, in the hundred of Lonsdale, about three miles from Lancaster; which, after having been transmitted through a race of dignified possessors, for the space of more than six centuries, is now the hereditary property of the Dukes of Hamilton.

Sir Robert Lawrence was one of the bravest of the English gentry, who accompanied Cœur

* Mr. Lysons.

de Lion to Palestine; and he was knighted by that monarch in the Holy Land, in 1191, for his valour at the siege of Acre. He, at that time, assumed the armorial bearings now worn, (with the necessary quarterings and changes) by the different branches of the family in England, viz. that of Sherdington in Gloucestershire, Crich Grange, Devonshire, and of Hexham in Lancashire.

To this statement was subjoined an account of our artist's maternal descent, which turns out, on strict investigation, to be incontrovertible, and which shows that he had what is commonly called good blood, at least on one side of the family. Supposing the pedigree, traced by Mr. Lysons, to have been true, and supposing it allowable to draw general theories about men from individual instances, the aristocrat might have been pardoned for exclaiming with triumph: "Yes, the great artist belonged to our caste, and that he was not of plebeian breed might have been read in his lineaments and manners, as much as in the mould of his mind."

The children of a long educated line of ancestors, the same theorist may add, have surely a chance for more powers of mind than if their ancestors had been rudely educated; for education, by giving action to the nervous system and to the

brain, imparts vigour to the intellect; and vigour, as well as disease, in any particular organ is found transmissible by descent. The higher classes must also, *cæteris paribus*, be of a superior appearance, for corporeal appearance is mainly affected by food, air, and exercise, all of which they command.

To this argument on the abstract question, respecting the hereditary aristocracy of mind, it may be answered, that the immediate transition of talent from race to race is disproved by daily experience;* and that while poverty gives a stimulus, wealth gives indolence both to the mind and body. It must, no doubt, be admitted, that, generally over the world, and particularly in England, we naturally associate the idea of good descent with a graceful person; and it must be forcibly remembered by all who

* David Hume has made a sagacious remark that seems to destroy all idea of distant pedigrees influencing genius. Adverting to the instability of fortune, and to the secret occurrences of life, he says, that probably in five centuries from his day, the descendants of every titled person then existing would be mechanics; whilst every acre of land, and title or office of dignity, would in that time be possessed by the progeny of existing labourers. Had David Hume witnessed the American, the French, the Spanish, and Italian revolutions, not omitting that of Greece, he might have fixed his period at much less than five centuries.

knew this great artist, that not only in manner and conversation, he was one whose similar you seldom met with, but that his form and countenance had the appearance of a refined caste of society. But granting all this, and granting that the English aristocracy are a peculiarly well-favoured race, it must still be conceded, that human comeliness, in all its varieties, may be found not much less perfect in the cottage of the English peasant, than in the palaces of the highest circles; and that, unless their food continue to deteriorate, the peasantry will never cease to do credit to "the metal of their pasture." Even if there be any decided superiority of appearance in our higher classes, it cannot be traced to any distinction in their lineage; for, in point of fact, there are few of our nobility who have very ancient escutcheons to show, nor did the Norman breed materially improve the breed of England's gentry; for we find that the Saxons were greatly admired at the Court of Normandy. It is plain that the frequent intermarriages of the English aristocracy with the untitled classes, from amongst which they naturally select the handsomest partners, ought to produce a finer race than the vulgar, as they are constantly enriching it with the choice of plebeian beauty.

In point of fact, Sir Thomas cannot be proved to have been what is termed aristocratically descended on the father's side. The pedigree deduced by Mr. Lysons is refuted by the clearest proof; for Mr. Lysons gives him a great-grandfather, who is ascertained to have had no offspring. The following letter shows that the supposition of his being descended from the Lawrences of Sherdington is erroneous.

College of Arms, 28th April.

SIR,

At the request of Mr. Bentley, I undertook to make some enquiries respecting the alleged descent of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, from the Lawrences of Sherdington, in the county of Gloucester; and having, as I think, satisfactorily ascertained, that the descent, as asserted in the pedigree, in possession of my friend Mr. Keightley, the executor of Sir Thomas, is unfounded, I have the pleasure of communicating to you the result of my enquiries. It will be unnecessary to trouble you with the various steps pursued, but merely to state the facts.

You are aware that the pedigree which Mr. Keightley transmitted to you, deduces the descent of the Lawrences of Sherdington, to Isaac Lawrence of Chelsea, who died in 1684, having married Griselda, the daughter of Sir John Lawrence of Iver, Bart.; he left surviving him

an only son, the Rev. Thomas Lawrence, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1682, and then of the age of twenty-six: which Thomas Lawrence is the asserted father, according to the pedigree, of William Lawrence, the grandfather of the late President. The pedigree in question, however, gave no wife to the Rev. Thomas Lawrence, nor any date of birth or baptism to the son of William.

Thomas Lawrence, the Fellow of King's College, vacated his Fellowship in 1683; on accepting, as the College record says, the living of Bolton, in Warwickshire, which is a mistake for Bourton (upon Dunsmore,) and there he continued as rector till 1691, in which year he died, being not more than thirty-four years of age. An examination of the register of Bourton shows that he had not any children baptized there; and the records of the Bishop of Lichfield supply the fact, that administration of his effects was granted 27th July 1691, to Griselda his mother; which could not have been the case had he left wife or children, as the bond or grant would have stated the renunciation of such wife or children.

I was not satisfied, under the circumstances and the feelings entertained by Mr. Lysons, in leaving the matter here; and I therefore pursued the enquiry by endeavouring to trace his mother

Griselda, who administered to his effects in 1691, and at length discovered her Will, dated in 1698, and proved in 1701; from which it is quite clear that she had not any issue then surviving, or descendants of any issue. She disposes of her property to distant kinspeople, and in such a way as to leave no doubt of the fact of her not having any descendants of her own.

I trust, this information will be satisfactory, but should you require any additional explanation, or farther research, I shall be most happy to attend to any wishes that you may be pleased to express.

You will, I am confident, be glad that the point has been investigated, because the declaration that Sir Thomas Lawrence was so descended, might have had the appearance of an attempt to acquire for him additional importance, from sources to which there is no need to have recourse,—he acquired for himself a name; and standing so illustrious in his art, no aid is to be derived from fictitious genealogy. He may have truly disregarded the "pomp of Heraldry" and all its pride, adopting the sentiment of the poet—

> "Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi
> Vix ea nostra voco."

The fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence will have ample justice rendered to it, when posterity shall

receive his life and character from the pen of his present biographer.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

C. G. YOUNG,

York Herald and Registrar.

To Thomas Campbell, Esq.

Undoubtedly his mother was a lady by birth; his father, though an innkeeper by trade, received the education of a man in middling genteel life, and had been reduced to that means of living, only in consequence of having quitted the legal profession, and having made, in point of pecuniary considerations, a premature and improvident marriage. Yet still Sir Thomas appears to have been indebted for his rise in life neither to birth nor education, nor external circumstances. Men are too prone, indeed, to exaggerate the effects of external circumstances on genius, forgetting that the very essential characteristic of genius is to be independent of things so extrinsic.

Sir Thomas's manners were the most pleasing and polished that man could possess. They were innate; they sprang from the instinctive elegance of his mind. It is true that his parents were not vulgar, but the reverse: nor did they fill their honest and useful occupation without

the most creditable characters. But still their occupation was not calculated to give habits of independent and easy feeling to their child. It was one that required patient civility towards the most vulgar customers. Our artist too was from his childhood the object of fortuitous patronage; and if there were the slightest assumption on the part of his patrons, his keen, shrewd eye, even in boyhood, must have been apt to detect it. If his genius had been morbid; if his good sense had not controlled his sensitiveness; if his temper had not been bland, his early domestic circumstances might have gone far in their influence to have made him a misanthrope. But Sir Thomas's mind had no morbid mixture; he took, in patronage, only what was beneficial to his character, as well as to his interests.

He had an unarrogant self-possession which few men enjoy, and, least of all, those who have begun their days in a state of dependence. This perfection of manner he owed to nothing but the elegant mould of his own mind.

Sir Thomas's father possessed some classical knowledge, (at that day a more exclusive, and, consequently, a more honourable, distinction than at present,) though he does not appear to have communicated any of it to our artist. He

was also fond of poetry, had taste and judgment to select the finest models, and he early accustomed his son's delightful voice and retentive memory to the recital of it. He was justly, or at least pardonably, proud of his boy's recitations, and would often make him give them before his guests in the inn, sometimes, I suspect, to the child's annoyance. However that might have been, the art of repeating poetry in the happiest manner, continued to be one of the most pleasing traits in Sir Thomas's social, or, I should rather say, private, conversation; for, in mixed company, he was too unostentatious to use quotations; but, in small parties, or in talking to his sitters, he was the most apt, succinct, and correct quoter of English verse that could be met with. His acquaintance with our poetry did not indeed extend to the black letter; but with all its popular works of the higher class he was tastefully familiar; and his gradual recollection of passages was at times even more pleasing than his prompt remembrance of them. He won you to repeat a fine passage by suggesting it; and if you erred or stopped, he thought for a few moments, in his own expressive manner, and then brought out the lines irresistibly accurate, and with tones as agreeable as the touches of his pencil.

Sir Thomas was of the middle size,* and there was a delicacy in his complexion as well as a placidity in his features, that disguised the appearance of his personal energy. But he was remarkably active, and even athletic. Such, indeed, was his aptitude for doing every thing well that he undertook, that a gentleman of rank, who was the earliest and one of the latest comrades of his life, observed to me, that he verily believed, that if Lawrence had been doomed to drive geese from Bristol to London, he would have managed his flock more gracefully and dexterously than any other man.

Riding was the only accomplishment which he practised without excellence. He had certainly never learned the manege, which was a study with the gentry at that period, but had picked up (I suspect) ungainly habits of horsemanship from his early class of associates.

When a boy, a report had been spread that he was thrown from his horse, and nearly killed, and prayers were offered in the parish church for his recovery. To this he makes allusion in the following fragment, from a letter which he wrote about the year 1827, to his

* His exact height was rather less than five feet nine.

friend Miss Lee, one of the authors of the Canterbury Tales.

"I WISH I were a Catholic; for, when certain pithy sayings come across me, purgatory seems rather an enviable state. 'Heaven is filled with those who have done good, and another place with those who intended to do it.'—'Hell is paved with good intentions,' &c. &c. How far I have contributed to Macadamize it, I dare not inquire; but I yet hope even its smoothest part will be untrodden by me. I shall have the better chance, if prayers are still offered for me, as they once were, for a boy who was supposed to have fallen from his horse on Lansdown Hill. Is this remembered? Yes, by him who is always, in heart, her affectionate and grateful friend,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

At a subsequent period, his friend, the present Marquis of Londonderry, then Lord Charles Stewart, had made him a present of a very fine Arabian horse, which Lawrence rode, though the spirit of the animal required the best of horsemanship. One day, however, he was unfortunately thrown, and was taken up and carried, in an insensible state, into the house the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street, then a

celebrated shop for millinery. He received no serious injury; but as riding occupied his time disproportionably to any benefit to his health, and as he was not sufficiently at ease on horseback to render the exercise pleasurable, he got rid of his Arabian, and confined himself to pedestrianism.

He was a masterly billiard player, a capital actor in private theatricals,* a good shot, and an expert courser. I am descending to particulars, no doubt beneath his distinguished name; but as the following anecdote belongs to the history of his boyhood, I may be pardoned for introducing it. When a boy, he had a fondness, an absolute passion, for pugilism; and though it may shock the reader's imagination, yet I have not a doubt, if nature had stunted Lawrence's mind, and, leaving him only his corporeal energies, condemned him to be a boxer, he would have been one of the best of the "Fancy." I had this opinion from one who knew him when they trundled their hoops to-

* Sir Thomas Lawrence was stated to have performed once upon a public stage. This was not true; but his brother, Major Read Lawrence, once performed in Dr. Stratford's laughable tragedy, which had a run of two nights at Drury Lane. This was kept a secret from the family till after the performance.

gether, and this gentleman could have been no tiny playmate, for he is an uncommonly powerful man, and so well proportioned, that he stood as the model of Lawrence's Satan. When they were boys about twelve years of age, Lawrence used to implore this companion, lovingly to go out alone with him on holidays to some sequestered field, where, stripping themselves to the waist, they had it out in fair blows: my informant adds, that he liked the amusement pretty well for a time, having the advantage of Lawrence in size and strength, but that the young artist improved so rapidly in skill, and laid his colours on his future Satan with such potent strokes and touches, as to make him at last decline coming up to the brush.*

* It may be observed, that all the athletic sports, and boxing in particular, are indigenous to the western counties of England, for which they have been celebrated throughout our history. Bristol and its neighbourhood have generally taken the lead in producing the champions of the ring; and certainly the casual boxing-matches that may be witnessed in the streets of that city, even among children, are astonishing to inhabitants of other parts of the kingdom. It is not surprising that young Lawrence caught the mania of his native town, and practised that in which it was the pride of all around him to excel. The same peculiarity existed in France; and Francis the First, in lamenting that his best wrestlers had been thrown by those of Henry the Eighth, consoled himself by reflecting, that the result would have been otherwise, had he sent for wrestlers from Bretagny.

On the maternal side, Sir Thomas was (as I have said) what is commonly called, well connected. His mother was of the family of the Reads, of Brocket Hall, in Herefordshire. Her father, the Rev. William Read, had married Sarah, the daughter of Andrew Hill, of Court-de-Hill, Salop, by Ann his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Powis, &c.; and his maternal grandmother was niece to Sir Thomas Powis,* of Henley Couch, Salop, who was created a Puisne Judge of the King's Bench, on the 4th June 1713, from which he was removed the 14th October 1714; and of Sir Littleton Powis, who was created a Baron of the Exchequer in 1695, and a Puisne Judge of the King's Bench in January 1700, in which office he continued to 1726, when he resigned. Sir Thomas Powis had married Ann, the daughter of Sir Adam Lyttleton, of Stoke Milbourgh, Shropshire, whose patent of Baronetcy, by Charles I.,

* Sir Thomas Powis was created Solicitor-General the 26th April 1686; Attorney-General, the 13th December 1687; Puisne Judge, K. B. the 4th June 1713: removed and superseded on the 14th October 1714, by Sir John Pratt, father of the first Lord Camden, who was his third son by his second marriage. Sir Thomas Powis died in 1719; and his great grandson was created Lord Lilford in 1797, the manor of Lilford, Nottinghamshire, having been purchased by Sir T. P. in 1711.

was dated on the 14th October 1642, the year in which the sword of civil war was first unsheathed, and in which the monarch bestowed his favours lavishly on those who adhered to his cause. In this year were created four peers, and fifty-nine baronets. Edward Lyttleton, of Mounslow, Shropshire, had been created a Baron in the year preceding.

Our artist's father, Mr. Thomas Lawrence, and his younger brother Henry, with a sister named Martha, (who died in her youth) were left orphans in their childhood, by the death of the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, and their mother.

Henry was sent to the East Indies, as a cadet, (at that period a more important appointment than it has proved, since the peculations incidental to early colonial possessions, have been, in some degree, checked, by a more organized system of government,) and was never heard of afterwards by his relations.

Thomas Lawrence, our artist's father, was born at Newbury in Berkshire, in 1725. In his sixteenth year, he was articled by his relation, Zachary Agaz, Esq. of Sunning Hill, Berkshire, to Mr. Ginger, a respectable solicitor of Hemel Hempstead, Herts.* It may be inferred that

* This relation, Mr. Agaz, left a legacy of two hundred pounds to each of Mr. Lawrence's children.

his master was satisfied with his diligence and abilities, and with his integrity and conduct, since, at the expiration of his clerkship, Mr. Ginger offered him a share of his business as a junior partner. He had now, however, received his little patrimony from the hands of his guardians, and disliking his profession, he agreed with a young friend, Mr. Thomas Price, (afterwards the reverend head-master of King Edward's School at Birmingham,*) to make a pedestrian tour together through the greatest part of England. Mr. Price having relations then living in the small town of Tenbury in Worcestershire, our tourists bent their way to that place.† It was doomed to be the termination of their excursion, and to decide the destiny of at least one of the young friends. Mr. Lawrence was so captivated by its beautiful situation, its rich scenery of orchards, gardens, and hop-grounds, and the romantic river Terne

* Appointed in 1752.

† Tenbury, in the hundred of Doddingtree, Worcestershire, and one hundred and thirty-three miles from London, contains about two hundred and thirty houses, and six hundred inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on the Terne, over which it has a stone-bridge of six arches. The church is large and handsome.

wandering through them, that he made it his subsequent abode for more than four years. He resided at the house of a Mrs. Green, at the Bank, and was much respected. His studies during that period, I fear, were not intensely intellectual. He devoted his pen to verse, and his time to pleasant society, or to rural walks and luxuriant musings. There were innocence at least, and a love of nature, in this mode of beguiling time. He imagined himself favoured by the Muses, and with a little more fire he might have turned his amiable enthusiasm to some account in their service. But that fire he lacked; and he lived at a time when, comparatively to the age just passed, poetical taste was on "the peace establishment," and when imitations of Horace were thought to deserve the name of poetry. Still our artist's father, at this period, is entitled to indulgent and interesting remembrance. He was young, handsome, and enthusiastic, and of a remarkably fine person. The spell of landscape scenery and of love fixed his destiny, and caused his being the father of a man of genius. If not one himself, he only anticipated his consanguinity to the character. Heartfelt gladness in the beauty of earth and of woman, is a poet's first promise of his call, and we ought not to mock

those who feel it, if they reckon mistakingly upon being gifted with the further endowments of poetry. Their illusion is seldom left to last undisturbed, and it brings its own punishment, as Mr. Lawrence (senior) probably found, when he became the object of Chatterton's satire.

Mr. Lawrence was the first who taught the lips of our artist to recite from the Bible and from Milton. The little repeater must have been at that time fit to be himself a subject for poetry and a study for painting. It matters not whether another might or might not have better directed his poetical taste: still none could have done it earlier; and his father was, both *de jure* and *de facto*, his first guide to the beauties of verse. He also habitually amused him, whilst employed in drawing, by reading to him aloud. For these considerations, it would be malignity to draw the father's personal genius into any comparison to that of his son, who transferred poetry to the canvass.

I cannot, however, with sincerity give praise to Mr. Lawrence's (senior) poetic effusions. I was overjoyed to get verses into my hands, that had been written by the father of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and for a moment mistook the accidental

for the intrinsic worth of the curiosity. But I should hardly infect the reader with the same illusion, if I were to publish these verses.*

* The following poem is, however, one specimen, and of a fair average, of his general merit. It is void of any thing illiterate, and at least shows a gentlemanly class of education.

Lines addressed to the Rev. Thomas Price, Head Master of King Edward's Free Grammar-school, Birmingham, by the father of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the year 1752, the year before he married :—

While you, my friend, employ your age
In Horace's or Virgil's page,
(Bards venerably great)
Or in melodious numbers tell
How the lamented Daphne fell
An early prey to fate;

By pensive contemplation drawn,
I rove along the winding lawn,
Or tread the enamell'd green ;
Unnumber'd objects throng my eyes,—
Lost in amazement and surprise,
I view the charming scene.

The daisied mead, the balmy breeze,
The feather'd choirs that on the trees
In vocal concert join ;
The mossy bank, the limpid stream,
The tow'ring forests, all proclaim
Their architect divine !

Mr. Lawrence's leisure and trifling occupations, seem now to have encreased his sensibility to present impressions, and to have shut out calculations of the future. Whilst luxuriating at Tenbury, on the rich prospects of nature, he

Yet some, pursuing impious schemes,
With wild and incoherent dreams
Amuse their shallow brain;
They, "that a God exists," deny—
"All is the effect of chance," they cry.
How groundless, and how vain!

Say, Atheist, when yon orbs above,
In symmetry and silence, move
Around th' illumin'd ball;
When peals of thunder rend the sky,
When rains descend and lightnings fly,
Is chance the cause of all?

No—a superior pow'r,—a God
Hath fix'd in Heaven his blest abode,
Whose being knows no end;
Through Him, the thunder rends the air,
Through Him, the flashing lightnings glare,
Through Him, the rains descend.

Hail, Great Creator! Lord of all,
Beneath thy throne, I prostrate fall;
Oh deign t' inspire my breast;
Oh lead me through this maze of life,
Through busy cares and factious strife,
To thy eternal rest.

paid no attention to the prudential prospects of his own life. On the contrary, before he left the orchards of the Terne, he contracted a love-marriage, with a truly poetical omission of any previous plan of means for the support of a wife and family.

He had ingratiated himself with the respectable society of the neighbourhood, and, in particular, had come to be on the most intimate terms with the family of the Rev. William Read, the vicar of Tenbury. This gentleman had married Miss Hill, of Court-de-Hill, Salop, whose mother's maiden name was Powis, and whose consanguinity to Sir Thomas and Sir Ashton Powis, to Sir Adam Littleton, and to Lord Littleton, of Mounslow, Shropshire, I have already stated in detail.

In addition to the vicarage of this place, of which Mr. Read was the patron as well as the incumbent, he was the rector of Rochford, two miles from Tenbury, and first portioner of the rectory of Burford, in Shropshire.

In the course of his free association with the family of this clergyman, Mr. Lawrence was thrown much into the society of his younger daughter Lucy, who resided alternately at her father's vicarage and at Court-de-Hill, (the seat of her uncle, Andrew Hill, Esq.) in Shropshire

—In her frequent walks between these residences, she was generally, if not always, accompanied by Mr. Lawrence, who was now in his twenty-fifth year, whilst she was in her eighteenth. The confidence thus reposed in the young gentleman may redound much to the good opinion which Miss Read's relations entertained of Mr. Lawrence's moral character; but what are we to think of the prudence and consistency of those relations? Had they sanctioned the attachment, they could not have given it a better chance of taking root, than by allowing a young poet and a handsome girl to take their rural walks for miles together every other fine day, not perhaps quite so invisibly as they might have wished, but still sequestered enough for all the purposes of courtship. Much poetry to his Lucy, we may be sure that the youth poured forth; and most charming poetry it may be guessed that Lucy thought it. The negligence or dullness that foresaw not their attachment, was equalled only by the cruelty of persecuting it when it was formed.

Mr. Lawrence and Miss Lucy Read having fallen in love with each other, as naturally as the flowers grew up in the fields around them; but anticipating that the consent of her relations to her marriage was unlikely to be ob-

tained, resolved rather to marry without than against their opposition. The esteem in which Mr. Lawrence must have been held, in a rural neighbourhood where every virtue was to be scrutinized, and every foible blazoned, may be inferred from the circumstance, that, in spite of the power and influence of the young lady's kindred, he found a respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood, the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, who was willing to unite them,* and in that gentleman's house, at the village of Corley, near the Clee Hill, Shropshire, they were accordingly married. Never had human union a fairer apology in instinctive sympathies and in the indiscretion of others. After the ceremony, the young couple returned to their respective homes, and for a while continued to meet, in appearance, on the usual terms of their former friendship; but in a few weeks they induced a mutual friend to break the intelligence, both to the family at Tenbury vicarage, and to that at

* The marriage took place just three years before Lord Hardwicke's marriage-act violated the best interests of society, in favour of those who, in preceding ages, had accumulated wealth and honours. Had that act come out a little sooner, Mr. Lawrence durst not have married in the private house of a clergyman, and the greatest painter of our age might never have existed.

Court-de-Hill. The consequence was, the poor young bride's immediate expulsion from both houses. A humane order was even issued by her religious father and wealthy uncle, prohibiting all her kith and kin from holding any communication with her or her husband.

It is consolatory to reflect, that neither the wealth, the family interest, nor the religious influence of this church pluralist, could enforce an order so repugnant to nature. This Vicar of Tenbury's son, the Rev. William Read, afterwards Rector of Munslow and Aston, (beyond Ludlow, Shropshire,) always received his sister and her husband as guests endeared to him by the ties of nature and of suffering. The three daughters of this gentleman, and consequently the nieces of Mrs. Lawrence, were celebrated as beauties at Tenbury. We shall presently see that Miss Hill, afterwards Mrs. Gataker, and aunt to Mrs. Lawrence, procured for her husband, Mr. Lawrence, the office in the Customs at Bristol. Mr. Andrew Hill, of Court-de-Hill, is described as a beau ideal of a country gentleman of that period, fit for a prototype of Esquire Western,—a keeper of fox-hounds, and a mighty Nimrod. So enraged was he at the marriage of his favourite niece Lucy, that he not only never saw her more,

but he altered a bequest to her in his will of 5000*l.* to the sum of one shilling.

Lucy, the beauty of Tenbury, and the general favourite of both the families of Hill and Read, and the fondling of her father, was doomed never again to behold his face. At the point of death, unavailing regret seized him for his severity to his daughter, and a messenger was sent to Bristol, to require her to hasten with her children, to receive his dying embrace. She arrived, but to see his corpse and to witness his funeral. Her mother consoled her with the assurance of her father's forgiveness; and the old lady kept her grandson, William Read Lawrence, with her at Tenbury for several years, till she died.

I may here observe, that sectarianism was, in this instance, as it so often proves in life, a source of enmity, with all its consequent evils. The Rev. Mr. Lawrence, the father of the Benedict, had been a violent presbyterian, and all the relations were of the same sect. The Reads were bigoted high church people—and hence a source of acrimony and unforgiveness.

On the death of Mrs. Read, of Tenbury, law proceedings were instituted against her brother, Andrew Hill, of Court-de-Hill, to recover her legacy of 4000*l.* left her by his father, in order

to its distribution among her children. The litigation in Chancery lasted only twenty years, and an issue at common law having been decided, by Lord Mansfield, in favour of the plaintiff, the money was at length paid — after some who should have received it were in their graves. Mr. Lawrence had received about 900*l.* when his wife came of age, property possessed by her independently of her father.

With no solace but mutual affection, the father and mother of our artist left Tenbury in poverty and anguish, and repaired to Thaxted, in Essex, where, I believe, Mrs. Lawrence had relations, a little more compassionate than those who had banished her from her home. At Thaxted they took a small house, and continued there so long as to have three children. The eldest of these, named Thomas, died in infancy. The second, Andrew, lived, and was brought up to the Church. He died on the 1st August 1821, at the Naval Hospital at Haslar, having held the curacy of Long Parish in Hampshire, and a chaplainship in the navy. He was likewise chaplain to the Earl of Craven, and had been chaplain to Admirals Calmedy, Sir H. Parker, Lords Nelson and Collingwood, Sir Robert Calder, &c. &c. on board the Blenheim, Britannia, St. George, San Joseph, Prince of Wales, and

other first-rate ships of the line. Their third son, William Read Lawrence, entered the army; and, having attained to the rank of major (in the 72nd regiment), expired at the house of his last-named brother, three years earlier, on the 21st of February 1818. Neither of the brothers had been married.

The choice of such professions for their sons, shows that poverty had not lowered their creditable pride; indeed, in the education of all their children, they were a laudably anxious pair.

It would appear, that with respect to what is termed interest, arising from family connexion, the provision for Mr. Lawrence and his children was derived from the relations of his wife. This is highly honourable to the character of Mr. Lawrence; for, had he not been highly esteemed, after his clandestine marriage, and the expulsion of both by her parents, this interest in his affairs would not have been felt by her relations.

They had sixteen children in all; of whom, however, only five were alive in 1797, the year in which both Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence died. These survivors were the two sons already mentioned, Sir Thomas (the youngest of the sixteen), and two daughters. Lucy, the eldest,

was married to Mr. John Meredith, a solicitor of respectability in Birmingham, and is since dead,* and the youngest, Ann, born in 1766, who married the Rev. Richard Rouse Bloxham, D.D. Rector of Brincklow, and Vicar of Bulkington, Warwickshire, and the second master of Rugby School, is still living. Her marriage gave Sir Thomas Lawrence three nieces and six nephews, two of whom occupy a place in British Literature, from their account of the Sandwich Islands, which both of them visited.

The aunt of Sir Thomas Lawrence, his mother's eldest sister, married Mr. Theophilus Knowles, a gentleman residing near the town of Tenbury.†

* She died on the 18th February 1813, leaving one daughter, married to J. Aston, Esq. of Birmingham.

† I find in the county paper the following notice of the death of Mrs. Knowles, and honourable mention made of Mrs. Lawrence's family :—

"On Thursday last was interred, in the parish church of Burford, in the county of Salop, Mrs. Knowles, wife of Theophilus Knowles, Esq. near Tenbury, and one of the daughters of the late Rev. William Read, Clerk, Vicar of Tenbury, in the county of Worcester, and Rector of Rocheford, in the county of Hereford — a gentlewoman of great natural and acquired abilities, and in several branches of polite literature well conversant. Of religion and religious worship she had a just and awful sense. In all her adora-

Three children had been born to the father of our artist, when, his resources failing him at Thaxted, a relation of Mrs. Lawrence's procured for him the Supervisorship of the Excise at Bristol. This relation here referred to was Ann Hill, of Court-de-Hill, who had married Mr. Gataker, a surgeon to George II. Mrs. Gataker was aunt to Mrs. Lawrence, and had a country-house at Thaxted, the town residence being in Pall Mall.

This appointment was at that time one that could be made to yield, with dexterous management, a more considerable income than it does

tions to the Great Disposer of all things, both in the public service of the church, as well as the more retired devotion of the closet, she was constant, zealous, and sincere. In her temper she was easy and cheerful, and of access free and open. In her person she was graceful, and her deportment was humane, gentle, affable, and courteous. In doing good to her fellow-creatures, she always experienced the greatest satisfaction, and to the distressed and the afflicted she was the mother and the friend. In every condition and relation of life she maintained the character of the good Christian, the affectionate wife, the sincere friend, and the accomplished gentlewoman."

This panegyric was written by Mr. Kendall, a gentleman who had ample means of estimating the object of his praise; and it was published in the neighbourhood, where the parties were too intimately known to admit of much exaggeration.

at present; for, though the Custom-house and Excise officers were then worse paid in direct salaries than now, certain gains were connived at that could not now be tolerated. Bristol, too, was then the second commercial city in the empire; and its central situation in a wide, populous, and fertile country, secured to it a vast mart for the exchange of productions, till the more concentrated powers of machinery covered Lancashire with manufactures, and made Liverpool a richer port, both for exports and imports.

Nothing, however, can be more honourable to Mr. Lawrence's memory, than the certainty that he filled this office with disadvantage to no one but himself, and to the contraband traders—he disdained to profit by illicit gains. The public can have little idea of the lawless violence and desperate excesses of the smugglers on the western coasts at that period, from any thing which occurs in the present day. The whole of the contraband trade was on a different system, and upon a larger scale; and it required a union of skill, vigilance, and intrepidity, in any officer to compete with such an organized body of outlaws. Sir Thomas used occasionally to mention instances of his father's presence of mind, acuteness, and reso-

lution, in circumventing the boldest leaders of the different gangs. He must have raised to himself a host of very dangerous enemies; and yet, in his subsequent avocation of innkeeper, no machinations could fix upon him any charge of impropriety with respect to the revenue, although the state of the revenue laws at that period, and the machinery for executing them, by no means required innkeepers to be immaculate. Nothing is recorded of him as a supervisor, but his vigilance and courage in circumventing and combating smugglers, and his inability to subsist by doing "the state some service."

In the year of our artist's birth, (at Midsummer 1769,) Mr. Lawrence resigned his situation as Supervisor of the Excise, and entered upon the speculation of keeping the White Lion Inn, in Broad Street, Bristol.* Conjointly with this concern he took the American Coffee-house, and shortly after added to his dangers and his

* It appears, upon a reference to the records of the Excise office, with which I have been favoured by J. C. Freeling, Esq. the secretary of the Excise-Board, that Mr. Lawrence entered the service, as a subordinate officer, on 13th January, 1747; and, having passed through the intermediate stations, he was appointed supervisor at Bristol on 6th June, 1760. His resignation is dated 22d May, 1769.

cares the speculation of a small farm, in the vicinity of the city. The then members of the city of Bristol, Mr. Cruger and Mr. Brinckdale, offered to advance Mr. Lawrence the requisite sums for his speculations as innkeeper and farmer; and it must be from this source that he derived his capital in trade.

It is honourable to his memory to state, that one of his first cares, upon entering upon his new avocation, was to supply his inn with a good library for the use of his customers; and the wretched coloured daubs that had disgraced the walls of his rooms, gave place to the best engravings of the paintings of Salvator Rosa, and the old masters.

When the tree takes not root, we can hardly expect that it should flourish; and as Mr. Lawrence did not continue long at Bristol, it may be inferred that he was not prosperous there. In fact, in a few years he became a bankrupt; and one source of his failure was a disease which destroyed a great number of his post-horses.

The reverse of dishonour must have been the consequence of his failure, from the nature of the speculation in which he afterwards immediately entered—an enterprise obviously requiring character and the command of money. In fact, the White Lion was exclusively a com-

mercial inn; and refinement, at that period, had not extended itself to the secondary mercantile classes of the provincial cities and out-ports. It may be easily imagined, that the prospects of an inn, frequented by all that was fashionable, splendid, and illustrious, were sufficient to induce Mr. Lawrence to quit a tavern in a dark, dirty, and narrow street, presenting nothing but scenes of the sordid toils of commercial craft. He left the place in 1772, and became the landlord of the Black Bear Inn at Devizes. This was a magnificent speculation. All the rank and wealth of England at that time flocked to Bath at a certain season, just as they now repair to the metropolis; and very few went to Bath that did not stop at Devizes, of which the Black Bear was the principal inn.

I suspect, however, that his success as an innkeeper at this place was scarcely able to meet the exigencies of a numerous family, and their situation may now be imagined to have been trying.* Without invidious comparison, Mrs. Lawrence appears the more interesting personage of the two; and traditional gossip itself has been able to leave nothing in her meek

* On the failure of Mr. Lawrence, the Black Bear was taken by a Mr. Halcomb, grandfather of the gentleman who lately contested Dover.

and sensitive character to amuse the pain of our sympathy with what she must have suffered. A lady in birth, breeding, and habits, she had to endure the sordid cares of a business that exposed her to the tempers of all visitants, and to the necessity of witnessing scenes of rude dissipation, at a time when English conviviality was much more intemperate than at present. But she devoted herself to the cares of her house and to the education of her children, amidst all the untoward scenes in which she was involved by her husband's business and embarrassments. Mr. Lawrence might be a less interesting character; but though I find his want of success in business laid to the charge of his faults, I can see no sufficient grounds for the accusation. At least his failings leaned to the side of talent and liberality. He was active, good-humoured, addicted to no sort of dissipation, and thus, in many respects, well fitted for his vocation. I have letters before me describing him as a foolish intruder on his guests at Devizes, who, whilst they were waiting, fatigued and hungry, for a bill of fare, would come up to them with a volume of Shakspeare under one arm, and of Milton under the other, expatiate on their beauties, and offer to recite passages. It is but common

justice to discredit one half of the stories that have been told of him to this effect. Ridicule is always inventive and uncharitable, and weak minds revel in the extravagant. But the most ludicrous describers of his character admit that he had a considerable share of worldly shrewdness, and his own interest would deter him from habitual intrusion on his guests. The expression of their displeasure must have been a sufficient check to a man of even ordinary feeling. At the same time, there may be some truth in the general tradition, that he had certain traits of the independent gentleman and lover of literature in his habits and manners, that were not quite in harmony with his dependent calling. Among his guests he had many personal acquaintances, and, in conversation with them, he played the scholar sometimes more than the landlord. He dressed in the height of fashion, at a time when the fashionable costume was more ostentatious than it is now; and with his full suit of black, starched ruffles, and an enormously fine periwig, he offended the envy of brother tradesmen, and possibly the pride of vulgar customers.

As his son Thomas grew up a prodigy, even in childhood, he was also fond of showing him to strangers, and occasionally exposed his vanity

to a sneer. But the moment that the little artist was seen, his beauty and genius effaced the visitants' impatience, as the following anecdote will show. I had it from a quarter that leaves no doubt of its truth, otherwise it would seem to me incredible, as it traces back the manifestations of young Lawrence's talents to the very verge of infancy, that is, to his sixth year.

In 1775, Mr., subsequently Lord, Kenyon arrived with his lady, late in the evening, at the Black Bear Inn at Devizes. They were on their way to Bath, and had felt the inconveniences of the heavy style of travelling in those "good old times;" and, as they confessed, they were not in the best possible humour, when Mr. Lawrence, senior, entered their sitting-room, and proposed to show them his wonderful child. "The boy," he said, "was only five years old, but he could take their likenesses, or repeat to them any speech in Milton's Pandæmonium." To that place the offended guests were on the eve of commending their host to go, and the lawyer's lips were just opened to pronounce the sentence, when the child rushed in; and, as Lady Kenyon used to relate, her vexation and anger were suddenly changed into admiration. He was

riding on a stick, and went round and round the room, in the height of infantile joyousness. Mrs. Kenyon, as soon as she could get him to stand, asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to her husband. "That I can," said the little Lawrence, "and very like too." A high chair was placed at the table, pencils and paper were brought, and the infant artist soon produced an astonishingly striking likeness. Mr. Kenyon now coaxed the child, who had got tired by the half-hour's labour, and asked him if he could take the likeness of the lady? "Yes, that I can," was his reply once more, "if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." Our artist learnt in good time not to speak so bluntly before ladies; but his remark produced a laugh, as it happened to be true. He accordingly took a side likeness of Mrs. Kenyon. About the year 1799, an intimate friend of Lady Kenyon's saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a very strong resemblance to what her Ladyship had been at the period when the likeness was taken. The drawing was about five inches broad, and delicately shaded, but exhibited an indecision or feebleness of contour, that might have been expected from a childish artist.

CHAPTER II.

Retrospect of Mr. Lawrence's residence at Bristol.—The Education of young Lawrence.—Reflections upon painters, foreign and English, ancient and modern. — Precocity of genius.—Visits the Seats of the nobility and gentry of Wiltshire.—Copying ancient masters.—Original compositions. — Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle; his singular death.—Riots of 1780.—The Hon. Daines Barrington's mention of young Lawrence in his Miscellanies.—Visits to Oxford and Weymouth.—Residence at Bath.—Patronage of the public.—Early companions.—His great success in portraits. — His prices compared with those of other juvenile artists. — His prices in his latter days. — His juvenile likeness of Miss Shakspeare; of Mrs. Siddons as Aspasia; of Admiral Barrington.—His original historical piece of Christ bearing the Cross.—His own portrait in oils.— Family letters. — Premium bestowed upon young Lawrence by the Society of Arts.—He repairs to London.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lawrence should have been obliged by circumstances to neglect the education of only that son whose talents were the most worth cultivating, and the most likely to yield a prolific return.

Almost immediately after the father was settled in his new speculation of the inn at Bristol (Midsummer 1769), I find that he sent his two

eldest sons to a school of local eminence, at which were the children of the most respectable gentry of the neighbourhood. This was in 1770, and the seminary was at a place called the Fort, near Bristol, and was kept by a Mr. Jones, whose sister had married General Trapaud. Only ten pupils were received into this academy; and the efforts of Mr. Lawrence to educate his children amongst the class of gentry in which they were born, and in which they were eventually destined to move, redounds highly to his honour. The two girls, with the child Thomas, had been put out to nurse. Our artist, at the age of six, was sent to the same school, where, however, he continued only two years. His brother Andrew had been sent to the University of Oxford. At the period of his being put to this school, his father had been keeper of the inn at Devizes between three and four years, and having had sixteen children, and this last speculation not proving advantageous, it is probable that the *res angustæ domi* were the cause of young Lawrence being sent for home. That this school was of the most respectable class is evident; and I suppose it is in reference to this academy, as Lawrence never went to any other, that the present Earl of Shaftes-

bury, in writing to him respecting his portrait, reminded him that they had been schoolfellows together. It does not appear that he ever received any instruction after the age of eight, except some lessons in the Latin classics and in French, from a dissenting clergyman at Devizes, named Jervis, whose son, likewise in the Church, then resided as chaplain, or librarian, with the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, at his seat of Bowood, Wilts.

But as Mr. Lawrence left Devizes almost immediately after his child was taken from school, the amount of instruction received by his son must have been very trifling. Even during the time that he was receiving lessons in Latin and French from the Reverend Mr. Jervis, I find that his father was his instructor in English, and in the subordinate branches of education. I have reason to believe that, during all the activity of the two inns at Bristol and of that at Devizes, and amidst the distraction attendant upon failing and embarrassed circumstances, the sons and daughters derived the greatest advantages from the instructions of the mother. Sir Thomas Lawrence has been heard to allude to these exertions of this exemplary lady, and to lament that the obligation he had been under, to resort to his talents so prema-

turely, had deprived him of the great benefits which his brothers and sisters had received from the instructions of their mother.

It has been observed, that the mind which is worth education, will educate itself; and, notwithstanding the professional studies and exertions of our artist, he had acquired a respectable extent of accomplishments and knowledge. With the Greek and Latin classics he was not acquainted, and he was altogether ignorant of modern languages, except the French, and even that he translated with difficulty. Philological studies had never been presented to him; and his active mind, intent upon making up for the want of education, and upon the acquisition of knowledge, was more disposed to grasp at facts and things, than to study words.

His great predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was the son of a clergyman and a schoolmaster; but with these advantages, Sir Joshua was acknowledged to be far from a classical scholar; and, although intended for the profession of physic, and accustomed to copy anatomical plates from his youth, it is singular that this great artist's principal defect was in drawing the anatomy of the human body.

It has been observed, that painters have seldom been men of education, further than the

desultory reading of history, of poetry, and works of fiction, suited either to amuse their leisure hours, to make them pass current in the world without an appearance of deficiency, or, finally, to supply an extensive choice of subjects for their pencil. The remark cannot apply to great architects, for their art implies a knowledge of abstract mathematics, and an erudite acquaintance with the ancients. Nor can it so strongly apply to sculptors, whose studies are directed principally to the elucidation of the works of antiquity. If the remark be well founded, certain it is, that it applies with very peculiar force to the painters of this country, whilst amongst those of the middle ages upon the Continent, there are to be found many very illustrious exceptions to the general rule.

Cooper, one of our earliest painters, was deemed an excellent musician; but music then required little science. Jarvis, although a translator of Cervantes, was a weak man, and by no means a scholar.* Richardson was a man of intellect, but a deficient scholar,—his youth having been spent in an attorney's office.

*. Pope, in one of his letters, says, that he knew two madmen, one of whom was resolved to translate Don Quixote, though he knew not a single word of Spanish. This alluded to Jarvis, whose translation, however, is the best in our language.

Thornhill had every advantage of education, and he was at once a member of parliament and of the Royal Society, when science or letters were an indispensable qualification to become a candidate. Hogarth was grossly illiterate; Wilson had received a good education from his father, who was a clergyman; Gainsborough was untaught by himself or others; Reynolds and Lawrence were English scholars, and nothing more; West had no pretensions to literature; Barry must have received but little scholastic instruction, though of that little he had made good use; Opie's talents were precoce and great, but they were untaught; Morland's dissipation precluded knowledge, and he was in every respect ignorant; and Romney was destitute of education. The case, however, is very different with the present generation; for the profession has partaken of the general improvement of the age even more than any other class, and it now not only contains, as it always did, persons of great natural talents, but likewise men of profound erudition, of abstract science, and of extensive acquirements in polite literature. To mention many names would be tiresome, and to cite only a few would appear complimentary to the individuals, or invidious to others, whilst any allusion to the extensive knowledge and learning of such

persons as Fuseli, Howard, Phillips, and Calcott, &c. would be supererogatory.* Painting is the poetry of the heart and mind displayed upon the canvass, instead of upon the pages of a book; and the faculty itself implies a superiority of intellect, which, if accompanied by other acquirements, carries our nature to a most exalted height, and constitutes one of the most enviable states of being.

It is, however, remarkable, that painters in England have been painters, and nothing but painters; whilst those upon the Continent, though carrying their art to a much more exalted pitch, were sculptors, architects, great mathematicians, or civil or military engineers, or acted with eminent talent in great public employments. The acquirements of M. A. Buonarroti were diversified and immense; but in science he was at least equalled by Sir Christopher Wren, although the latter did not add painting to his many accomplishments. Sir Christopher, however, is almost the only in-

* Fuseli, in one sense, was an offensive pedant, most disagreeably ostentatious of his classic learning. He held the literature of his cotemporary artists in sovereign contempt, and denounced them as even ignorant of orthography. His expression used to be, that he felt degraded in being one of them. His exposure of the ignorance of many members of the Royal Society was equally severe.

stance in which an English artist, in profound and extensive acquirements, could cope with those of Italy.

The disadvantages attendant upon the early years of Sir Thomas Lawrence, are calculated to create a great and rational surprise at the extent of his acquirements, although, as I have already observed, they were not classical or profound.

Before he was eight years of age, he was taken finally from school, at which he had continued only two years. The few lessons he received afterwards from Mr. Jervis were useless, for they were confined to the Latin and French grammar, and could only be meant as a foundation of studies that were never afterwards pursued. His mother was precluded, by untoward circumstances, from affording him any instructions, and all he received from his father consisted of lessons of recitation, or, what would be called by the vulgar, spouting. These latter, with a person of animal propensities, or whose feelings were not refined, and whose mind was not intent upon better things, would have proved a coarse excitement to habits of dissipation. The stage might have been his vocation; and it has been currently reported that he had tried it as a source of support. The subsequent pages will prove the idea to be

absurd. He never acted upon any public stage, nor did he ever take part in any private theatricals, but on a few occasions, when he played in the private theatre at the Marquis of Abercorn's, the Priory, at Stanmore.*

Even prior to this singularly gifted infant being sent to school, at the age of six, his father had delighted in the talents of his child. Whether Mr. Lawrence's ruling passion was pastime with his children, or whether the loveliness and extraordinary talents of this child, absorbed his cares and excited his exertions, it is useless to enquire; but our infant artist was evidently a source of very amiable pride, and of constant application, on the part of the parent.

I find, in the numerous papers before me, very amusing and characteristic scenes of the child's precocity. At four years' old, he used to read the story of Joseph and his Brethren with an emphasis and a gesticulation which were striking, as reflections of adult age in miniature, and which fully showed that he

* It has been stated in print, that Sir Thomas was a capital violin player. He might, perhaps, like the Irishman in Joe Millar, have been unable to say whether he could or could not play the violin, "as he had never tried." He knew not a note of music, and, what is singular, was totally insensible to the exquisite expression of the violin, though he could enjoy harmonies on the piano, and had an ear sufficiently good to take a part in a glee.

entered into the feelings of the characters, and embraced the whole scope of the action. At five, he used to repeat Pope's "Ye Nymphs of Solyma, begin the Song," and other poems, in a manner that must have had something very peculiar; for I find that he excited the attention of eminent characters and competent judges, and that those who were almost annoyed at his father's intrusion of him upon their privacy, were so enraptured by his beauty, infantile grace, and genius, that they circulated stories of this extraordinary boy, amidst the fashionable and intellectual circles of the metropolis. At this age he received a present for repeating Lycidas; and some drawings of eyes attracted the attention, and excited the admiration of Mr. Prince Hoare. This is really extraordinary; for Sir Thomas Lawrence was, throughout the course of his profession, of all artists the most peculiar in his excellence of painting the eye. Fuseli, who could not abstain, sometimes, from depreciating him, after, like "a good-natured friend," imagining many defects, would be overcome by a real admiration, and would exclaim with enthusiasm — "But, by G—t, he paints eyes better than Titian!"

At the age of seven, this infant prodigy had excited so much attention that his likeness was

taken, and engraved by Sherwin. His recitations from Milton and Shakspeare are now spoken of, by an eminent authority, as full of discrimination, feeling, and humour, set off by appropriate gesture, and by the various tones of a voice full, harmonious, and flexible. That these readings must have been extraordinary, may be inferred from the fact, that the Black Bear at Devizes was then the resort and sojourn of all the wits of the kingdom who repaired to Bath in the season. Here Garrick, Foote, Wilkes, Sheridan, Burke, Johnson, Churchill, and others, were to be found, resting for the night, or for the many hours required in those days for the change of horses; and it was the gratification of Mr. Lawrence to talk to those eminent characters, and to exhibit to them his son.

Mr. Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed authors of Junius, when stopping at the inn at Devizes, on his way to Bath, was much entertained by the recitations of Shakspeare by the father of Sir Thomas, and invited him to his house in town. The invitation, after a lapse of time, was accepted, and Mr. Boyd made much of his son, then in his tenth year, and took him to different houses, where the child displayed his extraordinary talents with his pencil, 'particu-

larly in copying some stuccoes at the house of Mr. Richard Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were delighted at stopping at the Black Bear at Devizes, in their way to Bath, and Mr. Lawrence used to address the Roscius with, "Tommy, Sir, has learned one or two speeches since you were here." Garrick and his wife used to retire to a summer-house in the garden, and amuse themselves for some time with the recitations of young Lawrence, in whom they seemed to take a pride and interest. The following letter, embracing this and other subjects, is appropriate on this occasion. It is from the author of the Life of Sir Thomas's friend, Fuseli, to Thomas Campbell, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

THE following anecdotes of Sir Thomas Lawrence recur to my memory; the first I have upon the authority of Mrs. Garrick, who told it to me.

Garrick was very much amused by the singularities of the father of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was an innkeeper at Devizes. He and Mrs. Garrick generally passed and repassed through that town once a-year, and always stopped at Mr. Lawrence's house. No sooner had the innkeeper brought forward his bill of

fare, and given an account of the accommodations which he could afford them, than he always addressed Garrick in these words: 'Tommy, Sir, has learned one or two speeches since you were here;' and he prevailed upon them to adjourn to a summer-house in the garden to hear him recite them. Garrick, at this time, considered that the future walk in life of the boy was poised between the pencil and the stage; for he then showed talents for the former, but, fortunately, he directed his efforts to the pencil.

"Sir Thomas was not only kind by nature to his fellow-men, but extended this feeling to the brute creation. A few years since he had a favourite cat, which was large in size, its colour milk white; this was his constant companion, was caressed by him, and fed with his own hand. His kindness and attention to this animal were unceasing. When he was in France, it escaped from the upper windows of the house, broke its leg, and was otherwise so much injured, that it died shortly after. The feelings of Sir Thomas Lawrence were so much hurt, that he declared to me he never would again keep a favourite animal.

Sir Thomas painted animals, particularly dogs, with great truth and power. A small Marlborough spaniel, of great beauty, belong-

ing to me, was a favourite with him, and he introduced a portrait of this dog into the picture of Miss Peel, which was exhibited in the year 1828. He always took great notice of this dog; and when Sir Thomas has dined with me alone, which he sometimes did, he used to place him on a chair by his side, and call him "his patron," saying, at the same time, "I hope I have made you live at least a hundred years."

You know, I presume, that Fuseli and Sir Thomas were on the most intimate terms, and that the latter painted his epic subject, "Satan calling up his Legions," with the wish that it should be exhibited in Fuseli's Milton-gallery. This offer, however, was declined.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN KNOWLES.

To Thomas Campbell, Esq.

On one occasion, we find Sir William Chambers present, and a Colonel Hamrich giving the child a guinea for the beautiful handwriting displayed in his copy-book.

It may be useful to compare the precocity of Lawrence, and his inclination for drawing, to what has been evinced by the most eminent painters that our frigid clime has as yet produced:

Richardson did not commence his studies in painting, until he had wasted the six years of his apprenticeship at the desk of a scrivener, and had attained the age of twenty. He studied under Riley four years. Sir James Thornhill resorted to the profession reluctantly, as a consequence of family misfortunes, and he had little instruction. Sir Joshua Reynolds evinced an early inclination to the art, which was discouraged by his father. His earliest effort was the perusal of Richardson's Treatise, at the age of eight. Both his sisters had a talent for drawing; and I find the Duke of Marlborough making Miss Reynolds a present of a gold snuff-box (a singular present to a lady), for her miniature copy of Sir Joshua's painting of the Duke's children. Sir Joshua, as a child, used to copy the paintings of his two sisters, and the prints of his father's books. There is now in the possession of his family a perspective view of his father's book-case, drawn on the back of his Latin Exercise, and under which his father has written, "Done by Joshua, out of pure idleness." At the age of eight, he read the Jesuit's perspective with great effect, and put its precepts into practice, by a drawing of his father's school and the church at Plympton. These are the earliest efforts of this great artist.

Hogarth informs us, that at the age of twenty, engraving arms, cyphers, &c. on copper was his highest ambition; and the earliest instance of his using a pencil is after he was apprenticed to Mr. Gamble the silversmith.

Wilson, when a child, amidst the rustics of Montgomeryshire, attracted notice by sketching men and animals, with a burnt stick, upon [redacted] walls, until Sir George Wynn sent him to London, and placed him under Wright the portrait-painter.

The humble origin of Gainsborough leaves his early youth in much obscurity. He evinced his powers at a very early age, and, at ten, his sketches of landscapes possessed decided talent. His capacity expanded under many discouraging circumstances; but his father prompted his efforts, and pronounced him a genius. At fourteen he came to London, and studied under Hayman and Gravelot.

West is reported to have made his first effort at drawing at the age of seven, when he sketched, in red and black ink, the portrait of the infant of his sister sleeping in the cradle. It is related, that, at eight, his rude sketches of birds and flowers induced the Indians to teach him to prepare red and yellow colours, and his mother supplied him with indigo, whilst he made

brushes with the hair pulled clandestinely out of the back of the cat. Prior to the age of nine, he had taken a view of the river near Philadelphia. His efforts were encouraged by his family. He received no regular instruction in his art, and had no opportunities of studying from good models, till his arrival in Italy, at the age of twenty-two.

Barry's genius for drawing exhibited itself when he was an apprenticed sailor-boy in a trading vessel. He had no education in his profession. He was more than seventeen years of age before he attempted oils, and was twenty-four years old when he repaired to Italy.

Romney, the son of a builder, exhibited very early talents in mechanics, music, and painting. He received but little instruction, and from an artist (Steele) who could teach but little to the purpose.

Opie, at twelve, had gone through Euclid without the aid of a master. His father, a carpenter, used to chastise him for soiling the boards with his chalk sketches; but the earliest effort of his pencil worth notice, was drawn after he had attained his tenth year. At sixteen, his portraits in Cornwall sold at seven shillings and sixpence each. Opie had no instruction in painting, and I believe never visited Italy.

The records of Morland's precocity are evidently exaggerated; but certain it is, that, at the age of six, his drawings were able to compete with those of the younger students of the academy.

From these memoranda it appears, that there is no instance in this country, and I believe none upon record in any other, of a genius for painting exhibiting itself so precocely as that of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The only parallel instance may be that of Morland; but little can be ascertained of the early life of this extraordinary and unhappy man, with sufficient accuracy to fix the date of his first productions. The periods of young Lawrence's early drawings, and of his gradations to the perfection he ultimately reached, are sufficiently ascertained.

In the above sketch of English artists, it will be found that none have laboured under greater disadvantages in youth than the subject of this biography. He had no instruction whatever in painting; he had not the advantage of visiting Italy; his mind in boyhood was dissipated by his parent to many objects, instead of being confined to one; and it will be my painful duty to record hereafter, that the invaluable period of acquiring a knowledge of the art in youth, was devoted to very laudable efforts to relieve his

parents, and to support them in their hours of affliction.

His first portrait of a public character, that of Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon, was drawn at the age of six. The manner in which reminiscences of early incidents are produced, is often pleasurable, and as honourable to those who produce them. Mrs. Wyatt, the wife of Mr. Wyatt the magistrate of Lambeth-street Office, recently sent to Mrs. Bloxam a portrait of her (Mrs. Bloxam's) mother, drawn by young Lawrence at seven years of age, and given fifty-three years before to Mrs. Wyatt's mother, when a visitor at Mrs. Lawrence's, at Devizes. At seven, we find the boy Lawrence attracting the attention of Sir William Chambers and other eminent men. The first idea of instructing his mind, or of rendering his hand any thing but a machine to obey his intuitive faculty, was imparted by a clergyman of the name of Kent, who lent him "Rogers's Lives of Foreign Painters." The Rev. Dr. Kent resided about two miles distant from Mr. Lawrence, and had his children often to see him, always giving them presents suited to their ages and dispositions. He left the child Lawrence a small legacy. Miss Trusler, sister of the eccentric Dr. Trusler, kept Dr. Kent's house, and it was he who gave their niece, Miss

Storace, money to repair to Italy, where she Italianized her name to *Storace*. At the age of fourteen, this girl displayed such a wonderful strength of voice, that the worthy Dr. Kent charitably promoted her musical studies. Mme. Storace's life affords one of the very few instances of a fortune accumulated on the stage, and her great wealth was left to Mr. Braham, the first of English singers.

But young Lawrence's father was averse to his reading upon the subject of painting, and assumed as a principle, that genius must be its own instructor, and that any study of rules and principles would only cramp the faculty and reduce it to the mould and order already established. All that he would permit was, that the boy should be allowed to see whatever collections of the ancient masters he could procure admission to in the mansions of the gentry in the neighbourhood, and that he might catch what notions he could from such rapid and transitory glances. This idea is sufficiently preposterous; but we find young Lawrence, at the age of eight, taken to the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq. of Corsham House, Wilts, which had then one of the finest collections of the old masters in the West of England. I do not mean to depreciate the collection of this eminent family by

observing, that the western counties were never very favourable to the arts; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked, that although Devonshire, his native county, had produced more good painters than any other in England, it had fewer collections of art, and the lowest estimate of its value.

In going through the rooms of Corsham House, the visitants were so absorbed by their splendour, that they totally forgot that the child was with them. He was suddenly missed, when the parents, retracing their steps, found him in one of the rooms the party had just left. His attention was riveted to a painting by Rubens; and, upon being taken from the spot, he murmured with a sigh, "Ah, I shall never be able to paint like that!" Many of the drawings of this extraordinary child, taken at the age of eight, are now extant; and they exhibit a freedom, a grace, and a poetic, or amiable reading of the subject, without departing from likeness, characteristics which distinguished his mature productions. At Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, there is now one of his early paintings, a head of the full life size.

At the age of ten, our young artist burst from mere portraits to original compositions of

the highest class. He now painted as a subject, "Christ reproving Peter for his denial of him before Pilate," and "Reuben's application to his father, that Benjamin might accompany him and his brethren into Egypt." Nothing can be more worthy of observation than this fact. The painting of likenesses—I do not use the word portraits, for it conveys a higher idea—or the taking of views of landscapes, may be achieved by a child of a great natural capacity for design; but to originate an historical subject, implies an intellect distinct from genius for any particular art. It is the more remarkable, as Sir Thomas Lawrence, when arrived at the age of maturity, indulged so little in his talent for historical composition. But after painting these two historical subjects, he again assayed his pencil in a similar class, and chose that of Haman and Mordecai, which he finished with great rapidity.

The fame of the juvenile artist now spread amongst the highest families of the county, and I find Mr. Weld,* of Lulworth Castle,

* This Mr. Weld became the husband of the lady afterwards known as Mrs. Fitzherbert. She was the niece of Sir Edward Smythe, of Eshe Hall, Durham, and sister-in-law to Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, of Haggerstone Hall, Northumberland. Mr. Weld lost his life in a singular manner. His

taking him to Mr. Methuen's, the Earl of Pembroke's, and to the seats of the nobility and gentry. He was no longer a beautiful and surprising child; his talents now assumed a higher rank.

It was not long after that the Honourable Daines Barrington made the following mention of young Lawrence, in his Miscellanies, p. 317,

wife was a Catholic, and he had personally witnessed the ferocious excesses of the mob against the Catholics in the riots of 1780. He accompanied a friend of the author of this work to witness the excesses of the mob, when their attention was attracted by the proceedings before Lord Mansfield's house, the north east corner of Bloomsbury-square, a house till lately occupied by Mr. Meux, the brewer. The mob knocked at the door, and the servant opening it told them, that it was not Lord Mansfield's, and on which they quietly departed; but being better informed, they returned, and again knocking at the door, it was opened to them, but, for a length of time, not a person dared to enter, fearing resistance. At last one man ventured in, and being not even reproved, the rest became more bold, and rushing in, a scene of Bedlam ensued. The insane demons of religious bigotry flew to the bed-rooms, and from the second-floor, the first thing they did was to throw a grand piano out of the window, without any notice to their friends below, one of whom received the corner of it on his arm, and which drove the pike of the railing through it, so that it required two men to disengage the limb. Mr. Weld was so heated and agitated by the scene he had witnessed, that he returned home, and plunging into a cold bath, in his state of heat and excitement, it occasioned his death.

4to. 1781. "As I have mentioned so many other proofs of early genius in children, I here cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper at Devizes, in Wiltshire. This boy is now (Feb. 1780) nearly ten years and a half old; but, at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes, he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton and Shakspeare."*

* Daines Barrington was the fourth son of John Shute, Esq. a barrister, and son of a merchant, who resided at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire. He (Mr. Shute) had two fine estates left him, one by a Mr. Barrington of Tofts, in Essex. who had married his cousin, the daughter of one of the sheriffs of London. Mr. Shute assumed the name of the donor, and was created an Irish peer in 1720, by the title of Baron Barrington, of Newcastle, in the county of Dublin. He had been dismissed from the Board of Customs in 1711, and in 1722 he was dismissed the House of Commons, as

In 1779, Mr. Lawrence and his family were obliged to leave Devizes, and they repaired to

member for Berwick, on the ground of his having been a principal mover in the celebrated fraud termed the Harborough Lottery. He married the daughter of Sir William Daines; and the Hon. Daines Barrington, the author from whom the quotation is made, was the fourth son by this marriage. Daines Barrington lived a life of taste and vertu, pursuing the law in the spirit of an amateur, and attending to it sufficiently as an excuse for his holding the offices of a Welsh judge and a judge of Chester, but which he at last resigned. He was an ingenious, pleasant man, and at his death in 1800, he was buried privately in the Temple Church.

The fifth son of the Baron, and consequently the brother immediately younger to Mr. Daines Barrington, was the late Bishop of Durham, who died in 1826, at the age of ninety-two, having been in the prelacy fifty-seven years. This excellent prelate was sitting for his portrait to Mr. Evans, the pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, when he was taken ill, and begging Mr. Evans to help him from the throne or platform, and ring for a glass of water, he made an effort, but ineffectual, to sit again. He afterwards made several appointments, in anxiety to have his portrait finished, but died before it was completed.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was taking his portrait in bishop's robes, when he mentioned that he had a picture of a dog done by Lawrence, when he was only eight years old, at Devizes. Sir Thomas begged for this juvenile effort of his pencil, and the bishop cheerfully gave it.

A person once called on this prelate, to beg him to subscribe for a copy of posthumous sermons by a clergyman (not

Weymouth, first visiting Oxford. Many of the heads of colleges, and the dignitaries of the University, had stopped at Devizes in their way to Bath for the fashionable season, and upon their return to the University, the beauty and talents of the child of Mr. Lawrence, the keeper of the Black Bear, had often been the topic of conversation. When he was known to be in Oxford, the father was much noticed, and the child as much caressed. He took the likenesses of the most eminent persons then at Oxford; but his pencil was not confined to grave sexagenarians; for many of the younger nobility and gentry were anxious to have their portraits taken by the phenomenon; and the female beauty of this dignified city and its wealthy neighbourhood, equally pressed upon his talents

It may be supposed that young Lawrence was extraordinarily beautiful, or extraordinarily clever, or both; for, though only ten years of age when at Oxford, almost every man of eminence at the University subscribed to his portrait,

in his diocess,) who had left a large family in indigence. "That I will," said the Bishop; "give me a pen." He wrote his name and a check for a thousand copies (a guinea each), and returning the paper, said, "Here's my subscription; but don't send me the sermons."

painted by Mr. Prince Hoare of Bath, and engraved by Sherwin.

I have an old book before me, of which one part is headed, "The names of the nobility and gentry who have been pleased to subscribe to a likeness of a young artist, (whose picture was in the last royal Exhibition,) painted by Mr. Hoare of Bath, and engraved by Mr. Sherwin. Subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.*" The names are chiefly the heads of colleges and clergymen at Oxford; but I find those of the Bishops of Oxford and Llandaff, the Earls Bathurst and Warwick, Lords Barrington, Deerhurst, Apsley, Wellesly, Fincastle, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Lord Charles Murray, Lady Egremont, his Excellency Count Bruhl, &c. &c. &c. Of the younger subscribers to this print, then at Oxford, many have since become eminent in literature, or in public affairs.

His visits to Oxford and to Weymouth must have been greatly to his advantage; for in 1782 his father repaired to Bath, where he resided at No. 2, Alfred Street, near the New Rooms. His first residence, however, was at a Mrs. Page's, on St. James's Place; but for his house, No. 2, Alfred Street, he paid 100*l.* a-year, a high rent fifty years ago in that city. Mrs. Alcock, sister to Mr. Cumberland the poet, boarded with the

family as a friend, paying 120*l.* a-year for her board and that of her servant. The eldest son, the Rev. Andrew Lawrence, obtained the lectureship of St. Michael's, Bath, with a salary of 140*l.* a-year, and paid his father 80*l.* for his board. Mrs. Alcock was deformed, but a most accomplished and agreeable lady.

Old Mr. Lawrence placed his two daughters at an eminent boarding-school; and the eldest, at the expiration of a year, became the companion to the three daughters of Sir Alexander Crawford; and the youngest soon after supported herself by a most laudable exertion of her talents, as head-teacher in a seminary at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

It is important to mention these facts, as they are honourable to the individuals, and are closely connected with what has been said relative to the early support which Sir Thomas afforded to his family.

I now find young Lawrence surrounded by the most intellectual and *recherché* of the nobility and fashion of the period. Bath at that time was London, devoid of its mixed society and vulgarity. It contained its selection of all that was noble, affluent, or distinguished in the metropolis; and amongst this circle our artist was now caressed.

It became a fashion to sit to him for his oval crayon likenesses. At first, the price was a guinea, and it was soon raised to a guinea and a half. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons as Zara was now engraved; and his portrait of Admiral Barrington met with a similar distinction. This was immediately after his arrival at Bath. Sir Henry Harpur, married to the late Lord Warwick's sister, wished to have adopted him as his son; and Mr. Hoare, then at the head of the arts in Bath, was about to paint a figure of Christ, and designed the head and bust of young Lawrence as his model.

The costume of that day was not favourable to painters of portraits; and some of young Lawrence's portraits of the beauties of that era, represent them in red jackets, hats, and feathers, the abhorrence of modern taste.

The Honourable Mr. Hamilton, residing on Lansdown Hill, the uncle of the late Marquis of Abercorn, was distinguished for his love of art and liberal feeling, and he had an invaluable collection of the old masters, chosen with a knowledge and a taste that protected him from imposition. I find him assiduous in his attentions to young Lawrence. A new world was now opened to the juvenile artist. He revelled in the luxury of this collection, and soon pro-

duced some splendid copies of invaluable paintings; and as the choice of subjects was unrestrained, they may mark the talent of the future head of the arts in England. Young Lawrence copied in crayons the Transfiguration of Raphael, the Aurora of Guido, the taking down from the Cross of Daniel de Volterra, and the Vision of San Romueld by Andrew Sacchi. For these copies his father refused three hundred guineas. He likewise copied the subject of Saul receiving sight from Ananias, by P. da Cortona.

Fashionable patronage was showered upon the young painter in abundance. Among his zealous patrons were Lord Barrington, his brother the admiral, the late Bishop of Durham, and Sir Henry Harpur. Lord Viscount Cremorne was proud of showing him attention; and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the sister of the Earl Spencer, whose union of beauty, intellect, rank and affluence rendered her at that period nearly the most distinguished lady in the courts of Europe, added to her celebrity, by her producing under her auspices this splendid instance of talent for the arts.

But it was not merely patronage that the young artist received from the titled and great, on account of his talents, for to genius was

added so much of beauty of face and person, with such elegance of manners and charms of disposition, that I find him sought after as the companion of the wealthy and dignified. Among these were the present Marquis of Ely; his brother, the Bishop of Clogher; the distinguished General Ross, the hero of Washington, who lost his life in the advance against Baltimore, in 1814; Mr. Abel Dottin, the present member for Southampton; and the list might be swelled to the utmost gratification of vanity.

An incident occurred at Bath, in 1783, of his being offered a handsome sum of money for taking the likeness of a person just deceased; but, although willing to gratify the affections of the relation who had made the request, his dislike of painting from such a subject, obliged him to decline the offer.

He had now passed his twelfth year of age, and his *atelier* was the resort of all the distinguished company of this splendid concentration of wealth and dignity. His room was frequented by fashionable loungers, by foreign virtuosi, and by the real and pretended judges and patrons of the arts. He as yet painted only in the prevalent taste of that day — crayons; but his large crayon paintings became objects

of intense interest. Many found their way to the metropolis, and several were shown at Paris, as very beautiful productions of "a provincial genius" of England; for, to the French, every place in the kingdom is deemed provincial, rustic and barbarous, but the capital.

Young Lawrence was now in the habit of regularly finishing three or four crayon paintings every week, according to the number of them that might be merely heads, or busts, or three-quarter lengths. For his half-lengths, he received three guineas, at that time, and for Bath, a very extraordinary sum. It would be curious to compare this price with that received by other great artists for their juvenile productions. The early productions of Reynolds are acknowledged by his pupil and biographer, Mr. Northcote, to be of inferior merit, carelessly drawn, and in very common place attitudes. At that time, all attitudes were nearly the same; and an indispensable grace was to have a laced hat under the left arm. Reynolds had fallen into this established "principle of portrait painting;" but it is upon record that a customer found fault with this, and desired that the portrait might be altered, and "the bonnet placed to its right use." Reynolds accordingly painted a hat on the head, but he

unfortunately forgot to efface that under the arm, and the painting was for some time exhibited with two hats.*

Reynolds' first portrait which evinced sufficient talent to bring him into notice, was that of Captain Hamilton, painted in 1746, when the artist was twenty-three years old; and the earliest record of his price is in 1752, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and his charge was then 5*l.* 5*s.* for a head, *i. e.* a three-quarters. In 1755, the price was 12*l.* 12*s.*; in 1758, 21*l.*; soon after 1760, 36*l.* 15*s.*, and in 1781, 52*l.* 10*s.*, the highest charge he ever made. Vandyck in 1632 (*ætat* thirty-four,) received but 25*l.* for his whole-length portrait of Charles the First, a munificent patron of the arts, and of this artist in particular. He was paid in this same year 20*l.* for a half-length of the Queen, and 100*l.* "for one great piece of his Majestie, the Queene, and their children." Raphael's portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, which was placed, from its excellence, as the chief ornament of the Presence Chamber, was sold at the death of Charles for 200*l.* The

* Hudson kept stores of bodies, male and female, already painted, and a sitter, upon a second visit, was always surprised to find his or her body quite finished, though the face was still in outline.

early prices of the greatest masters have often been lower than the charges of painting sign-boards or tea-trays; so little idea has the public and cognoscenti of the real merits of a painter, until some fortunate circumstance or influential patron points him out to notice. Even Poussin laments the many years in which he sold his works, for less than the paint and canvass cost him.

Morland's extraordinary juvenile drawings from pictures and casts sold only for 7*s.* 6*d.*, and his bold, fancy drawings from popular ballads and romances, prior to his attaining the age of sixteen, were sold, in gilt frames, for from three to five guineas. Gainsborough's price for a head, in oils, when he was about thirty-five years of age, at Bath, was five guineas. This was about twelve years before the juvenile Lawrence was receiving, at the same city, three guineas for small heads only in crayons. Gainsborough raised his price to 8*l.* 8*s.*; and, at his zenith, he received 42*l.* for a half, and 105*l.* for a whole-length.

Hogarth studiously concealed the prices he received for his portraits, and from which it must be inferred that they were not very high.

Opie's usual price for a portrait, when he was sixteen years of age, was 7*s.* 6*d.* This was

in Cornwall, after he had been patronized by Lord Bateman. West received 2100*l.* for nine paintings of the Royal Family, some consisting of single portraits, and some of family groups.

The prices, therefore, received by young Lawrence for his crayon portraits, must be considered as extremely high. The greatest price Reynolds ever received was fixed about this year, at only 52*l.* 10*s.*; and so enormous was this considered, that it was one cause of the very many portraits returned upon his hands. So often did these returns take place, that Reynolds did not contradict a friend, who, in his presence, averaged the price of all his portraits, since his becoming fashionable, at only 10*l.* 10*s.* each.

Young Lawrence generally received four sitters a day, and he gave to each about half an hour. It was his practice to paint from memory, one half hour longer, immediately after his sitter had left him. Thus was his youth consumed in the business or trade of his profession, to the utter neglect of his laying in a store of principles and ideas, upon which he might have established his fame in the more sublime descriptions of works. Sir Joshua, who had been two years a student under the first painter of his age, and who had the advantage

of, a three years' residence in Rome, Venice, Florence, and other cities in Italy, lamented to the day of his death, his want of a regular academical education in art. The success of Lawrence may be appreciated by the fact of his never having received any instruction whatever, and of his never having visited the Continent, until his style was formed and his excellence attained. As I have mentioned the prices received by Sir Joshua and other eminent artists, at the zenith of their fame, I may here likewise take notice of some of the last prices received by Sir Thomas Lawrence. For a head-size, or three-quarters, 210*l.*; for a kit-kat, 315*l.*; for a half-length, 420*l.*; for a bishop's half-length, 525*l.*, and for a full-length, 630*l.*; for an extra full-length, 735*l.* As a proof of the admiration in which his talents were held by the affluent, I may here mention, that Lord Gower paid him fifteen hundred guineas for his admirable portrait of his lady and child; six hundred guineas was paid him by Lord Durham, for his portrait of Master Lambton.

About this period (1783) a Miss Shakspeare (afterwards married to a Mr. Wiltshire, of Bath) was a celebrated beauty, and, according to the phrase and manners of that day, what was called "the reigning toast." Mr. Lawrence had the

entré to the Bath Theatre, then considered almost the only nursery of the English stage. He frequently took his son with him, particularly when Mrs. Siddons was to perform; for, with the majestic figure, the empassioned countenance, and superb attitudes of this great actress, young Lawrence was enraptured, pronouncing her a perfect model for the study of an historical painter. On one of these occasions he happened to see the admired of all beholders, —Miss Shakspeare, and the next day he produced an admirable likeness of her from memory; which enhanced his fame, and rendered his rooms still more attractive to the fashionable world.

But he devoted his genius with more zeal to an elaborate pencil drawing of Mrs. Siddons, as Aspasia, in the Grecian Daughter; and he chose the point of time when she stabs the tyrant. This admired production was engraved, and it met with an extensive sale at five shillings a copy. This distinction is not to be overlooked, for engraving was then at a low ebb in England, and it was not customary to engrave any paintings that were not very much admired. Very many years after, a friend and pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence pointed out a set of these engravings on sale, in a

print-shop in Maiden-lane. He was always anxious to buy up his juvenile works, wherever he could find them, and he lost no time in possessing himself of these prints. They were, after his death, sold by auction among his other works.

After his portrait of Mrs. Siddons, that of Admiral Barrington was engraved, and had an extensive sale. The first painting of Sir Joshua's that was engraved, was the portrait of William, second Duke of Devonshire; the second portrait he had painted. He was then twenty-nine years of age. The engraving was in mezzotinto.

The tide of success that had flowed so rapidly and incessantly upon his precoce efforts, had kept him too sedulously employed to obey those aspirations, or to indulge in those designs, which genius never fails to form. From 1782 to 1786, he had been unable to pursue any study of his art, or scarcely to copy, or even to inspect, any of the great masters; and thus the important age of from thirteen to seventeen had passed, without his availing himself of one single source of improvement, which had been more or less opened to every painter who has ever excelled in the highest and most classical branches of his profession. When a Derby-

shire Baronet, struck with the beauty and genius of the lad, offered to send him to Rome, at the expense of 1000*l.*, his father told Sir Henry, "that his son's talents required no cultivation." I am particularly anxious to dwell upon these facts, as they render more surprising his having avoided the errors of taste and of science, which might naturally be expected in a person entirely self-taught, and who had lived excluded from the society of artists, and without even the advantage of a reference to many of the standard-works of the masters. But his taste was excellent and intuitive.

It was not until 1786, when he had passed his seventeenth year, that I can find any trace of his having made any attempt at oil painting. In that year, he painted in oil a whole-length figure of "Christ bearing the Cross." The canvass was eight feet high. It is impossible to trace what became of this first attempt; nor can I ascertain whether the composition was wholly original, or an imitation, in any respect, of any master. It would be curious to compare this juvenile effort with his more mature productions, after his ideas must have been warped from their own nature, by an acquaintance with the ideas of other artists. When Sir

Joshua Reynolds, in his latter days, was shown his first portrait that had brought him into notice, the portrait of Captain Hamilton, painted in 1746, when he was only twenty-three years of age, he lamented exceedingly that he had made so little improvement in his subsequent life.

After this large painting of Christ bearing the Cross, young Lawrence painted his own portrait—a head, or three-quarters size. In this he had evidently aimed at the style of Rembrandt in his middle life, when he had neglected his higher finish, and before he had availed himself of the broad fulness of the brush, with deep contrasts, and sudden transitions, and with great breadths of shadow. To his study of Rembrandt in this portrait, he added a few signs of his imitating Sir Joshua himself.

These are the only two interruptions I can now trace, to the lucrative employment of his time in drawing portraits in crayon.

I cannot refrain from inserting a letter he wrote at this period to his mother: it is full of juvenile ardour and enthusiasm, which must not be mistaken for vanity; and it affords an idea of his connexions and views at that early period.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Sept. 1786.

I THINK myself much obliged to you for the books you sent me; and the shirts, which, believe me, were very acceptable, as my stock was a little reduced. Rollin would be very acceptable; but, perhaps, Andrew cannot spare him. Having received no answer from Mr. Brummell, I wrote to the Earl of Gainsborough, informing him that the picture was at his service, and I expect an answer soon. Lady Middleton said he was mad after it. I am now painting a head of myself in oils; and I think it will be a pleasure to my mother to hear it is much approved of. Mr. P. Hoare called on me; when he saw the crayon paintings, he advised me to pursue that style; but, after seeing my head, and telling me of a small alteration I might make in it, which was only in the mechanical part, he said the head was a very clever one; that to persuade me to go on in crayons he could not, practice being the only thing requisite for my being a great painter. He has offered me every service in his power; and, as a proof of fulfilling his word, I have a very valuable receipt from him, which was made use of by Mengs, the Spanish Raphael. His politeness has indeed been great. I shall

now say what does not proceed from vanity; nor is it an impulse of the moment, but what from my judgment I can warrant. Though Mr. P. Hoare's studies have been great, than any paintings I have seen from his pencil, mine is better. To any but my own family I certainly should not say this; but, excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London. I hope you and Andrew will not be disappointed when you see it; for it will be sent, that I may know your opinions. I have had the pleasure of seeing the great Mr. Barry; he did not recollect my name, nor did I wish to make myself known—as, being ignorant of it, I became, what I desired—a spectator. He is, in truth, a great man; to his wonderful talents for his profession he unites the classic truth of his scholarship, and the noblest and most sublime mind I ever met with. There is a clearness and precision in his ideas, together with a strength of language by which they are conveyed to you, so that even the most indifferent subject, when taken up by him, appears in a different light to what you ever before viewed it in. How great the pleasure, then, I received, when that mind was employed, for the most part, in canvassing my loved pursuit, you may

easily conceive. The large pictures, and the large books, would look well here, if you can spare them. I can think of no better present for my dear mother. Uncle Codger must e'en sit for his portrait in oils, which shall not disgrace the original. I now conclude myself,

Your ever affectionate
and dutiful son,
THOS. LAWRENCE.

Send the prose volumes of Miss Bowdler's works, unless wanting.

The insertion of the following characteristic letter must be grateful to my readers :—

Crescent, May 15, 1830.'

I WILL acknowledge I was a little surprised, but I was infinitely more pleased, to see your handwriting, my dear Miss Jewsbury. I rejoiced to hear from you, and I rejoiced in the occasion. I only regret that I can supply so little information. My intimate acquaintance with Sir Thomas was confined to the last months of 1785, and to the first six months of the ensuing year; these I spent in the house of his friend and patron, Dr. Falconer of Bath. He passed several evenings in every week with us; and I scarcely recollect any thing with

more pleasure, than the little social circle that surrounded that joyous tea-table: he was one of its pleasantest members; and his appearance, which depended upon his inclination or convenience, was ever hailed with delight. A kindred taste for the art drew him and Sir Sidney Smith together, and he sometimes, though more rarely, made one of the little party. I have seen the future President, and the future hero of Acre, drawing at the same table; the one tracing a human countenance, the other a ship. Sir Thomas was very engaging; he was kind and warmhearted, and his manners were graceful and easy. I am told they lost in warmth more than they gained in polish, in his after-intercourse with the world. He often recited long passages from Milton and Shakspeare, which he did even then with taste and feeling; and frequently sketched, for our amusement, the celebrated beauties, or the distinguished public characters, he had seen at the Rooms the evening before. These he impressed upon his own memory, by tracing them, with imaginary lines, upon the crown of his hat;* and he rarely failed to

* This must remind the reader of Hogarth's habit of sketching, on his thumb-nail, any ludicrous countenance he by chance met with in the streets.

give, in a few hasty strokes, so correct a likeness, that we easily recognised the characters (when we afterwards saw them) from the representation. At this time he was painting portraits for three or four guineas a-piece in crayons. A mutual friend has a likeness of me in this style. He became acquainted with Bunbury,* and drew his portrait, with one of his long caricatures depending from his hand — I believe, his "Long Minuet." The drawings I possess of his are, two masterly sketches in black chalk, the one of a younger sister, the other of myself; and a personification of Contemplation from Milton's "Il Penseroso," a very highly finished and beautiful pencil drawing. He was remarkably handsome as a boy; he wore his collar thrown back, and his hair, which was beautiful, was so redundant, that its rich dark curls almost obscured his face when he stooped to draw. You must remember, my dear Miss Jewsbury, I am describing the costume of half a century back. I was told he lost much of his beauty when he assumed the manly attire, and reduced his fine hair to the trammels

* Brother of Sir Charles Bunbury, and the most eminent of caricaturists, in the opinion of persons of knowledge, though Gilray's *political* caricatures were offered at the shrine of party, and the ludicrous in character and mode was sacrificed to the mania of the day.

of the stiff powdered fashion of that day; but I never saw him after. All this I feel is just nothing; but to supply the deficiency I will write to Dr. Falconer (son of the one above-mentioned), whose excellent memory and longer intimacy will supply, I hope, much that may be useful. His father and his uncle (the learned editor of the Oxford Strabo) were very kind to young Lawrence, and fostered his early genius with the encouragement and assistance that even genius requires in its first efforts, &c.

SARAH THACKERAY.

Prior to this period (1785), a circumstance had occurred which encreased his anxiety to sacrifice his provincial fame, and to launch upon a bolder sea of enterprise in the metropolis.

The Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, had voted him their medal and the reward of five guineas for the most successful copy from the old masters. The piece which had procured him a distinction so flattering to a lad of his age, who had not yet breathed the atmosphere of art in the metropolis, was a crayon copy of the copy of the Transfiguration of Raphael.* Of this

* This most sublime work was removed from Italy to Paris by Napoleon, and exhibited in the Louvre, where it sustained irreparable injury by the French picture-cleaners, against whom Fuseli launched the torrent of his indignation,

copy of a successful copy in the possession of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, the uncle of the late Marquis of Abercorn, I have already made mention. The proceedings of the Society on this occasion are as follows :—

"Adelphi, March 9, 1784.

"Valentine Green, in the Chair.—Mr. Whitford and Mr. Mathews.

"Took into consideration the single claim, class 129.—Marked the claim G.—Examined the claim.—Resolved, that as the drawing marked G., appears, by a date upon it, to have been executed in the year 1782, it cannot, according to the conditions, page 197, be admitted a claimant."

In consequence of this difficulty, the following proceedings took place :—

"Adelphi, March 30, 1784.

"Valentine Green, in the Chair.

"Dr. Johnson, Mr. C. Smith, Mr. Hincks, Mr. Samuel, Mr. T. Smith.

"Took into consideration the drawing of the Transfiguration, marked G., and opened the paper containing the names of the candidates, according to the directions of the Society; and it appeared to the Committee, that the candidate was Thomas Lawrence, aged thirteen, 1783, in Alfred-street, Bath.

"The Committee having received satisfactory information, that the production was entirely the work of the young man,

"Resolved, to recommend to the Society to give the greater silver palette, gilt, and five guineas, to Mr. Lawrence, as a token of the Society's approbation of his abilities."

"Adelphi, May 5th, 1784.

"James Davison, Esq. Vice-president, in the Chair.

"A motion is made, that the Inscription on the palette voted to Mr. Thomas Lawrence, jun., be—*Drawing in crayons, after the Transfiguration of Raphael,* 1784.—Agreed to."

"Owen Salus Brereton, Esq. Vice-president, in the Chair.

"Mr. W. R. Lawrence attended on behalf of Mr. Thomas Lawrence, jun., to whom the silver palette and five guineas have been adjudged, as a bounty for a drawing of the Tranfiguration; and received the same for his brother."

Upon these documents I must observe, that the drawing was identified as the sole performance of young Lawrence, by Mr. Prince Hoare.

The first reward of the Society at that period was its gold medal: the second reward

was the silver palette. There was no gold or gilt palette then, although the silver palette sometimes received a gold rim, when a work was of very extraordinary merit, and yet excluded, by circumstances extrinsic to its merits, from competing for the highest prize. This was the case with Mr. Lawrence's drawing. It was the law of the Society, that a work of this description, to compete for the main prize, must be performed within one year prior to the date at which it is sent to the Society. Mr. Lawrence's drawing was marked as performed in 1782, and it was not sent to the Society till the year 1784; and this excluded it, according to the conditions of the Society, (page 197) from being taken into consideration for the higher prize. It was considered, however, to possess such very extraordinary merit, that the Society was not content with putting the gilt rim to the palette, but ordered it to be entirely gilt. Pecuniary rewards for works of art had long been abandoned, and this vote of five guineas was a very striking testimony of the opinions of the Society in favour of the work. From this vote in 1784 to 1811, there have been but two instances of pecuniary rewards for works of art. The one was a vote of 3*l.* 3*s.* in 1787, and the other a vote of 21*l.* to Master C. Ross,

in 1811, but both unaccompanied by medal or palette.

A person who recollects these proceedings, informs me, that the beauty, the fine form, and graceful manners of the boy, forcibly struck every body present, when he appeared before the Society.

This Copy of the Transfiguration is on glass, and it is certainly an extraordinary production for a boy of that age. The expression, the buoyancy of the figures, the grace of the draperies, and the perspective, are admirable. The aërial colours appear to have acquired a tinge of blue, or tone of lead, from time, and the draperies of the figures on the earth are made of a very strong red, and the figures are massy, in order to add to the aërial perspective, and to increase the buoyant, floating appearance of the Saviour.

Inflamed by this extraordinary success, nothing could suppress his desire to repair to London, and to become a student of the Royal Academy at Somerset House. Whatever were the motives of his father in abandoning the successful employment of his son at Bath, by which he had been enabled very much to retrieve his want of success at Bristol and Devizes, I find him now repairing to the capital, and

launching forth in a style which implies the possession of pecuniary means to support the respectability of his birth and connexions.

But in his way to London, he visited Salisbury, where the patronage he received, as well as the flattering attentions bestowed upon him by some of the principal inhabitants, induced him to remain for a short period. Some of his crayon portraits executed in Salisbury in this year, (1787,) are still in the possession of a gentleman of that city.

CHAPTER III.

Family affections towards Mrs. Lawrence by her relations.—Mr. Lawrence leaves Bath for London.—Arrangements in London.—Introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Lodgings in Leicester Square.—In Jermyn Street.—A Student of the Academy.—Beautiful Drawings.—The Gladiator Repellens and the Apollo Belvidere.—Admitted to good Society.—Royal Patronage.—Disposal of Legacies.—A Museum purchased.—Commissions for Paintings.—Acquaintance with Mr. Hamilton.—Introduced to the Kemble Family.

DURING the six years that the elder Mr. Lawrence had resided at Bath, I find no traces of his intercourse with the family of his wife. As Mr. Read had died in peace with his daughter, and as his widow had received one of the grand-children, it is reasonable to suppose that at least an ostensibly friendly intercourse existed between the families, especially as the elder son of Mr. Read had never abandoned his sister or discarded her husband. I

cannot, however, suppose that anything more than mere civilities, or, at best, the rights of hospitality, were extended to Mr. Lawrence by his wife's relations. Both the families of the Hills and the Reads were affluent, and possessed of what is termed "county influence." Either of them might have obtained for their relation, that public employment which is the ordinary reward or price of electioneering interest in the country; or they might, by other means, have prevented a resort to the labours of a young boy of fourteen for the support of his parents and family. This public means of support, in a city so near to the local consequence of the families, must have mortified their pride, and probably did not tend to close the breach between the parties.*

* Except in America, and recently settled countries, where, from the obvious causes of the incessant influx of strangers, and of migrations in search of land, the ties of blood are scarcely more than nominal, I fear there is no country in which the bonds of family union are so loose as in England. Many of our laws, particularly that of primogeniture, are the causes of this unnatural state of society; but as the certainty of the cause, and even the facility of its removal, would not produce the remedy, we must reverse the poet's line, "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*" In Ireland, though the relation of father and son scarcely prevents the pistol or the bludgeon to the head,

In 1787, Mr. Lawrence left Bath, and repaired to London. His pecuniary resources must have been respectable, for I find his first place of residence to be No. 4, Leicester Square, where he hired a suite of handsome apartments, the house being occupied by a confectioner. Leicester Square was then a place of high fashion. It had been the residence of the father of his late Majesty, George the Third, and, at the time to which I now refer, it was distinguished by that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose house was the daily resort of all that was illustrious for title, or distinguished for wealth, fashion, or talents. I have a family memorandum before me, that Mr. Lawrence paid for his suite of rooms, four guineas a week, a price for lodgings of no ordinary amount in those days. Mrs. Lawrence remained for some time at No. 2, Alfred Place, Bath, and Mr. Andrew Lawrence repaired to Frome, in the exercise of his profession; but young Lawrence soon wrote

yet the fight being over, or prevented, natural affections are resumed. In England, decency prevents outrage; but families, from the slightest causes, especially of interest, sink into a state of quiet neglect and almost ignorance of each other. The Irish son-in-law or step-son of an eminent Irish artist, being asked by an afflicted father to be allowed to see his daughter, whom he had fraudulently married, immediately offered him "*Satisfaction!*"

to his mother to come up to London, that he might have a comfortable home, "and not be obliged to eat his meals out."

When these arrangements were made, the lodgings in Leicester Square were given up; and young Lawrence had apartments taken for him at No. 41, Jermyn Street, his father and mother taking lodgings for themselves at Duke Street, St. James', where their son took his meals.

Provincial and metropolitan fame are very distinct; and notwithstanding young Lawrence's having been the phenomenon of Bath, and even notwithstanding his having obtained the prize medal of the Society of Arts, he had nobody to introduce him to Sir Joshua, to whom he was now a very near neighbour. But Sir Joshua was of easy access to persons of decided talents; and, upon an application from Mr. Lawrence, with a reference to the early works of his son, the President of the Academy willingly appointed an interview.* The father, and our young artist, repaired to the house of the affluent head and origin of the English school, and they were received with kindness. Young Lawrence took with him his oil portrait

* It has been said that young Lawrence brought up a letter of introduction to Sir Joshua, from Mr. Prince Hoare, of Bath.

of himself, as a specimen of what he could do. There have been disputes about the exact period at which this portrait was drawn; but I have inserted the letter, which determines the point. He found the attention of the President bestowed upon another juvenile aspirant, who had evidently come upon a similar errand, and who stood in trembling expectation of the decision of the oracle, which was to determine his future course; Sir Joshua having examined the specimen of his art, dismissed this other visitant with the negative encouragement of, "Well, well! go on—go on." The anhelation of young Lawrence during this scene, may be easily imagined.

Sir Joshua now inspected the portrait of our youth. He was evidently much struck with it, and discerned those marks of genius which foretold the future fame of the juvenile artist. He bestowed upon the painting a very long scrutiny, in a manner which young Lawrence thought, an alarming contrast to the more hasty glance with which he had dismissed the other.

At last, turning to the boy, with an air of seriousness, he addressed him—"Stop, young man, I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose now, you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural; hey!—hey!" He

then placed the painting before the astonished and trembling youth, and began to analyse it, and to point out its numerous imperfections. Presently, he took it out with him from the gallery to his own painting-room, and young Lawrence knew not how to interpret this; but Sir Joshua soon returning, addressed him kindly, and concluded by saying, "It is clear you have been looking at the old masters; but my advice to you is, to study nature; apply your talents to nature."—He then dismissed him with marked kindness, assuring him that he would be welcome, whenever he chose to call. Of an invitation so flattering and useful, our young artist availed himself with a frequency that would have put it to too severe a test, had it been meant in the ordinary sense of compliment; but Mr. Lawrence was always received with a kindness which indicated that Sir Joshua was highly pleased with his society, and desirous to promote his interests.*

* No two men ever possessed more pre-eminently the same amiable quality, the—*mitis sapientia.*—A ludicrous contrast to this kindness occurred with the asperous Fuseli, who being, miraculously, in a good humour, gave a friendly reception to a young gentleman that had brought to him a letter of introduction from an old friend. "I shall be very happy to see you, whenever you are disengaged," said Fuseli. The ingenuous youth took this literally, and called the next day.

On the 13th Sept. 1787, he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy; and Mr. Howard, the present Secretary and Trustee of the institution, says, "His proficiency in drawing, even at that time, was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions were as remarkable as his talent: altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed, to the admiring students, as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropt among them. He was very handsome; and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders, gave him a romantic appearance."

He made, however, but two or three drawings in the Academy, which were executed with a black-lead pencil on white paper, elaborately tinted down, till the high light had the effect of white put on, rather than of the paper left; a style at that time novel, or at least not practised in the school. Two drawings of the Gladiator Repellens, and of the Belvidere Apollo, were deemed very accurate and beautiful.

I ought to mention, that while residing at 4, Leicester Square, he opened a public exhibition of his works, his father performing the office

"By *Gott!*" cried Fuseli, as he entered the room, "you must have plenty of spare time on your hands!" The *ingenui vultûs puer* retired in confusion, nor did he ever call again.

of exhibitor; this, of necessity, could be but a very temporary means of pecuniary advantage.*

The talents of young Lawrence were of a nature peculiarly adapted to work their own way into celebrity; but notwithstanding the singular union of all these elements of worldly success, which he possessed at so early an age, his *entré* to Sir Joshua's house, must have been of incalculably additional advantage to him. It brought him into contact with the great, the fashionable, and the intellectual, whilst it exhibited the President's familiarity with him, and the delight which he took in his society.

In one of his letters, written about this time, Sir Thomas beautifully describes his love of moderate pleasures, and his aversion to excesses of any sort. It would be difficult, in biography, to find an instance of a person so temperate under so many temptations to excesses. He must have had many attractions to the wise and good, or have been singularly acute in discovering talents, before their public developement, and as singularly happy in exciting esteem in those whom he discovered to possess them.

The following letter from Mr. Lysons to Mr. Thomas Campbell, describes young Lawrence's

* A similar scheme, even by Sir Joshua and Mr. West had failed to be profitable.

early association with the learned and ingenious author of the "Environs of London." The allusion in the postscript is to Sir Thomas's pedigree, a subject that will be discussed in a subsequent chapter.

Rodmarton, near Cirencester,
April 13th, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE sent up, to the care of Mr. R. Smirke, copies of the few letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which I thought could be in any way interesting or amusing to the public. I am sorry to say, that my search among my brother's papers, to see whether I could find any thing which might be of use to you in your work, has been very unsatisfactory. My brother's first acquaintance with Sir Thomas appears to have commenced in the year 1787. He was then, as you will see, about eighteen years of age, and was living at 41, Jermyn Street, where he appears to have resided two or three years. He afterwards removed to Old Bond Street, and continued there perhaps rather longer, before he removed to Greek Street.

I recollect very well his being two or three evenings at my brother's chambers, amusing himself with practising etching; and I have proofs of two plates which he then etched. One, from a beautiful drawing of Mrs. Siddons,

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which I have made out to have been done before August 1790; and the other, a very clever etching, from the head of an old woman, the drawing of which has the date of 1791. Very few of his letters have dates. My brother was, as you know, in habits of intimacy with Sir Thomas for many years, but they were for the greater part of the time both inhabitants of the metropolis, and when absent, Sir Thomas was not a frequent correspondent. For several years, Sir Thomas, Mr. Farrington, the R.A., Mr. Smirke, Mr. Robert Smirke, and my brother, dined together when in town, once a week, taking it by turns, at his chambers and their respective houses, for some years before my brother's death. Mr. Ralph Price was added to this party quadripartite: I used to join them, when occasionally in town. I am quite sorry that it has not been in my power to be of more service to you.

I have lent my valuable drawings by Sir Thomas, to Mr. Lane, for his beautiful lithographic work.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

DANIEL LYSONS.

P. S. Was any thing satisfactory made out respecting Thomas Lawrence, of King's College?

The following letter, as it relates to a period later by two or three years, belongs, strictly speaking, to a part of the work rather more advanced; but, addressed by Sir Thomas Lawrence to Mr. Lysons, it may be now introduced.

DEAR SIR, Old Bond Street, Thursday.

A PARTICULAR friend of mine promised to get me introduced at Sir William Hamilton's; to see this wonderful woman you have doubtless heard of—Mrs. Hart. He has succeeded; but has unfortunately made an appointment for that purpose on Sunday next, at half-past ten. What shall I do? I hear it is the most gratifying thing to a painter's eye that can be; and I am frightened, at the same time, with the intimation that she will soon be Lady Hamilton, and that I may not have such another opportunity; yet I do not know that I can receive greater pleasure than I should have in viewing the beautiful scenery of Nature with Mr. Lysons. Send me word your opinion on this case, and whichever way it leans (as I know you are a special pleader), it shall be decisive.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged servant,

THO^S. LAWRENCE.

There is no date to this letter—but it must have been written in 1790. The print of Lady Hamilton (called Emma), from Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing, was published in 1791.*

The person here alluded to was one of the most extraordinary of modern times. A man of genius might have drawn from her vices and her virtues an original character for the most interesting work of fiction. A Syren in voice, a Cleopatra in manners, and a Venus in beauty, she was the wonder of her sex, and wanted only purity to be its ornament. Degrading as the history of her life might be, it was confessed, even by those who repudiated their own admiration, that it was impossible to look upon her without involuntary partiality; for not only were her form and face perfectly lovely, but she had the art of impressing, if not a conviction, at least a belief, that her feelings at moments were great and good. The horrors to which she lent her agency, and in which she committed Lord Nelson, long afterwards at Naples, may excuse

* This lady had even been the living model at the Academy; and was the Euphrosyne of that most infamous of quacks, Mr. Graham, at his lectures on health, in Pall Mall, which were patronized by the aristocracy, till the police suppressed them. She was painted as a voluptuous Bacchanal by her friend Romney.

me from doubting if she ever possessed a spark of genuine sensibility,—but in semblance, physiognomy, and manner, she acted the possession of feelings equally, and appeared giftedly alive to the pathetic and the playful. Her tones of speech were sweet, natural, and musical, her voice in singing superb, and her science in music exquisite, though caught almost intuitively. She was an enchantress, misplaced from romance into real life.

Sitting once at a private party, with an eminent musician, whose creed was the insufferable nature of English singing, many simple, and many of the most complex and elaborate, pieces of vocal music were produced to Mrs. Billington and Lady Hamilton, the only ladies of the party. Each sung, *con amore;* and the musician spoke in raptures of Lady Hamilton's voice, her feeling, execution, delicacy, and quick apprehension; and, added this anti-English cynic, "In point of science and learning, she has nothing to be afraid of in the rivalship with Mrs. Billington."

Mr. Lawrence was now admitted into the first circles. His society was even courted by many persons eminent in literature and science; and, thus introduced, his Majesty very shortly after became his ostensible though temporary patron.

This latter fact is very singular; for it is remarkable, that notwithstanding the great and original talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and notwithstanding that those talents formed so beautiful a contrast to what had preceded him in this country, and even to the talents of his contemporaries, he never received a single commission either from the King or his royal consort. He twice painted their Majesties; but on each occasion, at his own request, and at his own expense.*

This royal patronage of the juvenile Lawrence is still more remarkable, from the singular manner in which the King viewed the works of Mr. West, which he admired almost to the exclusion of every other painter, ancient or modern.

Lawrence had been admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and amongst his contemporaries were Mr. Benjamin West and Mr. Westall, with both of whom he contracted an intimate acquaintance, which continued through life, and which, with the latter, amounted to the warmest friendship. In 1790, when young Lawrence came of age, he received 200*l.*, the legacy of his relation Mr. Agaz. He proposed

* This neglect of Sir Joshua, is said to have arisen from his refusing to sell a painting beneath its value.

to his father, that he (the father) should take a house large enough to accommodate his friend young Westall, and a servant boy, and to fit up a room for painting, Mr. Westall having commenced certain paintings for Alderman Boydell's publications. The father therefore took a long lease of No. 57, Greek Street, Soho, at a rent of 80*l.* per annum. The house had been inhabited by a surgeon, and had been marked by popular prejudices as the scene of dissections, and the sewers and floors had been taken up to search for skeletons, or even for proof of coming at "subjects" unrighteously.

In 1787, when his second daughter, Anne, now Mrs. Bloxam, came of age, Mr. Lawrence persuaded her to let him receive her legacy of 200*l.* under Mr. Agaz's Will, and to use it for the good of the family, or, to "turn it to good account." This was assented to; but Mr. Lawrence, without consulting the family, purchased a little museum then exhibiting in the Strand, and consisting of natural curiosities, stuffed birds, &c. &c., and to these he added his son's paintings, such as his "Christ bearing the Cross." The exhibition was daily a source of loss and vexation: it did not pay its expenses; and he at last sold it for a mere trifle. Whether the speculation of the house in Greek

Street were more profitable, I do not know. Mr. Lawrence induced his daughter, after this loss, to refuse an offer of accompanying the family of Sir A. Crawford to Italy, and this accomplished young lady became the companion and friend of the Countess of Lincoln, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle. She was joint instructress of her ladyship's daughter, Lady Ann Maria Clinton, afterwards married to the brave and distinguished Lord Combermere.

Miss Lawrence was married in 1796, at St. Ann's, Soho, and until her marriage had had under her care several young ladies of rank: in these praiseworthy efforts, she was succeeded, at her marriage, by her sister Lucy.

An artist now of repute, (Mr. Evans) says, "Two drawings of his now before me, done in 1789 and 1790, are, in every respect, equal to his maturest productions of a similar kind, except only in that exquisite refinement of expression and execution, which he preeminently attained, though at the expense of much of the vigour and freedom which those early works possessed."

I must now allude to his intermediate place of residence. After he had lived less than a year in Leicester Fields, he removed, as I have

mentioned, to No. 41, Jermyn Street. This was immediately opposite to St. James's Church. His apartments were at the house of a fashionable milliner, and they were unexceptionable, but for one, and only one, disadvantage. His painting room looked directly into the churchyard, and the artist found that although he had overlooked this circumstance as trivial, it had a material influence upon the looks of his sitters. Superstition, prejudices, and fantasies, at that day were triumphant.

Mr. Lawrence very soon removed from this accommodation; and it is an odd coincidence, that he was succeeded in his tenement by him who, at his death, succeeded him in the chair of the Royal Academy — Mr., now Sir M. A. Shee.

About the year 1790, he contracted a close intimacy with Mr. W. Hamilton, R. A., then residing in Dean Street, Soho. Mr. Hamilton was of eminence in his art, and was calculated to have an influence upon a young man commencing his career in London. At this period, Mr. Hamilton had received his education in Italy. by the patronage of Mr. (Adelphi) Adams, with whom he was connected in business. He painted historical subjects and arabesque, and was a distinguished contributor to

the splendid embellishments of Macklin's Bible, Boydell's Shakspeare, and other works. His style was that of the modern Italians, light, airy, and pleasant, but without any profound principles of his art. In portraits he did not so much excel, though he had eminent success in his portraits of Mrs. Siddons as Isabella, Euphrasia, and as Lady Randolph in the scene with her son. Mr. Hamilton was affluent and devoted to his art, and he conceived a strong attachment to Mr. Lawrence, with the highest admiration of his promising talents. Young Lawrence became almost one of Mr. Hamilton's family, until his very sudden death in 1801; and often has the President of the Academy been heard to say, that some of the happiest days of his life had been those spent with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. Young Lawrence had but recently lost his beloved mother, when he was summoned to the bedside of his friend, whose fever carried him off in three days; and he evinced the most intense feelings for his sufferings, and a very bitter and permanent regret at his loss. It was Mr. Hamilton that first introduced Mr. Lawrence to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble, and laid the foundation of an intimacy which had a powerful influence upon the professional

and private life and character of the artist. Mr. Lawrence always spoke of the time he had passed with Mr. Hamilton, as of the most pleasant and best spent of his life. He and Mr. Hamilton used to draw a great deal from the antique statues at night, whilst Mrs. Hamilton would read to them either poetry, history, or works of imagination.

CHAPTER IV.

State of public taste.—Difficulties of gaining the public approbation.—Severe competition among artists.—The King and Queen's desire that Mr. Lawrence should be elected an Associate of the Academy.—Successful opposition to the Royal wishes.—Peter Pindar's poem upon the subject.—Mr. Lawrence's subsequent election.—Attends the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Sir Joseph Banks and the Dilettanti Society.—The Society elects Mr. Lawrence to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds, as its painter.—The by-law of the Society waved for that purpose.—Mr. Lawrence appointed Portrait-painter in Ordinary to the King.—Reflections upon this distinction.—Mr. Lawrence's historical work of Homer reciting his Verses to the Greeks.—Pecuniary affairs.—Portrait of Miss Farren Countess of Derby.—Mr. Burke's observations.—Portraits of the King and Queen sent out to China, with Lord Macartney.—Portrait of the Duke of Portland, sent to Bristol.—Portrait of the King, sent to Coventry.—Prices of paintings.—Sale of M. de Calonne's Collection of Paintings, and of that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Anecdote of Mr. J. J. Angerstein; the commencement of his friendship with Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Pecuniary arrangements.

THE history of art in this country, affords no instance of so rapid a progress to eminence, as that experienced by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

He had every disadvantage to contend with. The public had been satiated with portraits, and caprice and fastidiousness were, as usual, the consequences of satiety. But men of great powers and of very varied faculties, had been long eminent in portrait painting, and the general taste was too refined, and the public judgment too well informed, to admit of success without very decided merits. The portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Gainsborough, Wilson, Opie, Hoppner, Romney, and even West and Beechy, had been studied and criticised; and the rage for portraits had brought under the public scrutiny the whole school, from Vandyck and his contemporaries even to Hudson, besides the casual exhibitions of portraits in this country by Titian, Raphael, and the earlier masters.

Public opinion was therefore a very severe tribunal for a young aspirant to appear before. But Sir Thomas Lawrence had encreased difficulties to contend with. The King had commenced his patronage of historical painting by West, and the nobility and gentry are never slow in adopting the royal taste. Young Lawrence had but a provincial fame; the taste of Bath was meretricious in every thing, even to a proverb; and it was the subject of reproach

and satire in the periodical works of the day. Besides, Lawrence was totally untaught, or self-taught; he had not the real, and, what is of more consequence, (with respect to vulgar opinion) the fictitious advantage of having travelled to Italy. Moreover, he was so young, that it was necessary either to believe him a prodigy, or to decry him as an empiric. No dilemma can be more dangerous than this, for a youth entering a career of severe competition in public life. However, the tide of public opinion, fortunately, in this instance, flowed in the right channel, and the talents of the young, self-taught prodigy were duly appreciated.

The King had contributed largely to the support of the Royal Academy, prior to its deriving a sufficient revenue from the better patronage of the public. Although his Majesty had never given a single order to its President, and had exclusively confined his notice and admiration to very inferior artists, still this patronage of the Academy, by his name and pecuniary contributions, had given him more power in the decisions of its councils than has been experienced in later days.

At the express desire of his Majesty and of the Queen, young Lawrence, after one defeat,

was admitted an Associate, by the suspension or contravention of a law that would have excluded him at his age, and under the circumstances in which he was placed.

The law was imperative against the admission of any Associate under the age of twenty-four; and the reception of Mr. Lawrence, though at the express desire of the King and Queen, met with opposition from several of the Academy, notwithstanding his election was supported by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A demi-official document from the Academy merely says, "In November 1791, (Nov. 10,) he (Mr. Thomas Lawrence) was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, at an earlier age than any artist before or since, and in 1794, (Feb. 10,) an Academician."*

Upon the latter point, it must be observed, that the Royal Sign Manual, appointing Mr. Lawrence an Academician, is dated, not Feb. 10, 1794, but Dec. 4, 1795.

This appointment gave rise to one of Peter Pindar's witty Poems, published in 1791, under the title of the "Rights of Kings." It comprised eight odes, a proëmium, and a concluding address to Mr. Pitt. It may be doubted

* His Diploma-Picture was a Gipsy girl, and it is now in the Council Chamber of the Academy.

whether this poem on Mr. Lawrence's admission to the Academy, did not excite more irritation among the profession than any, or all, of the attacks of Anthony Pasquin. Mr. Jerningham, this year, published his poem, "The Shakspeare Gallery, or Subjects for Painters," and Peter Pindar wrote his Burlesque Subjects for Painters, a work of great humour.

Peter's Address to the Public, as a Preface to his "Rights of Kings," thus tells the story about Mr. Lawrence:—

"GENTLE READER,

"THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this. The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch, in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians, his Majesty's desire, that a Mr. Lawrence might be added to the list of R. A.'s, his Majesty, from his superior knowledge of painting, being perfectly convinced of this young artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the Royal wish, and the wish of the President, and (under the rose) the wish of Mr. Benjamin West, the Windsor Oracle of paint, and painter of History, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majesty's wish, Sir Joshua's wish, Mr. West's wish, with the most ineffable

sang froid, not to call it by a harder name—disgust. The annunciation happened on the night of an election of Associates, at which Mr. Lawrence ought to have been elected an Associate, (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—Behold the obstinacy of these royal mules!—the number of votes, in favour of Mr. Lawrence, amounted to just THREE, and that of his opponent, Mr. Wheatley, to sixteen!!! Indignant and loyal reader, the Lyric Muse, who has uniformly attacked meanness, folly, impudence, avarice, and ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sublimity."

This may be a humorous, but it is not a dignified or useful mode of treating the subject. Mr. Wheatley's moral conduct had offended decency; but he was admitted an Associate in November 1790, and an Academician on the 10th February 1791. After Mr. Lawrence's defeat by him in November 1790, he was elected, as we have seen, in the ensuing year.

If Majesty should be so ill-advised as to interfere beyond its proper province, a firm and decent resistance, on the part of the Academy, would of necessity ensue; nor is there in the kingdom a corporate body more capable of spi-

rit and discretion, in such a case, than the Royal Academy.

Peter Pindar's verses, however, are very witty; and the following extracts may give an idea of the poem. Whether it were fortunate, or the reverse, to be made the subject of such a joke, Lawrence's friends of that period can best determine.

* * * * *

* * * *

"Refuse a Monarch's mighty orders!
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders.
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the Queen's fond wish as well,
That Master Lawrence should come in!
Against a Queen so gentle, to rebel,
This is another crying sin!

* * * * *

* * * *

"Behold, his Majesty is in a passion!
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!
Suppose he takes it in his Royal head,
To strike your Academic Idol dead;
Knock down your house, dissolve you in his ire,
And strip you of your boasted title—'Squire!

* * * * *

* * *

"I own I've said, (and glory in th' advice,)
'Be not, O King, as usual, over nice.

Dread Sire, (to take a phrase from Caliban,)
"Bite 'em," —
To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,—
Knight 'em.'

* * * * *

* * * *

"Go, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,
And much-offended Majesty implore.
Say, piteous, kneeling in the royal view,—
'Have pity on a sad, abandon'd crew,
And we, great King, will sin no more:
Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,
And Mister Lawrence shall come in.'

* * * * *

* * * *

Your hemp cravats, your pray'r, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,
For they are not inexorable people;
Although you thus have run their patience hard,
And though you are to such great folk compared,
Candle-extinguishers to some high steeple."

At the funeral of Sir Joshua, which took place on the 3rd March 1792, I find Mr. Lawrence, and twelve other Associates, in the procession; his antagonist, Mr. Wheatley, not attending, though an Academician. It is curious to read the names of these young Associates, in relation to their subsequent progress in

their profession. Among them I find those of Mr. (Sir Francis) Bourgeois, Mr. Bonomi, Mr. Stothard, and Mr. Smirke. Mr. Shee attended the funeral as a student; and it is singular, that of the ten students honoured by this distinction, Mr. Shee alone has since been known to the public.

At the death of Sir Joshua, young Lawrence, then only in the twenty-third year of his age, received an unexpected honour, of which even eminent artists were justly proud. He was unanimously elected Sir Joshua's successor, as Painter to the Dilettanti Society. Sir Joseph Banks, when made President of that body, had proposed to Mr. Hamilton to become a member, and to be appointed portrait-painter to the Club; but Mr. Hamilton replied, "Portrait-painter I am none; my friend Lawrence, however, is the most proper person you can select; his talents are of the highest order, and, though young, he will do honour to your appointment." In order to make him a member of that body, as well as the painter to it, the Society was obliged to rescind, or rather wave, one of its fixed and primary laws, "That no person was admissible as a member who had not crossed the Alps."

His Majesty also appointed him to succeed Sir Joshua, as his Portrait-painter in ordinary.

Lord Chamberlain's Office,
26th February, 1792.

SIR,

I LOSE no time in acquainting you, that I have appointed you to be Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty, in the room of Sir Joshua Reynolds, deceased; and you are requested to attend this office on Thursday next, at two o'clock, to be sworn in, I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
SALISBURY.

Mr. Lawrence, Bond Street.

A person of his talents and manners wanted but a few good introductions into society to become esteemed and popular; and we now find him intimate with the Kemble family, and with those of Mr. Angerstein, Mr. Locke, Lord Abercorn, the Templetons, Sir Francis Baring, and the highest persons in the country, who were distinguished for any love of literature or the arts. It cannot escape observation, that the appointment of so young a man (only twenty-three years of age,) and one who had been but so short a time in London, and had exhibited so little at the Academy, to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Portrait-painter to the King, was a most extraordinary honour; and our opinion of this distinction will be enhanced

if it be remembered that he was not only nothing more than an Associate, but had enjoyed that distinction only for the short space of between four and five months. At this period, moreover, were living in high repute, Mr. West, Fuseli, Mr. Barry, Opie, Northcote, and other eminent men, all of whom were full Academicians, and some even high officers of the Academy.

From his expensive but temporary lodgings, near Sir Joshua, in Leicester Square, young Lawrence, as I have already observed, removed to apartments in Jermyn Street.

It was in 1788, in his lodgings in Jermyn Street, that he painted for Mr. Richard Payne Knight, his historical piece of Homer reciting his poem to the Greeks. The figure in the foreground of the young victor in the foot-race, was a study from the living model. A pugilist of that day, and who since became celebrated, presented the finest model that artist could have for imitation. This man, named Jackson, performed astonishing feats of agility and strength. His figure was large, but he had a distinct and marked indication of every individual muscle, and his joints were small and knit in the manner which is copied so inimitably in many of the statues and paintings of

Michael Angelo. Mr. Lawrence was much struck with his subject, and painted it with great care and study.

Our artist's business was now considerable; not only was he able to live in a very respectable style, but I have reason to believe that he was, about this period, the sole support of his father and mother, and was also very liberal to the whole of his family.

A family document now before me, but drawn up from memory very recently, (a lapse of forty years) states, that this young gentleman allowed his parents only 300*l.* a-year, and for which he was boarded, and his man-servant provided with his dinner, his father keeping only two female servants. The present Mrs. Bloxam, then having under her care several titled pupils, with, for that period, immense salaries, allowed her father 170*l.* per annum; whilst the eldest son, the Rev. Andrew Lawrence, continued to him his allowance of 80*l.* a-year, making in all an income of 550*l.* a-year, and which more than covered the annual expenditure of the family in Greek Street. In addition to this, Mr. Westall paid for the accommodation of himself and man-servant.

It is extremely painful to be thus commenting upon the private and pecuniary affairs of

any family. The public have nothing to do with the subject; and every proper feeling would have made a biographer avoid it, were not the most full explanations made necessary, by the even calumnious and false reports, which have unfortunately been circulated by the press upon the topic, in its real or supposed relations to the embarrassments which harassed and afflicted this eminent man throughout his life.

It is acknowledged, however, in the same document, that the elder Mr. Lawrence extracted from his young son, upon the very threshold of his arduous career, a sort of bond in favour of himself and family. Surely this was scarcely kind towards a son who had always been so dutiful, confiding, and generous, and whose nature was bountiful to prodigality. It is to be wished that the integrity of truth had admitted of a contradiction to this, making assurance doubly sure, and taking, as it were, a bond from fate. Sir Thomas, however, filled up the blank left for the sum; and the full amount of which (such was his liberality) was, it is said, never demanded of him.

Ratner prior to this, as early, I believe, as 1790, Mr. Lawrence made a most fortunate effort, by a portrait of a celebrated beauty and actress, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of

Derby. She was represented in what was then called a white *John* cloak, and a muff, and the painting had the good fortune of exciting among the critics of the day, very many, and not unfavourable comparisons between it and Sir Joshua's admired portrait of Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia. This portrait placed him above all competitors except Hoppner, who, although always second in the race, vigorously contested the palm with him till his death in 1810. But Miss Farren having on a muff and furred cloak, they were deemed by the critics inconsistent with uncovered arms, and other circumstances of the painting. It was upon Mr. Lawrence feeling amazed at these hypercriticisms, that Mr. Burke said to him, "Never mind what little critics say, for painters' proprieties are always best."

But what at once stamped his future success, was an order he received from their late Majesties, in July 1792. This was for two elaborate whole-length portraits of the King and Queen, to be sent by Lord Macartney as a present to the Emperor of China. His Lordship's extraordinary embassy to the Celestial Empire, was then the subject of praise, or ridicule, or wonder, in every person's mouth; and the celebrity of this expedition reflected a beneficial

influence upon the productions of Mr. Lawrence's pencil.*

Business now flowed in upon him rapidly. On the 17th September 1792, he sent off to Bristol a whole-length portrait of the Duke of Portland, and which was put up in the Town Hall of that city.

Two days afterwards, he transmitted to Coventry a full-length portrait of his Majesty. This fine painting was presented to the corporation by the then sitting member, Sir Sampson Gideon, afterwards Lord Eardley, who was so pleased with the production, that he remunerated the artist by the very extraordinary sum, at that day, and to so young a man, of three hundred guineas.

His Majesty sat for this portrait at Buckingham House.

Although the subject of the prices received by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at different periods of his life, will be fully entered into, in a subsequent chapter of the work, it will not be super-

* Among the presents which excited most attention were these portraits, and a pair of magnificent globes, made by Mr. Dudley Adams, and on one of which (the celestial) 5864 stars were inserted in their different magnitudes, being made of gold, silver, and different coloured foils, beautifully set in light blue enamel.

fluous, in this stage of it, to give a brief list of his remuneration for some of his principal portraits of every description, painted prior to his becoming an Academician (in 1795).

Portraits chiefly painted prior to, or immediately after, Mr. Lawrence's coming to London.

	Gs.		Gs.
Mrs. Adair . .	10	Miss Lenox . .	25
Lady Louisa Lenox .	15	Miss Day . .	25
Mr. Long . .	20	Mr. Munday . .	25
Lady Milner . .	25	Mr. Sheepshanks .	25
Lord Douglas . .	25	Lord Sondes . .	30
Captain Markham .	25	Lady Sondes . .	30
Mr. Locke . .	25	Sir G. Heathcote .	30
Lord Barrington .	30	Mrs. Masters . .	30
Lord Palmerston .	30	Mr. Raby Williams .	15
Duchess of Buccleugh	30	Mr. Williams . .	15
Lord Melbourne's Children . . .	40	Mr. Watts . .	15
		Son of Lord Abercorn	15
Mrs. Ramus . .	30	Daughter of Ditto .	15
Sir W. W. Wynne .	30	Mr. Kelly . .	15
Mr. Law . . .	30	Lord Mulgrave .	15
Lady Theo. Viner .	30	Mr. Darnsey . .	15
Lady Cremorne .	40	Sir J. Sinclair, pencil	5
Mr. Capper . .	20	Duke of York, do. .	5
Lady Apsley . .	20	Duke of Clarence, do.	5
Lady J. Long . .	25	Prince of Wales, do.	5
Lord Lauderdale .	25	Rev. Septimus Hodson, do.	5
Sir J. Melthorpe .	25	Hon Mrs. Berkely .	20
His Niece . .	25	Captain Berkely .	20
Lady Melthorpe .	25	Mr. Read (Old Jewry)	20

List of Portraits painted by Mr. Lawrence about the years 1792, 1793, &c.

	Gs.		Gs.
Lady Newdicote	25	Sir R. & Lady Meredith	30
Lord G. Cavendish	70	Young Mr. Locke	25
Queen	80	Mr. Price	25
Princess Amelia	15	Lord Valletort	25
Mr. Douglas	60	Mrs. Nugent	15
Mr. Hunter, H. L.	30	Mrs. Annesley	120
General Pattison, ditto	40	Lord Cremorne	40
Mr. Hornsby, ditto	40	Mrs. Martindale	25
Miss Hornsby, ditto	40	Mr. Munday	25
Lord G. Talbot's Sons	60	Mr. Gataker	15
Lord Ducie's Sons	80	Lord Spencer	30
Miss Farren	100	Mr. Cholmondely	25
Mr. Beresford	55	Mrs. Johnson	15
Mrs. Armistead	50	Mrs. Berwick	25
Mr. Atherley	50	Lord Cecil Hamilton	15
Mr. Munday	50	Lady Jane Long	25
Lord Belmour	50	Lady C. Bentincke	25
Lady Basset's Daughters	50	Mr. Law	25
Duchess of Gordon	15	Lord Rawdon	25
Lord Mulgrave	15	Lord G. Cavendish	70
Sir G. Beaumont	15	Duke of Portland	100
Sir G. Heathcote	25	Queen	60
Major Doyle	25	Princess Amelia	15
Dr. Moore	25	Mr. Miller	25
Mrs. Berkeley	15	Mr. Anderson	25

In 1795 was the sale of M. de Calonne's collection of paintings, the produce of which amounted

to 24,025*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Sir Joshua's collection, in the same year, had produced but 10,319*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* But at M. de Calonne's sale, Mr. John Julius Angerstein was present, and he happened to overhear Mr. Lawrence's admiration of a female portrait, by Rembrandt. This was a half-length portrait of an old lady dressed in black, with a large white ruff round her neck, and a Bible hanging to her waist by a chain. The painting was knocked down to Mr. Angerstein for one hundred guineas. Mr. Lawrence at this time was in possession of Rembrandt's Rabbi, and on which he had often bestowed the highest encomiums.

Mr. Angerstein, during the sale, approached Mr. Lawrence, saying, "My reason for purchasing this portrait is, that it will make a capital companion to your Jew Rabbi, to which you are so partial; and I have to beg the favour of your acceptance of it." Mr. Lawrence accepted this flattering and friendly compliment. The painting probably sold at a remarkably low price; for he was subsequently offered two hundred and fifty guineas for it.

Mr. Angerstein's friendship to Mr. Lawrence continued to his death. Shortly after this, Mr. Angerstein, combining the liberality of an enlarged mind and a kind heart with habits of

business, and a penetration into character, made a very considerable advance of money to Lawrence, but upon a plan most likely to be permanently useful, and best adapted to his disposition. The sum advanced was sufficiently large to relieve Mr. Lawrence of all interruptions to business; and the arrangement was, that he should pay, until the debt was liquidated, into Mr. Angerstein's banker's, and to the account of that gentleman, the whole of his professional receipts. In the mean time, Mr. Farrington, Lawrence's friend, was to be allowed to draw every week to the extent of 20*l.* for his household expenses.

It has been seen, that Mr. Lawrence, immediately upon leaving his temporary lodgings in Leicester Square, entered upon a plan which certainly had not the recommendation of economy. Whilst he had apartments in Jermyn Street, his father and mother, at his expense, were to keep a separate house in Greek Street; and this double domicile, with the attendant expenditure, continued for many years.

Very late in life, he had occasion to ask a pecuniary accommodation from a friend, and which was paid by the executors; and he accompanied the request by saying, "You, no doubt, wonder why I should ask for this, and former

favours of the same nature, when I am in the receipt of so large an income; but the truth is, I began life wrongly. I spent more money than I earned, and accumulated debts for which I have been paying heavy interest."

CHAPTER V.

The earliest public exhibition of Mr. Lawrence's works at the Royal Academy in 1787.—Lavater's Physiognomy.—Likeness of Fuseli.—Lavater's death.—Exhibitions of 1788, 1789 and 1790.—Portrait of the Princess Amelia.—Anecdotes of the Royal Family.—Fate of the Princess Amelia's portrait.—Mr. Lawrence removes to Old Bond Street.—Exhibitions of 1791 and 1792.—Portrait of the King.—Mr. West's Edward III. passing the Soane.—Mr. Opie's portraits.—Hoppner patronized by the Prince of Wales.—Exhibitions of 1793 and 1794.—Anthony Pasquin's criticisms.—His opinions of Mr. West's Scriptural characters.—Observations upon Scriptural subjects of paintings.—Pasquin's criticisms upon the Exhibition of 1794.—Pasquin's biography of Lawrence.—Anecdotes of Sir Godfrey Kneller.—The Exhibition of 1795.—Letter from W. Cowper to Mr. Lawrence.—Public sales of paintings.—Exhibitions of 1796 and 1797.—Satan calling up his Legions; A. Pasquin's criticisms.—Contemporary criticism.—Observations on the painting of Satan.—Private letters.—Mr. Lawrence loses his mother and father.—His intensity of grief at their death.—Portrait of Sir Charles Grey.—Its engraving.—Anecdotes of the family.—Exhibition of 1798.—Portrait of Mr. Kemble as Coriolanus.—Portrait of Lord Seaforth.—Painters' improprieties.—Mr. Lawrence's letter respecting his painting of Coriolanus.

It is singular that, notwithstanding his reputation, Mr. Lawrence did not venture to

exhibit any of his paintings at the Royal Academy, before 1787. In that year, however, he came out, to use an expression of Dr. Johnson's, "twenty thousand strong." He exhibited seven paintings, an extraordinary number for a lad of only eighteen years of age. These were:—No. 184, a Mad Girl; 207, Portrait of a Lady; 229, Portrait of a young Lady; 231, Portrait of a Lady; 234, Mrs. Esten, in the character of Belvidera; 255, a Vestal Virgin; and 258, Portrait of a young Lady. His residence is marked in the Catalogue, at No. 4, Leicester Square. In this year Sir Joshua Reynolds exhibited thirteen portraits, but not of any extraordinary consequence, except a likeness of the Prince of Wales.

A splendid edition of "Lavater's Physiognomy," translated into English, was to be published this year; and young Lawrence, though only a student, was engaged to draw the likeness of Fuseli, which was to adorn and illustrate the work. Lavater, in 1799, received a wound, when Massena stormed Zurich, and of which he died in 1801.

In the succeeding year, 1788, of six hundred and fifty-six works of art, contained in the Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, eighteen were from the pencil of Sir

Joshua Reynolds, and six from that of Mr. Thomas Lawrence. These were:—60, Portrait of a Lady; 61, a Gentleman; 110, a Gentleman; 112, a Lady; 113, a Lady; 147, a Gentleman. This second year of his appearing before the public, he excited general notice.

A work was published under the title of "The Bee, or the Exhibition exhibited in a New Light, or a Complete Catalogue Raisonné for 1788." In this critical analysis, I find especial notice bestowed upon Mr. Lawrence. Of No. 60, the author says, "This is a wonderful effusion of an early genius, of whom we shall have occasion to speak more hereafter." Of 112, Portrait of a Lady, that is, of Miss Madden, this writer says, "After carefully examining and admiring the sky, the drapery, and the background of this little gem, let us cry out, as we look upon the face, 'Happy the artist who had such a model, and happy the model that had such an artist!' But they are both very young; let the Bee, therefore, gently buzz in their ears, 'Beware of vanity! it is alike the bane of the artist and the beauty.'" The writer afterwards criticises No. 147, the Portrait of a Gentleman (Mr. Dance). He says, "This is a production in oils of a very young man, whose crayon pictures we have mentioned (see 60 and

112). It is so very harmoniously coloured, that we confess ourselves at a loss whose style to recommend the artist to pursue."

The worst misfortune that could have befallen the aspirant, was, to have been left unnoticed by the critics. Severity of censure would have been preferable to neglect, in an age when criticism assumed the garb of satire or reproach, and was seldom unpolluted by personal invective. For a lad of less than twenty years of age, on his second appearance before the world, to excite such commendation from a public writer, was scarcely less extraordinary than fortunate. His address is marked No. 41, Jermyn Street, in the Catalogue.

In the next year, 1789, the Exhibition contained six hundred and fifteen works of art; and it may be supposed that Mr. Lawrence was increasing in reputation, for I find not less than thirteen paintings marked down to him in the Catalogue. These were:—51, Portrait of a Gentleman; 100, a Lady of Quality; 122, a Lady (crayons); 128, a Lady; 130, a Gentleman; 171, a Gentleman; 194, a Lady of Quality; 232, a Lady of Quality; 459, a Head from Nature; 528, Portrait of a Lady; 536, a Gentleman; 554, H. R. H. the Duke of York; 555, a Gentleman. The subjects of these

were Mr. Clutter, Lady Cranmer, Mrs. Hamilton, Master Linley, &c.

'Business now flowed in upon him in an extraordinary degree; and his industry and application, for his age, were exemplary.

In the ensuing year, 1790, he had twelve paintings in the Academy, the number in this year's exhibition being seven hundred and three, or above the average. Mr. Lawrence's works were marked in the Catalogue:—19, Portrait of a Gentleman; 26, H. R. H. the Princess Amelia; 100, Her Majesty; 103, a General Officer; 145, a Lady; 151, a Nobleman's Son; 171, an Actress; 202, a Nobleman's Children; 219, a young Nobleman; 260, a Clergyman; 268, an Officer; 275, a young Lady of Quality.

The Princess Amelia was at this period a most engaging child, in her seventh year; and Mr. Lawrence used to mention several amusing anecdotes respecting his taking this likeness. On one occasion, the child ran to her father, telling him in grief, that she was sure that Mr. Lawrence did not like her as much as her sisters, since he had given each of them two drawings, and only one to her. The child's sorrow prevented the progress of the portrait for that day, and until the presents were equalized.

The King used to quizz Mr. Lawrence's

flirtations with Mrs. Papendick, the wife of his Majesty's German musician. Mrs. Papendick's daughter, Mrs. Wumb, long kept one of the most costly schools in England, and she was possessed of great musical talents. But the portrait of the Princess Amelia became, by what means I do not know, the property of a broker near Soho Square. Sir Thomas Lawrence, a few years before his death, learnt the fact, and he immediately hastened and purchased it, I believe, for a trifle. It formed part of his property at his decease.

The list of 1790 exhibits not only a flattering, but a substantially useful eminence in public estimation to a young artist scarcely of age.

He was now induced to speculate upon a more expensive style of living; and the patronage he received, and the influx of business, so steadily progressive, fully authorized him to incur these increased charges, notwithstanding the claims upon him which have been already noticed. He this year resigned his apartments in Jermyn Street to Mr. Shee, and took a house, No. 24, Old Bond Street, in which he aimed at a more showy style of life.

The Exhibition of this year, 1791, contained six hundred and seventy-two works, and eleven were by Mr. Lawrence. These are, according

to the Catalogue,—75, Portrait of a Lady of Quality; 97, a Gentleman; 122, a Lady; 140, a Gentleman; 180, Homer reciting his Poems to the Greeks; 255, Portrait of a Lady; 375, a Gentleman; 385, a Gentleman; 394, a Gentleman; 429, a Gentleman; 516, a Child.

In the succeeding year, or 1792, the important addition of A, the abbreviation of Associate, is affixed to his name in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy; and his life, from this year, may justly be said to have received a fresh impulse, and almost a new direction. But the Exhibition contained the extraordinary number of seven hundred and eighty works, comprising ten from the pencil of Mr. Lawrence, who (Sir Joshua being dead) was already, though not without a strong and honourable rivalry, the first painter in Europe. His works in this Exhibition were:—1, Portrait of a Lady of fashion, as La Penserosa; 25, a Gentleman and his Lady; 65, His Majesty; 109, a Gentleman; 150, a Lady of Quality; 183, a Gentleman; 209, an Etonian; 225, a Lady of Quality; 366, a Naval Officer; 513, a Nobleman's Children.

His portrait (65) of His Majesty was hung next to Mr. West's celebrated historical painting of Edward the Third passing the river Soane.

which was specially ordered by the King for the Audience Chamber of Windsor Castle. This great historical painting, by the successor of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the chair of the Academy, divided the public attraction with the contiguous portrait of His Majesty, by Mr. Lawrence, a fact most flattering to the feelings, and auspicious to the hopes, of this juvenile competitor for fame with so celebrated and so experienced an artist.

But if Mr. Lawrence confined himself to a branch of art in which he had little to fear from the competition of Mr. West, he had rivals in that branch of a most formidable character.

Mr. Opie was upon the full tide of his popularity. Without depreciating the very extraordinary talents of this eminent man, it may be justifiable to remark, that imagination could scarcely conceive a stronger difference, than his style of thick colouring and heavy touch, and the brilliant colouring, vigour, and grace which Mr. Lawrence infused into all his portraits. Many of Mr. Opie's productions speak forcibly to the feelings, and must ever be invaluable to men of taste; but his portraits were identity seen through an unpleasant medium, whilst Lawrence, with equal truth to the original, cast

over it the graces and serene cheerfulness of his own mind.

But a very powerful rival to Lawrence was still found in Mr. Hoppner, who now resided in Charles Street, St. James's Square, basking in the meridian heat of the patronage of the young Prince of Wales. Factitious circumstances conspired to prevent any fair estimate being formed of these eminent men, and every opinion about either was tinged by political and similar prejudices.

Mr. Lawrence, though only twenty-three years of age, was portrait painter in ordinary to His Majesty, whilst Mr. Hoppner received the honour of being nominated portrait painter to the Prince of Wales; and in the Exhibition of this year (1792) he displayed his fine talents in portraits of His Royal Highness and of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Hitherto, unfortunately, His Majesty's patronage of artists had evinced very little taste for art, and very little knowledge of the merits of those whom he patronized. The Prince, on the contrary, was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. He had considerable taste in the lighter elegances and attractive brilliancies of art—he was the oracle of fashion, and a po-

ter élegantiarum, from whose decision

lic temerity nor any desire to appeal.

This reputation for grace and elegance rendered his patronage omnipotent in portrait-painting, where vanity is to be administered to, and pride, in all its caprice, to be flattered. The more sober and homely ideas of the King were not likely to be a passport for any portrait-painter to the vanity of ladies, and hence Mr. Hoppner for a long time almost monopolized the female beauty and young fashion of the country. Such a position was calculated to crush an artist so young as Mr. Lawrence; and his talents must be appreciated by the fact, that he gradually overcame all prejudices, and by the beauty of his pencil completely outstripped his rival, till the death of Mr. Hoppner closed a career of competition which was so honourable to both of them.

In the mean time it may be observed, that in this year (1792), the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the election of his successor as President of the Royal Academy, called up a host of acute and acrimonious writers in the periodical publications of the day, by whom every eminent man in the profession was ridiculed or otherwise attacked, in a manner which the good taste of the present age could not tolerate or sanction.

Mr. Lawrence either escaped censure, or received praise, although one of the belligerent

writers, the saturnine and malignant Anthony Pasquin, two years afterwards selected him as an object of his virulent acumen.

In the succeeding year (1793), Mr. Lawrence shone conspicuously in the Exhibition of the Academy. A new stimulus had been given to the arts, and the Exhibition contained the unprecedented number of eight hundred and fifty-six works. Of these, nine were from the pencil of Lawrence, and they brought him a great accession of fame. In the Catalogue, they stood —7, Portrait of a Gentleman; 15, a Gentleman; 63, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence; 80, a Nobleman; 191, Prospero raising the storm; 231, Portrait of a Gentleman; 235, a Lady; 545, a Lady of Quality; 614, a Gentleman.

Of these, only two were portraits of ladies; the current of female patronage ran in a contrary direction.*

In the succeeding year (1794), there was a reaction among the artists; for the works in the Academy fell off, from eight hundred and fifty-six to six hundred and seventy. One cause of this was the strong direction given

* The portraits were, *seriatim*, of Mr. Whitbread, Sir [illegible]aumont, the Duke of Clarence, the Marquis of [illegible], the Hon. Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Finch, Lady Catha[illegible] [illegible]rd; and Mr. (now Earl) Grey.

to every energy, towards the war with France.

Mr. Lawrence, who is styled in the Catalogue R. A. Elect, and Principal Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty, produced the eight following portraits:—78, Portrait of a Gentleman; 115, a Bishop; 131, a Nobleman; 160, a Lady (to be disposed of); 168, a Lady; 173, an Archbishop; 181, a Gentleman; 199, a Boy.

He was now of such decided fame, that satirists might expect to make money by selecting him as the object of censure or panegyric. I accordingly find that he now begins to be a constant object of attention with the coarse but acute lampooner, Anthony Pasquin.

In his "Memoirs of the Royal Academy for 1794," Pasquin says of Opie, that "an indifferent spectator would be led to imagine that he was concerned in a coarse woollen manufactory, as he seizes all possible occasions to array his personages in that species of apparel, from an emperor to a mendicant." After proceeding in this manner, he says of him, that "his style of colouring becomes, in my opinion, more defective every year. It is now, in all his flesh, but little more than black and white, imperfectly amended by the mixture of brown ochre, or some ingredient equally fatal to the purposes of truth."

In this there is some little of truth, exagge-

rated and coarsely conveyed. The satirist proceeds to attack Mr. Hamilton for "a flutter of style—the light is so scattered, that it looks like luminousness run mad." This, however, is qualified by much faint praise; after which, the author is unsparing of Mr. West.

Of that artist's Edward the Black Prince receiving John, King of France, prisoner after the Battle of Poitiers, he says—"Though it is the presumed assemblage of warriors, and immediately after a hard-fought battle, their faces are as placid, and their habiliments as trim, as if no such event had occurred or was in agitation. The idea of the horses is assuredly borrowed from Mr. Bayes's cavalry; and the position of the cardinals entirely accords with the received notion of ultramontane affection."

Of Mr. West's next picture, the Descent of the Spirit upon Jesus, after his baptism in Jordan, Pasquin complains of "the splashings" of the water. "The figure of Christ looks like a deserter who had been recently whipped, and was sneaking off to a surgeon, with a blanket over his wounds. The identity of Mr. West's figures is so continually apparent, that I believe he has a few favourite domestics who are the [illegible] demons of his necessities."

[illegible]'s observations become less coarse and

personal, and consequently of more importance, when he says, criticising the same painting—"If it be not ludicrous, it is impious, that such a personification as this should be made public for vulgar contemplation. It is paying a posthumous obeisance to the artifices of wily priests, in the darkest ages of Christianity. It must be extremely painful to the wise, to behold the Spirit of God pourtrayed as a dove, and even God himself occasionally, as an imbecile old man. There is a point which mortals cannot approach but in glimmering thought: it is that which borders upon an intellectual image of the universal *Spirit*—the great *Mind of the Universe*, who, in the motions of a subtile fluid, suited to the visual organ, illuminates the world—who lives in the perfect action of substance, the purity of nature."

Criticism so excellent, and observations so useful, must not, however, be conveyed entirely at the expense of Mr. West, for they apply, in a great degree, to even the highest masters. It would not be difficult to show equal profanations in the most celebrated paintings of the greatest artists; and the age of gothic superstition and barbarous idolatry having passed, a class of scriptural subjects cannot be too much discouraged. One half of the paintings from the Old and

New Testament by the great masters, but for their art, ought to be destroyed for their impiety. Where Rubens represents Christ an adult, as an Athleta,—or the infant Christ as a pulpy Dutch child, with the ludicrous consequences of juvenile habits; or where Correggio paints Joseph planing boards at the carpenter's bench, or Carracci, the young Christ holding with his thumb the carpenter's chalk-line, whilst his father, as a journeyman mechanic, is marking the floor; gross and crassid must be the Christian spectator whose love of art is not waived in offence at the impiety. Such instances are innumerable; but even these are not so offensive, as the perpetual attempts to embody in sensible objects the abstractions of philosophy, or the warm and impassioned metaphors of the East. We rise, however, to a climax where scenes of blood, of slaughter, and of individual sufferings under cruelty, are culled from the Scriptures to be represented upon the canvass. However sublime the art, or exalted the specimen of it, that picture is dearly purchased which degrades a moral sentiment, or weakens a social sympathy, by familiarizing the mind to scenes of blood, or by re[illegible]nting cruelty under any circumstances of pa[illegible]ion. He who paints such subjects as the

Murder of the Innocents, or St. John's reeking head in a dish, ought to be consigned to the office of decorating the walls of a slaughter-house.

Pasquin proceeds to criticise the juvenile, and since eminent, friend of Lawrence, who had just painted a Minerva for the Council Chamber of the Guildhall of London. He says, "'This lady, I do affirm, does not beam a divinity: she is all legs and thighs, like the late Sir Thomas Robinson. The drawing of the foot would disgrace a schoolboy; and the folds of her drapery are all unascertained and dashed in at random. She is evidently either pregnant or padded, and seems prouder of her *belly* than her *head;* but this was, perhaps, a discreet compliment to city prejudices. To be brief, it is a brazen, forward minx, unknown to Jove, to Prometheus, and *Alma Mater.*"

Such was the pungent, epigrammatic style of criticism of this writer; similar in prose to what Dr. Wolcot annually poured forth in verse, to the annoyance of the artists.

No two writers were more happy than Dr. Wolcot and Anthony Pasquin, in the application of epithets to peculiarities in painting, but, unfortunately, both of them often made this talent subservient to malevolence and to per-

sonal objects. Their works must therefore be read with extreme caution.

It is not for the purpose of reviving personalities, or of circulating a severe and cauterising style of criticism, that these observations are quoted. They are brought forth as the *indicia* of the age, when art had its first struggles for existence in England. They console us by a contrast with the milder feelings and more polished manner which accompany the acumen of the present day. But a principal, and, it appears to me, a thoroughly justifiable reason for these quotations is, that the passages refer to what is now become national property, and a source of fixing the public taste and judgment. The Minerva, for instance, is the public property of the City of London, and stands a record of the national talents, to all foreign visitors, as well as to the aristocracy of the city that arrive at the honour of being popular representatives in the civic parliament. The criticisms are nought with respect to the individual artists, for he attacked the juvenile productions of men, who, whatever their early prolusions may have been, have since raised themselves and the art to a very high point of fame.

Of Mr. Lawrence's portraits in this exhibition Basquin proceeds, considering his in-

curable ill-nature, to take the following favorable notice.

No. 78. Portrait of a Gentleman.—"This is a likeness of Sir Gilbert Elliot: as this portrait is not finished, I shall forbear to investigate its merits or demerits."

After this damning, not with faint praise, but with a sneer, the "picture not being finished," he proceeds to

No. 115. Portrait of an Archbishop.—"This is a likeness of the spiritual Lord of Canterbury. It conveys a full idea of the florid, well-fed visage of this fortunate arch-prelate; and a monk better appointed never sighed before the tomb of Becket."

This prelate was Dr. John Moore, who had been translated from the see of Bangor in 1783, and retained that of Canterbury to the year 1804. Dr. Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, one of the most learned, intellectual, and certainly the most scientific prelate of his day, albeit he made such a wretched *apology* against his antagonist, bears witness to the mild and inoffensive manner in which this prelate sustained his honors and executed his functions.

No. 131. Portrait of a Nobleman.—"This is a likeness of Lord Auckland, a man to whom the capricious goddess has been equally boun-

tiful. This heterogeneous nobleman is so fantastically enveloped in drapery, that I cannot ascertain what is meant for his coat, and what for the curtain; they are all of the same strength and importance. This is destroying the subordination of objects most completely. Perhaps his Lordship is pourtrayed in the very act of writing his glorious manifesto at the Hague, as he appears to think so intensely on the theme, that his eyeballs seem bursting from their spheres."

I must concede to this satirist that his observations are here strictly just, although they are not conveyed with great amenity. The draperies and costume were so loosely painted that they were confounded; and the eyes, like those of another portrait painted a few years before Sir Thomas's death, were starting from their spheres.

This latter remark is curious, for scarcely can ancient or modern art produce a better painter of eyes than Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Sir Joshua Reynolds laid it down as a fixed principle, that, to create the beautiful, the eyes ought to be always in mezzotint. Sir Thomas Lawrence, though always aiming at the beautiful, never pursued this rule; for his eyes had scarcely any tint at all, or were tinted above the

mezzo. In his painting-room in Russel Square, the light was high, but in that at 57, Greek Street, it was higher than artists usually paint from, for it was introduced from the second story by the removal of the floor.

No. 173. Portrait of a Lady of Quality.—"This is a whole-length of Lady Emily Hobart, in the character of Juno; the face is chalky and sickly; the robe is so white and so unincumbered with shadow, that it might pass for an habiliment of porcelain texture. While I viewed it, I was betrayed from a recollection of the surrounding objects, and I momentarily imagined, that if I cast a stone at the vestment, I should shiver it to pieces."

In this portrait, Lady Hobart was dressed in white, with a rose in her hand. She had close sleeves and long gloves; a peacock on a vase was introduced in the background, Barry having so successfully introduced the peacock into his Grecian Marriage. This family, perhaps owing to Pasquin's critique, refused to take this portrait; and Sir Thomas Lawrence never painted any thing for the lady's family afterwards.

The Lady Emily Hobart here pourtrayed, was this year married to Lord Castlereagh, and survived his Lordship, after his decease in 1822. The likeness was the last taken of her Ladyship

in her maiden state, when she was in her twenty-third year, and formed a lovely subject for the artist's pencil.

No. 181. Portrait of a Gentleman.—"This, I understand, is the likeness of Mr. Knight, and is repulsive in the attitude. It fills me with the idea of an irascible pedagogue explaining Euclid to a dunce. Mr. Lawrence began his professional career upon a false and delusive principle. His portraits were delicate, but not true and attractive—not admirable; and because he met the approbation of a few fashionable spinsters (which, it must be admitted, is a sort of enticement very intoxicating to a young mind), vainly imagined that his labours were perfect: his fertile mind is overrun with weeds: appearing to do well to a few, may operate to our advantage in morals, but will not be applicable to the exertion of professional talents. Many have caught at transitory fame from the ravings of idiotism, but none have retained celebrity, but those who have passed through the fiery ordeal of general judgment. There appears to be a total revolution in all the accustomed obligations of our being. Men can do as well, and be as much respected now, after the forfeiture of character, as before; and artists seem to think, that they can paint as well, and be as much encouraged, without a knowledge

of the common elements of their profession, as with them. This surely is the saturnalia of vice and insignificance."

This criticism is at least in bad keeping, and is full of confusion between the opinions and their illustrations.

Of Hoppner, Lawrence's rival, Pasquin speaks in terms of praise, qualified a little by his usual malevolence. *

In his second number of the "Memoirs of the Royal Academy," Pasquin has some very sharp flashes of wit, with many good observations upon art, and criticisms upon English painters. His observations upon Sir Joshua Reynolds are the best.

Among the head professors, he is pleased to give a memoir of Mr. Lawrence,—a sufficient

* Mr. Hoppner was born in London, in 1759, and educated, as the child of a German domestic, under the direction of his Majesty; from which circumstance many have inferred, that he was a natural offspring from the royal loins; and this idea had not been sufficiently weakened by his own broad suggestions. He copied Sir Joshua in his portraits, and Gainsborough's style of landscapes in his backgrounds. Like Sir Joshua and Lawrence, he was most happy in his portraits of ladies and children. He was natural, mellow, and deep; and had he confined himself to landscapes, to which his genius inclined him, he would have been of the highest celebrity.

distinction from such a hand, for a young artist who had not yet attained his twenty-fifth year, and whose works had only been exhibited five times at the Academy. He says, "Addison has observed, that 'censure is the tax which every man pays for being eminent.' This tax, though always strenuously demanded, is, like most other taxes,—not always cheerfully paid. In animadverting on the merits of the Royal Academicians in this detail, I have been reported by some as too partial, and by others as too severe. To sport a paradox, to be too partial is to be severe, as well as to be severe is to be partial: as few take the trouble to reprove errors but in those they regard:—the gardener removes with care every noxious weed that might impede the growth or spoil the brilliancy of his favourite flower, but those he does not value, he resigns to the rude elements, to 'waste their sweetness in the desert air.'

"I am told that some of the R.A.'s have felt themselves sorely hurt, and have curvetted exceedingly at a little wholesome correction which has occasionally dropped from my pen; while others there are who have sensibly smiled, and freely owned that they are but men, and, as public men, properly subject to the dominion of criticism. Notwithstanding my ascribed un-

charitableness, I will repeat, after the Duke of Buckingham,

> 'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
> But a much greater to give merit praise.'

"Mr., or, as he was then characterised, Master Thomas Lawrence, began his studies at a period when other boys are at their Syntax, and, at the very early age of eight, made some very promising attempts at portrait-painting: at the age of nine he was capable, without any instruction, of copying some historical pictures in a style that indicated great genius, and he gave the admiring world a composition of his own: the subject was the Denial of Christ by Peter. About this time, he drew the portraits of Mr. West, the President, and Mr. Humphries, and finished both within the hour.

"I will not use the hyperbolical falsehood which Pope applied to Kneller,* in saying 'he

* Kneller was organically vain, almost to insanity; and, as if in memory of his vanity, his pompous monument is opposite to and rivals that of Sir Isaac Newton, in the western aisle of Westminster Abbey. On one occasion, Kneller heard a low man damning himself. "G—d d—mn you, indeed!" cried the indignant artist. "God may damn the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you suppose he would take the trouble to damn such a low fellow

was by Heaven, and not a Master taught;' though the compliment would be more near to truth, as Kneller was the scholar of Frank Hals; but young Lawrence, like Epicurus of old, may claim the merit of being self-taught. If he had enjoyed the advantage of having studied in Italy, and been bred in the school of the Carracci, instead of the seminaries of Somersetshire, I think he might have been arranged among the most prominent masters in either of the Roman or Florentine academies: all the assistance he had to cultivate his genius was the unremitting attention administered by a tender father, who, though he knew but little of the arts, knew much of his duty: it is but justice to Mr. Lawrence to observe, that he repays this parental kindness with the most filial piety.

"Among many of the most celebrated characters of the times, his portraits of the Bishop of Oxford, most of the heads of houses, and the nobility of the University of Oxford, were en-

as you?" On another occasion, when the salvation of Catholics and Protestants was discussed in a company, Kneller rose, and said, "I think God is merciful, and at the last day will say to the Protestants, 'You go to that part of Heaven,' and to the Catholics, 'You go to that;' then, turning to me, he will say, 'But you, Sir Godfrey Kneller, are at liberty to go wherever you please.'"

titled to much celebrity: all this was effected before he was ten years of age: after that he settled at Bath, where all the beauty and fashion of the place constantly presented themselves to his pencil. After this he made the metropolis his constant residence, and commenced his studies at the Royal Academy. After a limited time of probation, he was elected an Academician; at the demise of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and at the age of twenty-eight, he succeeded him in the appointment of principal Painter to the King.* Swift, in his advice to a young divine, recommends to him to abstain from attempts at wit, for it was possible he might not possess any: for the same reason, I would recommend to Mr. Lawrence to discontinue his attempts at the sublime in painting; it is dangerous ground where to fall is to be contemptible—he has not ballast enough in his mind.

"The most important effort of a young painter should be, to yoke his imagination in the trammels of reason, so that the sober movements of the one may set boundaries to the wildnesses of the other: though this is truly difficult, it must be effected, or else the licen-

* Pasquin is not *always* accurate in dates and facts.

tiousness of that quick creating spirit will only give variegated monsters to the sight, which can never be subservient to historic truth or moral allegory.

"Mr. Lawrence, in his handling, is too profuse of his lights: where there are so many introduced, they distract the attention: I know if his colouring is too sombre it will not please the ladies, but if too glaring it will offend the eye of the connoisseur. I am sorry to be obliged to remark of the English artists, that, having obtained applause, they early neglect their academic studies: they should remember that Carlo Maratti, at the great age of eighty, said he failed not to improve; and Boucher the French painter, at nearly the same age, never omitted one night's attendance on his studies in the French Academy. As Nature has been very lavish of her gifts to Mr. Lawrence, I heartily recommend it to him, to omit no opportunity by study to improve those gifts: his present manner is too chalky, too fluttering, and too undetermined.

"I have much reason to believe, that this gentleman has been injured in his professional movements, by the presuming interference of men who were not calculated to pass judgment

upon the fine arts. The disgusting, impertinent affectation of saucy drivellers, when commenting upon similar productions, is a melancholy proof how far our pride can subdue our discretion. Mr. Arthur Young, in a book of travels, has inserted the following passage, which is dated from Bologna. 'In the church of Saint Giovanni, in Monte, there is the famous Saint Cecilia of Raphael, of which Sir Robert Strange has given so fine a print, and in which he has done ample justice to the original.' This is evidently an erroneous criticism, as the engraver quoted never possessed the powers of doing ample justice to the works of so divine a painter.* Sir Robert Strange did wonders in the graphic art, considering the disadvantages of his education; but Mr. Young should be taught to know, that no engraver can do complete justice to the best efforts of a painter, who does not draw as correctly, and understand the human anatomy as well. The grand circumstance which elevates the person who designs from him who merely copies that design, is briefly

* The absurdity of the passage is palpable:—in the abstract nature of engraving, it is impossible to do justice to such works. For his period, Sir Robert Strange exhibited prodigious skill in his art.

this, that the first must be illumined by the rare influence of genius, before he can be eminently considered; but the latter may be highly respectable in his more servile province, without possessing any such godlike advantages. Perhaps it would have been as wise, though not so pompous, if Mr. Young had written more about turnips, and less of *virtù*."

Such was the ordeal through which Mr. Lawrence had to pass in the year 1794. But whatever malevolence or jealousy might instigate others to utter against him—however a man like A. Pasquin might attempt to fill his pockets, or gratify his disposition to lampoons at the expense of others, Mr. Lawrence had too much equanimity to be ruffled. In private life, he felt that he could profess himself "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*," and he toiled diligently at his art, presuming that he should find his level in the brisk competition that he had to sustain. The public were just in their estimate of his powers, and he pursued the even tenour of his way, with gradual, but uniform, undeviating, and most flattering success.

This year,* 1794, he removed from Old Bond

* His notice to quit his lodgings in Old Bond Street, was on the 24th December, 1794.

Street, and took a house in Piccadilly, opposite to the Green Park: this he furnished in good style; and though his habits and disposition for moderate pleasures and calm enjoyments, precluded his being what, in the language of the world, is termed a hospitable man, he lived with a repute for liberality.*

The exhibitions of the Academy, notwithstanding the mania of the country for war, began now to rise more uniformly in the number of works displayed to the public. That of the year 1795 contained seven hundred and thirty-five works, of which nine excellent paintings from the pencil of Mr. Lawrence testified his industry, and gave most unequivocal proofs of an improvement which would soon leave all competition at an immeasurable distance. In the Catalogue, Mr. Lawrence's works are numbered—55, Portrait of a Lady of Quality; 75, a young Lady; 86, a Nobleman; 131, an

* His habits, however, were far from social and hospitable: his application precluded this; for sometimes he would begin a head at ten in the morning, and finish it by four in the afternoon. Such exertions exhausted him, and he sought repose, not in conviviality, but in a change to milder occupations under his own roof, or sometimes in the *délassement* of an evening with a few private friends, who were selected with a taste that reflected credit on his discernment.

Officer; 168, a Gentleman; 175, a Lady of Quality; 191, A Gentleman; 596, William Cowper, Esq.; 602, a Family.

An intimacy had existed for several years between Mr. Cowper and Mr. Lawrence, their dispositions in many respects being congenial. The following letter from the poet to the painter, must please all who are interested in the lives of these eminent men.

"DEAR SIR,

"As often as I have comforted myself with the hope of seeing you again soon, I have felt a sensible drawback upon that comfort, from the fear of a disappointment, which, considering your profession and your just pre-eminence in it, appeared to me extremely probable.

"Your letter, most welcome otherwise, gave me this most unwelcome information the moment I saw your name at the bottom of it. We all feel our loss, and much as I suppose you are beloved by my friend Rose, who has pretty acute discernment, I will venture to say he is not more mortified than myself. You do me justice, if you believe that my invitation did not consist of words merely: in truth, it was animated by a very sincere wish that it might prove acceptable to you: and once more I give you the same assurance, that, at any time

when you shall find it possible to allow yourself some relaxation in the country, if you will enjoy it here, you will confer a real favour on one whom you have already taught to set a high value on your company and friendship. I am too old to be very hasty in forming new connexions: but short as our acquaintance has been, to you I have the courage to say, that my heart and my door will always be gladly open to you.

"Mr. Rose is gone this morning to Newport, and does not know that I write. My cousin, whom you often heard me mention by the name of Johnny, is gone with him. Him Mr. Rose will introduce to you on his return to London; and though perhaps, being a little shy, he may not discover it in his manner when he has the pleasure to see you, he has already caught from me an ardent desire to know you.

"Mrs. Unwin sends her compliments, and sincerely joins me in the wish that you will never hereafter consider us as strangers, or give us reason to think you one.

"I remain, dear Sir, affectionately yours,

"WILLIAM COWPER."

"Weston, Oct. 18, 1793."

"When will you come and give me a drawing of the old oak?"

"To Thomas Lawrence, Esq.
Old Bond Street, London."

Anthony Pasquin this year published numerous critiques on the Exhibition, but he took no notice of Mr. Lawrence, except remarking, that his portraits generally were among the very best of the good.

The year 1795, I have already observed, was distinguished by two very memorable sales—that of M. de Calonne, and that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Of the first, the following is a contemporary notice in a leading periodical of that day.

MONSIEUR DE CALONNE'S PICTURES.

"In this very magnificent and splendid collection of the first pictures that ever were painted by the first masters that ever existed, there is so much to admire, so much to wonder at, that the spectator is at a loss where to fix his attention; and the eye wanders from the vivid glow that beams on the canvass of Rubens, to the strong contrasts of Rembrandt, the silvery tones of Teniers, the savage grandeur of Salvator Rosa, the pure taste and majestic dignity of Raphaelle, and the antique simplicity and native energy of Michael Angelo.

"There are fourteen pictures by Rubens; eight by Vandyke; seven by Rembrandt; six

by Wouvermans; seven by Teniers; two by F. Mieris; three by Gerard Dow; two by Ostade; three by that very scarce master Paul Potter; three by Berghem; five by Cuyp; two by Adrian Vandervelde; three by Pynaker; two by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and one by Gainsborough. The Annunciation, by Michael Angelo Buonarroti, was purchased by M. de Calonne at Venice, from the family for whom it was painted. Besides this, there are of the Italian school, one by Raphael; one by Lionardo da Vinci; four by P. de Cortona; one by Correggio; three by Parmegiano; one by Schidone; four by Carracci; ten by Guido; two by Dominichino; three by Guerchino; four by Albano; eight by Salvator Rosa; ten by N. Poussin.

"By Claude there are eight, and by Vernet three; two of them remarkably fine. Besides these, there are many of the most capital works of eminent masters of the Roman, Florentine, Venetian, Spanish, French, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools.

"Amongst them there are, as there must be in every large collection, some inferior pictures; but these are comparatively few; and considered as a whole, they form unquestionably the first and finest collection ever exhibited for sale in this or any other country. Though the room

is large, yet the pictures are so numerous that many of the first class are in situations very disadvantageous to their appearance; two of the Claudes are surrounded with high-coloured paintings, a circumstance which gives them a relative coldness that they have not when seen detached. Many of the small, high-finished *tableaux* are hung almost to the ground, and cannot be seen. The view of the destruction of the Old Bridge at Paris, ought to be above the eye, and it is below the knees; and some fine pictures in the lower room cannot be seen at all. This, considering the number, was perhaps unavoidable, and therefore must not be imputed as an error to the hanging committee, but as a misfortune."

In Sir Joshua's sale, the following paintings sold for the prices affixed to each:—

The Halt of Banditti, by Wouvermans, 103 guineas; the Vision of Daniel, (Rembrandt,) 170; Susannah and the Elders, (Rembrandt,) 156; St. Teresa, (Guido,) 44; an Italian Landscape, (Claude,) 145; a Moonlight, Rubens, 80; Jupiter and Leda, (Michael Angelo,) 74.

Never was there into any country such a sudden influx of art, compared to the splendid collections of the finest old paintings which were poured into England about this period,

in consequence of their possessors being ruined by the events proceeding out of the French Revolution. Had these superb paintings been segregated in a national gallery, how immediate, great, and permanent might have been the consequences to our national taste! but, unfortunately, the mania for war had seized upon the nation, and they were bought by the affluent, and hid in their mansions from the study of the artists.*

*The following are a few of the prices since given by the British Institution, and by individual amateurs, for paintings; showing the great increase in the value of works of art in this country.

1. A painting of the Venetian school, by Paolo Veronese	£1575
2. Christ healing the Sick, 1811, by Benjamin West, P.R.A.	3150
3. Elijah restoring to life the Widow's Son, 1813, by Richard Westall, R.A. . .	420
4. Mary anointing the feet of Jesus, 1814, by William Hilton, R.A. . . .	588
5. Christ giving sight to the Blind, 1814, by Henry Richter	525
6. Distraining for Rent, 1815, by David Wilkie, R.A.	630
	£6888

In 1809, Mr. Thomas Hope purchased Mr. Sharpe's Music Master for 100 guineas, to which the Institution

In the year following, 1796, the Exhibition was again productive to the extent of eight hundred and eighty-five works, and Mr. Lawrence did more than sustain his reputation, by sending eight portraits. These were:—102, Portrait of a Lady of Quality; 103, a Nobleman; 116, a Lady; 147, a Bishop; 163, a Nobleman; 164, an Artist; 183, a Gentleman; 202, an Officer.

In the following year, 1797, the artists seem to have been extraordinarily prolific, for the Exhibition was swelled to 1194 works, more than double the number of some former years, and the periodical press was equally active in its criticisms.

Mr. Lawrence, who in 1797 had removed to Greek Street, Soho, exhibited few paintings this year, for an obvious reason,—his time had been occupied upon his Satan, a work which aspired

awarded a premium of 60 guineas. The Earl Grosvenor purchased Mr. J. J. Chalon's Landscape and Cattle, and Mr. H. P. Hope, Mr. Dawe's Imogen for 200 guineas, which also obtained a 60-guinea premium, and Mr. Howard's first Navigator.

In 1810, among others, Lord Mulgrave purchased Mr. Haydon's Dentatus for 400 guineas; Mr. Thomas Hope, Hilton's Surrender of Calais for 100 guineas, and Mr. Dawe's Andromache and Ulysses for 200 guineas.

to the highest rank in the highest school of art. His paintings exhibited at the Academy in 1797 were:—74, Portrait of a Nobleman's Family; 148, a Nobleman; 166, a Lady; 170, Satan calling his Legions—First Book of Milton; 188, Portrait of a Gentleman; and 237, a Lady.

Lawrence was now the Magnus Apollo at whom every shaft was directed, or over whom every shield was held, by those who pretended to direct the public taste. Pasquin, as usual, was most active. He published his "Critical Guide to the Present Exhibition at the Royal Academy," in which he commences with the *fact*, that "the public taste is thoroughly depraved." Having, by the assumption of this fixed principle, consoled himself for the public continuing to admire Lawrence, in spite of his equivocal or mixed praise, he next comments upon Messrs. West, Smirke, Stothard, and Tresham, for painting in a new style, or, according to a discovery made by a Miss Probis, of the old Venetian art of colouring. Pasquin, sure to detract, after expressing his heresy of the new style, asserts, that "all who have hitherto endeavoured to discover this secret, have been much indebted to the researches of Count Caylus." But, unfortunately, Count Caylus, in his

pursuit of an idea or description by Pliny, discovered the art of mixing wax with certain colours; whilst Pasquin, in a subsequent publication, claimed a prodigious merit for discovering the secret of the new style, which, according to him, consisted of priming the canvass with chalk and size, or by a thin coat of black, in water colours, in the manner of the Bassans, and even Tintoret.

Pasquin places Lawrence, *inter alios*, "at the head of this servile province (Portraits) of the arts, so pernicious to science, and dishonourable to the Institution" (Academy). He then enters upon a tirade against the Satan, curious in relation to another version of his critique, which he inserted in a subsequent publication.

170. Satan calling his Legions. T. Lawrence, R. A.—"The frequency with which we have been annually compelled to notice the daring folly of our callow artists, in assuming the bâton of an historical painter, before they had even the common knowledge of the human anatomy, has filled us with regret; and yet it appears, that no warning can restrain their lunacy, nor any admonition amend their manners. Before Michael Angelo, or Raphaelle, attempted to walk in this path of sublimity, they added the force of incalculable and unremitting

study to the purest and strongest endowments, and even then they took up the pencil tremblingly, well knowing the complicated difficulties of the pursuit:

'But fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.'

"This picture is a *mélange* made up of the worst parts of the divine Buonarroti and the extravagant Goltzius. The figure of Satan is colossal and very ill-drawn; the body is so disproportioned to the extremities, that it appears all legs and arms, and might at a distance be mistaken for a sign of the spread eagle. The colouring has as little analogy to truth as the contour, for it is so ordered, that it conveys an idea of a mad German sugar-baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle; but the liberties taken with his infernal Majesty are so numerous, so various, and so insulting, that we are amazed that the ecclesiastic orders do not interfere in behalf of an old friend."

From this he proceeds to criticise No. 188, Portrait of a Gentleman.—"This is another representation of Mr. Kemble the actor, of whose visage we have so many copies, that we are led to think that half his time is wasted in sitting for his multifarious portraits; but this at least is not in any way favourable to his character,

or the reputation of his friend Lawrence. There is a black air of defiance in it, which does not argue a mind at peace either with himself or mankind, and as the portrait is social and not scenic, such a direction of feature and of expression is absurd, if not disgusting."

His next analysis is of No. 166, Portrait of a Lady. T. Lawrence, R. A.—"We are instructed by the Catalogue to view this picture as an intentional likeness of Mrs. Siddons, but it is no more like her, than Hebe is similar to Bellona. We have here youth, flexibility of features, and an attempt at the formation of beauty, to denote a lady who is proverbially so stern in her countenance, that it approaches to savageness,—so determined in the outline of her visage, that it requires the delusion of the scene to render it soft and agreeable, and who is so far from being young, that her climacteric will be no more. In the colouring of this performance, the cheeks are so betinted with carmine, that it looks more like a new varnished doll, than the energetic priestess of Melpomene: but this young artist has been prematurely exposed, before his experience could warrant his ambition, or his observations could correct his taste. His adherents, or rather his enemies in disguise, have circulated an idea, that the

late President declared, on beholding one of his pictures, 'This young man has begun at a point of excellence where I left off;' but this is surely a libel on the dead Knight, and one of those time-serving liberties now so commonly taken with departed greatness, for no reasonable man could deliberately utter an opinion as an authority, which no other being (unconnected with the flattered object) could possibly defend; but the efforts of Mr. Lawrence are befitting the frivolity of the day. He paints to please those who would be agonized to think; and where thought is not, absurdity fattens."

Such criticisms, which pleased "the wisdom of our ancestors," would now excite a stronger feeling than contempt; but, with reference to the paintings upon which they were written; their absolute want of truth might well have consoled all the parties concerned, for their rancour. But genius is sensitive, and professional business teaches artists as well as others, that, with the great Pacific Ocean—the public, it is not truth, pure and undefiled, that either injures or benefits the most. But to accuse an artist of copying from Buonarroti or the extravagant Goltzius, and at the same time of being frivolous, reaches the acme of insane raving. The fire and vigour, the decision of outline and force of ex-

pression, in this portrait of Mrs. Siddons, were surely the reverse of frivolous.

In a pamphlet entitled "The Royal Academy, or a Touchstone to the present Exhibition, by Anthony Touchstone," (1797,) the criticism upon Mr. Lawrence's Satan is thus metamorphosed:—

"The frequency with which we have been annually compelled to notice the daring folly of our *callous* artists, in assuming the bâton of an historical painter, before they had even a common knowledge of the human anatomy, has filled us with regret; but we must, in this instance, candidly acknowledge that we rejoice to find our warnings and admonitions had not the power to dampen the ardour of Mr. Lawrence, and to prevent the pleasure the public must indubitably feel in perusing this effort of masculine genius. Mr. Lawrence, knowing the necessity of unremitting study being added to the purest and strongest endowments, before he attempted to walk in this path of sublimity, came into the field, like M. Angelo or Raphaelle, armed from top to toe with every requisite for the contest, and not like his heedless, headless brothers of the palette, who essay with all the hardiness of ignorance, this the most difficult complicated branch of the graphic art:

' But fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.'

" This picture is not much inferior to the best conceptions of the divine Buonarroti and the extravagant Goltzius. The figure of Satan is colossal, and drawn with excellent skill and judgment.

" Before we entered the room, we confess that we felt, for a moment, a secret wish that it had come from the pencil of Fuseli; but the instant that we saw it, (and the more we looked on it, the more was the eye of criticism filled with satisfaction,) we esteemed it as a wonderful production of the human mind, and equal to any thing of the kind produced in modern days.

" Satan is ably and nobly conceived, and conveys to the imagination every due idea of fallen majesty and terrific power.

" The attendant fiend, also, deserves our warmest praise. The growling look and cloudy malignity depicted in his visage, and the sullen, evil disposition with which he appears to rest upon his spear, while listening to his master, are all traits of a masterly hand.

" We must add, however, before we conclude, that from following the direction of the hilt of Satan's sword, it seems to us that some-

thing of its remainder should necessarily appear:—

> ' Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine—non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis.' HOR.
>
> ' But where the beauties thus in clusters blaze,
> A fault like this should pass unnoticed as we gaze.' "

This is a fine instance of tergiversation; by the transposition of a few words, the latter critique is made to express directly the reverse of the former; and what was detraction is turned into praise.

Another periodical work, in reviewing the Exhibition, thus speaks of Mr. Lawrence's contributions to it.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, &c. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET-PLACE.

"No. 170. Satan calling his Legions, (Milton, Book 1).—This aspiring Artist has undertaken a subject, perhaps the most difficult in his art; to represent a figure the most grand and sublime that Poetry has ever described.

"In the attempt, though great, he has not failed. The composition of the picture is simple. The figure of Satan, after recent defeat, and ineffable disgrace, has all the ferocious energy and

violent dignity of his character; and it is well contrasted with that of Beelzebub, which is marked by dejection and despondence.

"Though the style and form be far beyond common life, and not in the usual practice of modern art, the drawing is executed with great accuracy and skill. The countenance, though terrible, still retains part of its former lustre and beauty; and he appears altogether *no less than angel fallen.*

"The colouring has great clearness and force; and the mind of the beholder is properly impressed by the general effect of a sober, appropriate and grand style pervading the whole picture.

"No. 74. Portrait of a Nobleman's Family.—A very fine picture of Lord Exeter, his late Lady, and his child. The figures are well grouped, and the colour is rich and clear; forming, altogether, one of the best Portraits in the Exhibition.

"No. 166. Portrait of a Lady.—A charming Picture of Mrs. Siddons, where the Artist has highly flattered her, without losing the resemblance.

"No. 188. A good Head of Mr. Kemble."

Such is the opposition of opinions forming the atmosphere which is to inspire or destroy

the artist in his struggles for celebrity and support.

But the two preceding years, 1796 and 1797, of which the professional labours of Mr. Lawrence have been thus recorded, were destined to be of importance in his private life.

Of his satisfaction at what the discerning few thought and said of his talents, and of his consciousness of his possessing great powers, the following letter to his friend Miss Lee is a proof.

"May, 1796.

"THE first thing I shall tell you is, that I have gained in fame—not more than my wishes!—you do not desire them to be bounded—but more than my expectations. To hear the voice of praise, nor feel it ignorance or flattery, is sweet and soothing. The work I have undertaken has answered my secret motive in beginning it. My success in portraits will no longer be thought accident and fortune; and if I have trod the second path with honour, it is because my limbs are strong to reach the higher walks. My claims are acknowledged by the circle of taste, (our little world!) and are undisputed by competitors and rivals.

"But believe not that I am inflated with a triumph which, however great when compared

with contemporary merit, did never yet satisfy the soul that thirsted for fame. (You at least will not laugh at these rhapsodies.) What cold mind ever reached to greatness? and who would not cherish that ardency in man, which, however clogged by weakness and imbecility, is evidence of Deity itself, and stamps his soaring nature? When I think of, 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' I feel myself a sluggard in the race.

"Dear friend, let me guard against your laugh by giving it you. Think of the country Mayor who, taking on him the office, told his friends that 'for all that, he was but mortal man!' I shall write to-morrow. I invited Paoli to the dinner. I know it will please you that I am grateful in little things—at first at least, for the novelty; destroy this.

"Pray read it alone, I am ashamed of its egotism; yet these are my thoughts."

It may reasonably be doubted, whether the faults ascribed to this celebrated painting of Satan, are not to be attributed to the class of ideas, or species of subjects, from which it is derived. It has no connexion with human passions, sympathies, or interests, nor ought an artist to present such images to the imagination, if

they are not of the order of beauty, or grace. The poet avails himself of a species of generalization, and when he describes a Pandemonium, the reader receives his ideas with the modification of his own temperament; he dwells not on it solely, and much less does he bring out each of the minutiæ identically with the poet. He rejects, weakens, or strengthens, according to his individual nature, every little muniment of the poet's epic creation, and adds as many accessory ideas as may suit his humour. The case is totally different where the painter presents his own conception of the poet's imaginings, as an unvarying object, permanent, and to be viewed in its unchangeable identity, without the spectator having the power of selection or rejection, or of associating or separating parts. Where the poet's idea is that of immensity, the painter may represent it, as Mr. Martin has done, by gigantic proportions receding till they are lost in the obscurities of space, or by small light objects surrounded by immense shades, blackening into distant and utter darkness. But a supernatural being of abhorrence cannot be represented on the canvass, unless he be made hideous by deformity or extravagance, for the painter cannot concentrate his disposition in a look, nor give, by a countenance, the actions by which a poet makes up

the character. Personifications, therefore, of the Devil, are to be avoided upon canvass.

With these observations upon the abstract nature of the subject, a criticism upon the painting becomes more intelligible.

As a painting, it is full of beautiful parts in detail (the nature of the subject precluding a unity of excellence). The anhelation is admirably expressed in the face, but, unfortunately, the chest is thrown in, by the dark shade consequent from the light being reflected from below. The importance of purpose which pervades the countenance; the surprise at the abject or rather supine beings he is evoking; the astonishment that they are not aware of the crisis, the spirit that supposes them capable of being animated with its own grand feelings; the malignity thrown into extremely beautiful features, prove a power of mind in the artist, never surpassed.

And why is not the painting the first in the highest order of merit?—it is full of faults.

The colour of the flesh is not natural or pleasing, and is not to be accounted for by any lurid reflections from the scene supposed to be underneath; the white in the eyes, beneath the nostrils, and upon the line of the lips, is ugly and absurd—the lights and shades upon the attendant are too sudden and unnatural.

But the body is out of drawing. The limbs are disproportioned to the trunk; and, as if aware of this, the artist has hid in gloom the helmet, always a means of producing grandeur, whilst the red hair from the helmet falls between the shoulders and the shield, producing the appearance of drapery proceeding from nowhere. Indistinctness is often a source of the sublime, but here it is used at too great a sacrifice. The sword is disproportioned to the shield, and to the hand that is to wield it; and the little bandage that is made an offering to decency, is unprecedented and uncopied.

But with all these defects, the painting is decidedly the grandest, and, in many respects, the most successful attempt at the sublime that has ever been made in this country.

It evinces great powers of mind, and of a more severe cast, than have been attributed to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It may be said that when Sir Thomas aimed at a union of the sublime and beautiful, he succeeded; but that when he attempted the terrible, he was extravagant and without being forcible.

Perhaps this picture may strengthen the supposition. The spirit Beelzebub is massive, extravagant, and vulgar, without being awful in a lower sphere to Satan. If it were merely in-

tended to produce an effect by strong contrast, the idea was not worthy of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Even with all these severe, and, perhaps, hypercritical remarks, in many respects this is the grandest painting ever produced by Lawrence. It has more body, and tone, more oil and less varnish, than some of Sir Joshua's best efforts, which are deteriorated by the greenish blacks and varnish conspicuous, for instance, in his Mrs. Siddons as the Muse of Tragedy, a painting, but for this fault, the finest of its class upon earth.

In the next letter, it appears that he proposed to paint a likeness of himself for Miss Lee, but he never carried his intention into effect.

"May, 1796.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"I AM not so much on the fret, because I have the consolation of your letter: let this be one to you. I am still teased and tormented: it is, however, but a temporary vexation, and I shake it from my mind as well as I can. Your "exact representation of visionary enjoyments" shall soothe and soften my soul: I will catch them when I can, for I fear there are no other. All is visionary, and Bontas was in the right. Shall I then worship the other

power? No, I think not. If I had not the firmness, I have the taste to despise it; so I shall jog on in the same path, deceived, but not deceiving.

I believe I shall set off from hence on Tuesday. My picture I shall finish with you, so pray prepare me a painting-room. Do you know that, to paint it the better, I have had a cast made from myself? There it is before me; and a very sensible head, I assure you! Much more so than the original, for it has not a thought—still, cold, and sullen; the eyes are closed too, so you shall not have it. My friend shall have a more pleasant memorial of me."

At this period, his father and mother were staying with him, and from his leaving Bath he had fulfilled towards them all the duties of an affectionate and liberal son.

But in May 1797, his mother expired, in his house. In a letter to his friend Miss Lee, he thus alludes to her death:—

"Greek Street, Wednesday, May, 1797.

* * * *

"I have mentioned other griefs in order to turn my thoughts from that pale Virtue, whose fading image I can now contemplate with firmness.

I kiss it, and not a tear falls on the cold cheek. You can have no notion of the grand serenity it has assumed. I think, I cannot but persuade myself, since the fatal stroke, it seems as if the soul, at the moment of departure, darted its purest emanations into the features, as traces of its happier state. Have you seen death often? It cannot be a common effect. * *

* * * *

But half an hour since, I had the dear hand in mine, and the fingers seemed unwilling to part with me. Farewell.

"Let me know the day you come.—My father's and sisters' best respects."

About this period he makes the following allusion to his father, for whom he evidently had a strong filial attachment:—

"APROPOS, I have not yet let or sold my house, and matters in Greek Street are as they were. My father, at times, is much troubled with his cough; but I hope and believe he is not otherwise worse than when you saw him, but rather better. The country air, peace, and content, will, I trust, soon restore health, and gratify the wishes of his children, to whom, whatever difference of character or disposition there

may have been, his essentially worthy nature and general love for them make him too dear an object of regard, not to form the greatest portion of their solicitude. To be the entire happiness of his children, is perhaps the lot of no parent.

"I was yesterday a little of a truant, at a sort of private public breakfast, and paid for it, by being as tasteless a spectator of pleasure as sobriety could have wished;—puritan enough to have excited the indignation of Sir Andrew. I had a little chat, though, with the good Mrs. ——, who spoke for some time of you, and as if she knew you both. I shall certainly strike up to the knot,—Mrs. Something, Mrs. M., Mrs. ——, and Mr. Thomas Lawrence! as good a casino party as may be met with, could he play!

"I have within this day or two seen Mr. Lysons, and had from him a very accurate description, and completely in detail, of a very valuable work he is on the eve of publishing, respecting some discoveries at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire. I luckily had him all to myself, in a chaise, and he actually pinned himself down to that one topic, which, from the range of subjects he generally takes, was singularly fortunate!"

In the succeeding October he lost his father, his affection for whom may be estimated by the intensity of his grief at his death. The following abrupt communication of the event to Miss Lee, shows how little able he was to dwell or be explicit upon a subject so afflicting to his feelings :—

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"THE cause of my silence is a terrible one, —my father's death. He died before I could reach him; but he died full of affection to us, of firm faith and fortitude, and without a groan.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

In fact, Lawrence was engaged at his house in Piccadilly, when a messenger burst into the room and announced that his father was dying. Lawrence, in the intensity of his feelings, ran out of the house, and proceeded through the streets without his hat; but notwithstanding the rapidity of his pace, he did not arrive until after his father had expired.

In July, the papers announced the election of a Royal Academician, in the room of Sir William Chambers: of eighteen candidates, four

only were honoured with suffrages :—Gilpin, 18; Tresham, 11; Beechy, 6; Bonomi, 1.

"Mr. Gilpin was declared duly elected; however, the decision must wait the approbation of his Majesty, who, by signing the diploma of the new member, confirms the choice of the Royal Academicians. We learn that one of the unsuccessful candidates, Mr. B., feeling himself aggrieved, has resigned his situation as an Associate, and means to make an application to the Throne upon the subject."

The following is rather a curious advertisement, of that period, and must seem strange to modern notions. The subject is flattering to so young an artist.

PORTRAIT OF SIR CHARLES GREY, K.B.

For the Benefit of the Widows and Children of the brave Men who have lost their Lives during the War.

This Day is published,

A Portrait of Sir Charles Grey, K. B., late Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies; from a capital picture painted by Mr. Lawrence, R. A., Portrait Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty; engraved in a most finished style by Mr. Joseph Collyer, Engraver to her Majesty; and published by the proprietor, W. Austin, Draw-

ing-Master, Turnham Green. Proof prints, two guineas; prints, one guinea each.

Mr. Austin respectfully solicits the patronage of the public to an undertaking he has the pleasure of submitting to them; the profits of which, he pledges himself, shall be applied to the fund established for the relief of the widows and children of the brave Britons who have lost their lives in their country's cause, in the expedition under the joint command of those gallant officers, Sir Charles Grey, K. B. and Vice-Admiral Sir J. Jervis, K. B. Mr. Austin doubts not, from the characteristic benevolence of the English nation, of being enabled to add to the increase of a fund founded on such noble principles. And it must be a peculiar gratification to every Briton to be in possession of a portrait of an officer, to whose bravery and skill his country is so essentially indebted. He assures the public that every exertion has been used by the artist, whose abilities are universally acknowledged, to render the print deserving that consideration which is so justly due to the merits of the brave General it is intended to represent. The painting from which it is taken has long been acknowledged as a production which reflects the highest credit on Mr. Lawrence's pencil: and he has the pleasure of an-

nouncing that the print is now ready for delivery.

The following illustrious characters have already honoured Mr. Austin with their patronage:—His Royal Highness the Duke of York, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence; his Grace the Duke of Portland, his Grace the Duke of Grafton, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; Duchess of Devonshire; Marquis Cornwallis, Marquis of Lansdowne; Earl Spencer, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl of Besborough, Earl of Guildford, Earl of Stamford, Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Lauderdale, Earl of Egremont; Viscount Galway, M.P.; Lord Petre, Lord Mulgrave, Lord R. Spencer, M.P., Lord Fred. Cavendish, Lord Charles Fitzroy; Right Hon. H. Dundas, M.P.; Right Hon. C. J. Fox, M.P., Right Hon. W. Windham, M.P., Charles Grey, Esq. M.P., John Crewe, Esq. M.P., S. Whitbread, Esq. M.P., R. B. Sheridan, Esq. M.P., Paul Orchard, Esq. M.P., W. H. Lambton, Esq. M.P., T. W. Coke, Esq. M.P., Sir W. Milner, Bart. M.P., M. A. Taylor, Esq. M.P., Thomas Anson, Esq. M.P., W. Keene, Esq. M.P., B. Hobhouse, Esq. M.P., Evan Nepean, Esq. M.P., Sir J. St. Aubyn, Bart.; Hon. Mrs. Bouverie; Mrs. Orde; Hon. Mr. Petre, Hon. Colonel

Lenox, M. P.; Colonel Fisher, Colonel Manley, Colonel Patterson; Captain Grey, R. N.; Captain Herbert; Dean of Winchester; Captain Grey; G. Tierney, Esq. M. P., &c. &c.

The Sir Charles Grey here alluded to, but for his military exploits in reducing the French West-India Islands, in conjunction with Sir John Jervis, afterwards the hero of St. Vincent, would not have been the founder of an "Order" in his ancient family. He was the younger brother of Sir Harry Grey of Howick, the second Baronet in the family, an eccentric old gentleman, who for many years resided in the old white house (then woefully dilapidated,) at the corner of Great Ormond Street and Powis Place. He lived in entire seclusion, sitting every day and all day long in his brown silk stockings and breeches, brown coat with steel buttons like shields, at the drawing-room window, looking into a small mirror that reflected the street, through which scarcely a passenger was then to be seen. The second brother of this eccentric old northern Baronet was killed in a duel by Lord Pomfret; and the title was inherited by Charles Grey, who had acquired so large a sum of money by his command in the West Indies, that he had been created Baron

Howick in 1801, and Earl Grey in 1806. It is singular, that whilst the first Earl Grey was winning his military laurels and his civic *order*, as a strong ultra Tory under Mr. Pitt, his son was the most zealous, eloquent, powerful, and uncompromising friend of liberty, as a member in the House of Commons. Mr. Fox created the Tory General an Earl, in 1806, and his son, the present Earl, succeeded to the title in 1807.

In the year 1798, the patronage of art in this country was sustained, as in the preceding year, to a very extraordinary extent, if there be taken into consideration the commercial and financial embarrassments, and, above all, the raging fury for war, with which the Government had contrived to inoculate all classes of the people. But art can be patronized only by the affluent, and the fine arts are seldom cherished but by the *désœuvré* classes. The policy of government was now to enrich these classes to excess, by the mismanagement and misapplication of the revenue, as well as by partial laws; and the wealth, perhaps unrighteously, bestowed upon the aristocracy and their dependents, had the usual effect of creating a more extensive demand for the arts that gratify pride or embellish life. Painting, in particular, seemed to have received a remarkable stimulant.

The Exhibition had, at its commencement, in 1769, contained but a hundred and thirty-six works; for about eight years, the number, had scarcely exceeded four hundred, and had for ten years after, averaged less than six hundred; but from 1793, the commencement of the war, the number of works exhibited had risen, from eight hundred and fifty-six, to one thousand one hundred and ninety-four, in 1797 (the year of suspending cash payments); and to one thousand and fifty-four in the year 1798.

In the Exhibition of 1798, Mr. Lawrence had six portraits, one of which was of the highest historical character. In this portrait, of Mr. Kemble, as Coriolanus at the hearth of Aufidius, he had succeeded in the expression of stern dignity, of self-possession, and firmness of purpose, without being betrayed into any thing theatrical or extravagant, the danger which few painters can shun, in painting from the living models of the stage. This painting, however, was never very much admired by the profession.

His works in the Catalogue of 1798 were—30, Portrait of Mrs. Allnut; 51, Lord Seaforth; 184, Mr. Bell; 225, Mr. Kemble, as Coriolanus at the hearth of Aufidius; 255, Mr. Thompson; 257, Mrs. Neane.

The portrait of Lord Seaforth was reckoned by artists to be an excellent work, but "to the mind's eye" it was an absolute caricature. If Mr. Burke were right, that "Painters' proprieties are always best," it must be acknowledged that their improprieties are always the worst. In these cases, however, it is difficult to determine how much of error emanates from the artist, and how much is imposed upon him by the patron. When Gibbs, the pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, copied himself, by adding the Roman body of St. Martin's church to an old Gothic tower, with arabesque ornaments, a knowledge of the artist's science and judgment must relieve him from the obloquy, and make us trace the absurdity to patronage, to the taste of the day, or to some such circumstance.

In Lord Seaforth's portrait, the savage dress of the Highlands of Scotland is mixed with the modern military dress of England, in its worst taste; and, to render inconsistency doubly inconsistent, the Scotch bonnet is upon a head *bien poudré*. The red uniform coat, with yellow facings, buttons merely over the chest, leaving the abdomen protuberant in a white kerseymere waistcoat, whilst his Lordship holds, and pointing to the ground, not a claymore, but a modern military sword approaching to a rapier.

It is lamentable to see such excellent painting made even offensive by incongruities so striking.

The subject of this painting was Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, Governor of the island of Barbadoes, and Lord Lieutenant of Ross-shire.

Very recently, an engraving has circulated the portrait of a Scotch chieftain in his kilt, an absolute *sans culotte,* wearing spectacles. The costume of savage life, or of barbarous ages, is totally inconsistent with the expression of physical defects relieved by the contrivances of modern science.

In the following letter to a friend, Mr. Lawrence makes allusion to this celebrated historical portrait of Coriolanus.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"IF you are conscious that a letter which deprives me of the expected pleasure of your society, is the most unpleasant to your feelings that I have yet received from you, I must in common politeness acknowledge it is so to mine; and this happens to be one of the few instances in which I can approach to the polite without an effort. You have, it is too true, given me very ill news; yet, in conveying it, your letter is

so kind and flattering, that if I do not the less regret my loss, vanity is more subdued by friendship than any knowledge of my own nature could have informed me. You can never have felt the awkwardness (not even with Mr. Lock) of expressing your feelings, by a term of the use of which you fancy yourself unworthy. Friendship is one which at the first glance supposes reciprocal kindness in action as well as thought. Where it is all on one side, the feeling on the other must be gratitude. You see, Madam, the errata I have made, and must kindly correct it for me, believing that I mean the latter, till chance and fortune enable me to assert the former. And they yet may. I understand there is a stranger expected soon in this pleasant, vain, and transitory world. He (for it must be a boy) must spring up a painter, and receive my instructions when I am President of the Academy, which two things, you know, dear Madam, are the most likely that can be.

"I thank you for the hint of the 'white fib.' What! cannot I gain belief in disavowing the good fortune ascribed to me?

"Mr. Warren told me he would forgive my breach of engagement with him, if I brought up good news of Mrs. Boucherette. Can you

bind down her husband to send it me the moment he is authorized to do so? I fear we shall not see him soon; but, that, when he does come up, he may not be disappointed in his conveyance (a single man will not travel with his equipage), tell him from me (upon no hint from any who may have suffered from the blunder) that the something coach does not (or does) set off at ten o'clock.

"Upon my word, 'tis true, and Mr. J. Warren will bear me out in the assertion.

"Pray, Madam, do not oppose your judgment in art to that of an experienced practitioner. I know what your painting must be, if you set about it as you ought; and that you would wilfully make it an exception to all you do I can never believe.

"I cannot refrain from telling you, that I have nearly finished a sort of half-history picture—Coriolanus at the hearth of Aufidius, which I hope you will like. Indeed, if you do not, you cannot with any justice abuse the painter, for your loitering in Lincolnshire throws me so entirely on my own judgment, that failure seems unavoidable. And now, dear Madam, lest you should impute to me the benevolent wishes of Mr. Dogberry, I conclude my letter, yet not without again thanking you for the

very kind one to which it is an answer. I am, with my best regards to Mr. Boucherette,

"Dear Madam,

"Your very grateful and devoted servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

This painting of Coriolanus was bought by Sir Richard Worsley, and is now at Appuldercombe, Isle of Wight, the seat of Lord Yarborough, who married Sir Richard's niece. Sir Richard revived the story of Candaules and Gyges, with the difference, that the husband was slain, not in body, but in reputation, and by that peculiar engine of English ingenuity—an action at law.

CHAPTER VI.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1799.—The eminence of Hoppner and Opie.—The Exhibition of 1800.—Portrait of Mr. Curran.—Portrait of Mrs. J. Angerstein.—Backgrounds to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits.—Portrait of Mr. Kemble as Rolla.—The Exhibition of 1801.—The uncertainty of opinions upon works of art.—Mr. Copley's Historical Painting of the Death of the Earl of Chatham.—Sale at Fonthill.—Sales of Picture Galleries.—Mr. Lawrence's Hamlet. — Teaching Modelling to the Princess of Wales.—Mr. Lawrence at Blackheath.—His Bust of Mr. Lock.—The Exhibition of 1802.—The Portrait of the Marquis of Exeter.—A Singular Marriage.—The Exhibition of 1803.—Mr. Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage; his Reminiscences of Mr. Lawrence.—Anecdote of Edwin and young Lawrence; of Gainsborough and Foote and Garrick.—A Rehearsal for the Stage; Jaffier and Priuli.—The Stage abandoned, and the pencil resumed.—Criticisms on Lawrence's works.—Schisms of the Royal Academy in 1803.—Royal interference.—The Disputes terminated. — Harmony restored. —Dissensions respecting the distribution of Medals.—The Exhibitions of 1804 and 1805.—Association of Mr. Lawrence with the Princess of Wales at Montague House, Blackheath.—The Delicate Investigation.—Mr. Lawrence's affidavit. — The Princess's reply to the Report of the Lords Commissioners. —Her defence with respect to Mr. Lawrence.—Lord Eldon's sarcasm.—Portraits of Lord Grey, Lord Amherst,

Lady Elizabeth Foster, the Duchess Dowager of Devonshire.—Purchase of the Temple of Tivoli, by the Earl of Bristol.—Plan of transporting it to the margin of a bog in Ireland.—Alarm of the Pope.—The Sacrilege prevented.—The Exhibition of 1806.—Posthumous portrait of Mr. Pitt.—Portraits of Lord Ellenborough, Sir Joseph Banks, and the Earl of Malmesbury.

THOUGH the occasional production of great historical pieces tended very much to raise the fame which Mr. Lawrence had acquired in the other branch of his art, he was at this time by no means without a rival near the throne.

In the Exhibition of the Academy for the year 1799, which contained the high number of eleven hundred and eighteen works, Hoppner had eight portraits of eminent characters, and Opie nine. Among the subjects of Hoppner's pencil were the Earl of Chatham, the Duke of Rutland, the Countess of Sutherland (the present Marchioness of Stafford), the Archbishop of York, and Lady Melbourne; a list proving the artist's popularity and his patronage by the great.

Mr. Lawrence's works were six, namely—5, Mr. Hunter; 76, the Duke of Norfolk; 137, Mr. S. Lysons; 223, Miss Jennings; 234, General Paoli; 294, Mrs. Allnutt.

In the succeeding year, it may perhaps be said, that Mr. Hoppner had at least an equality of eminent patronage; if he did not even take the lead of fashion. The Prince's name was a

tower of strength, at that time, to every person connected with the arts, on whom he bestowed his notice; whilst the patronage of the Sovereign was rather associated with ideas of decorous habits and submissive conduct than of professional merits, especially with respect to elegance and grace. The utter neglect of Sir Joshua, and the patronage of very inferior men, with the exclusive purchase of bad paintings, were frequently quoted in proof of the royal approbation of mediocrity; and whilst the nation was so blindly divided into two uncompromising parties, seeing every thing through the distorted media of their passions, the rank of painter in ordinary to his Majesty was, at best, but a very equivocal advantage to a person who, like Lawrence, excelled in painting the graces and elegancies of fashion.

Hoppner, therefore, was elevated upon a higher current of favour than he would otherwise have acquired; though, let not this be understood in depreciation of his talents, for his merits were considerable; and, even without such factitious aids, they must, under any circumstances, have procured him celebrity. His bad health, moreover, was latterly a check to his exertions, and ought to be taken into consideration in any comparison between these great rival artists.

But in the Exhibition for the year 1800, which

contained eleven hundred works, Mr. Lawrence had seven fine portraits, one of which was of an historical character!—28, Portrait of Mr. Boucherette's children; 54, Mr. Curran; 178, Mrs. J. Angerstein; 193, Rolla; 213, Portrait of the Rev. Mr. Pennicotte; 246, Lord Eldon; 526, Mrs. Twiss.

It would be difficult to conceive a subject more hard for an artist to treat than the bust of Mr. Curran. His person was small and ill-shaped, almost to deformity, whilst his face was the most unfortunate specimen of the coarsest Irish features: its expression was incessantly varying, and which much increased the difficulty. But there was an inimitable brilliancy of eye, and his countenance, when excited, could express the drollest humour or the utmost vivacity. It was that energy of his passion which produced his extraordinary metaphors in his speeches, that Lawrence endeavoured to catch the expression of in this portrait, and he eminently succeeded, at least in a second attempt.

The first portrait perplexed, and even distressed Lawrence, and it was a total failure. Shortly after the painting was finished, Lawrence dined casually with Mr. Curran, and saw him in all his glory of animation. Lawrence could not help exclaiming to him, "I have not painted your portrait at all,—I never saw your

proper character before. Come to-morrow and give me another sitting." Mr. Curran was leaving England the next day, but he deferred his journey, and gave Lawrence one sitting, in which he finished the most extraordinary likeness of the most extraordinary face within the memory of man.

In a contemporary criticism upon the Exhibition of this year, it was justly observed that "a more spirited performance than the portrait of Mr. Curran, the Irish Member, (which we understand was finished from one sitting only,) never appeared from the pencil of this gentleman: there is an energy of expression in the countenance which is seldom conveyed to the canvass, and the fire of the eye is peculiarly well expressed."

The following letter from the husband of the surviving sister of Sir Thomas Lawrence alludes to this portrait. The Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, here mentioned, was the tenth of twelve children, and the second of the four daughters of the present Earl Grey. She married C. Bulteel, Esq. of Fleet House, Devonshire.

"Rugby, March 31, 1830.

"SIR,

"I HAVE been long endeavouring to discover the house in which Sir Thomas Lawrence was

born, at Bristol, and have at length succeeded. A drawing has been taken, which will be immediately engraved by Skelton of Oxford: I have requested that gentleman to send you a proof, immediately upon its appearance. In the course of my enquiries, I met with a gentleman, who stated that Sir Thomas, about three years ago, informed him, 'that if he knew where a portrait of Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish Barrister, was to be found, underneath it was a portrait of himself.' Such a portrait, Sir Thomas either painted for or presented to Earl Grey; as his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, told Mr. Say (the portrait painter) that such a portrait was in her father's possession. If this information will be of any service in your intended memoirs of Sir Thomas, you may wish to see Mr. Say himself upon the subject: he resides at No. 20, Blenheim Street, London.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"Thomas Campbell, Esq. R. R. BLOXAM."

Of the next portrait (Mrs. J. Angerstein), the same critic observed—"No. 178. Portrait of Mrs. J. Angerstein, by Lawrence, is perfectly graceful in point of design; but the colouring is flat, compared with the generality of this gentleman's productions. There is likewise a va-

cuity in the background extremely unpleasant. This picture conveys the idea of a beautiful female wandering over a desolate and unfrequented island."

If the portrait appeared flat at that period, it augurs well for the duration of the painting, for at this moment the colour, notwithstanding the no-colour of the white muslin dress, is full, rich, mellow, and redolent of harmony. Artists strongly admire the composition of Sir Thomas's composed, or, I should say, discomposed backgrounds, such as are witnessed in his portraits of the Duke D'Angoulême, Prince Blucher. But, "*rationem artis intelligunt docti, indocti sentient voluptatem;*" and, certainly, these backgrounds in themselves convey no ideas of pleasure, whilst they are too frequently irrational with reference to the subjects in the foreground. A stormy sky is out of unison with a placid child sporting on velvet, or with Cato in sedate thought, or with a lady superbly dressed for the drawing-room; and if ever Nature, or nature's mimic, war, produced such a hurly-burly of smoke and brimstone, of blunderbuss and thunder, as the admired background of the Duke D'Angoulême's portrait, his Grace would not have been of quiet countenance, with his plumed cocked-hat off, he would have been seeking shelter, and exclaiming for a score of

tailors to supply him with cloaks. In such points as these, I cannot agree with Quintilian, that *rationem, artis intelligunt docti;* for of all mankind, the artists least attend to such things. Hogarth's fishes sporting in the foliage which surrounds the clock against the drawing-room wall, are not more absurd.

In this admirable portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, she is represented in the open air, of an unsheltered background, without hat or shawl. The costume of that day was unfavourable to elegance, and the dress has the appearance of a *robe de chambre,* or morning dishabille. She is leading a child, and its attitude is remarkably infantile, and playfully pretty; but there is a singular disproportion of head, almost indicating hydrocephalus.

But the matronly grace and lady-like elegance of the principal figure,—the rich, soft, and large black eyes,—the sweet mouth and expression of the whole face, with the beauty of the hair so simply arranged, constitute as delicious a portrait of its sort, as even Lawrence ever produced. The mellow depth and body of colour are remarkably appropriate to the sentiment of this delightful painting. It is a sweet specimen of what Horace meant by the *simplex munditiis.*

Of the next portrait, or theatrical painting, Rolla, it was observed, that "the portrait of Mr. Kemble, in Rolla, is a masterly performance; yet we cannot reconcile our minds to the colossal form of the figure. If virtue consisted in stature, then indeed we should expect to see the hero a second Titan; but as such is not the case, why give us a giant Rolla? The features bear a striking resemblance to the performer for whom they are designed, but the muscular form, we should conceive, was copied from a pugilistic Jackson or Broughton. The attitude of the child, which is, we understand, a portrait of Mr. Sheridan's infant son, is excellently conceived; and the leg turned round the hero's arm has a good effect. The colouring of this picture is very chaste, and the anatomical part ably executed; and were it not for the dimensions of our Rolla's person, it would have been vain to seek a fault."

The fault, however, was not so much the massive proportions of the principal figure, as the want of relief by background, and the melo-dramatic extravagance of the action. But, in one point, this portrait eminently shows the cast of thought in Sir Thomas Lawrence. All theatrical portraits of that period were unnatural, extravagant, and ranting; and the artist

who had carried these errors to the height was Mr. Hamilton, Lawrence's friend, and from whom he had imbibed many erroneous notions and vicious practices in art. These are sufficiently evident in the painting under discussion; but what with Hamilton would have been absolutely unnatural as well as extravagant, becomes with Lawrence merely exuberant of force. Jackson the pugilist sat, or rather stood, for this model; and his figure is merely an anglicizing of the massive, robust forms so much admired in the paintings of Rubens and the Flemish school.

Lawrence painted this portrait upon the canvass on which he had painted the subject from Prospero and Miranda — Prospero calling up the storm. The portrait of Mr. Kemble as Rolla is the property of the present Sir Robert Peel.

In the Exhibition of the succeeding year, 1801, Mr. Lawrence exhibited the six following paintings, the total number of works of art being one thousand and thirty-seven: — 62, Portrait of General Stuart; 92, of Mrs. G. Byng; 173, of the Hon. Sophia Upton; 190, of the Hon. Caroline Upton; 197, Hamlet; 207, Portrait of Mr. Antrobus.

Hoppner, the rival of Lawrence, who had

hitherto proceeded with him in the Exhibition almost *pari passu*, this year produced nothing. He was labouring under increased symptoms of that disease which eventually brought him to the grave, depriving posterity of many beautiful works that might have shed their influence in civilizing our nature. Opie exhibited but little this year; Phillips, Beechey, and Shee were eminent.; but Lawrence stood the undisputed lord of the ascendant. Mr. Copley exhibited this year a portrait of R. Richards, then a barrister of few briefs, of Lincoln's-Inn. This was one of the last paintings exhibited by the father of the late Lord Chancellor of England; and whilst the subject of the portrait was destined to be an eminent judge, the son of the artist was rising to the highest rank in the state, with the singularity of preserving his free principles unimpeached, and the esteem of all parties undiminished. No man ever rose from the lowest to the highest rank of his eminent profession with so thorough a purity from tergiversation as this personage.

In this year, an action was tried of a nature to show that the diversity of opinions among artists upon their works, is at least equal to the glorious uncertainty of the law. The following is a report of the trial alluded to.

"COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

"Thursday, July 2, 1801.

"*Delatre* v. *Copley.*

"The plaintiff in this action is an engraver, and the defendant a celebrated painter. This action was brought to recover the sum of 580*l.* the balance of a contract entered into between the parties. The plaintiff had engaged to copy an engraving of Mr. Bartolozzi, from the celebrated painting of the Death of the Earl of Chatham, for which service he was to receive 800*l.* He was engaged three years in completing the work. When it was finished, the defendant refused to perform his part of the contract, stating as a reason, that the copy was by no means correct; and that the resemblance of the characters had not been attended to. The plaintiff called Mr. Bartolozzi, Mr. Nagle, Mr. Landseer, Mr. Smith, &c. to prove his case. Mr. Bartolozzi stated, that the plaintiff was a gentleman of undoubted merit in his profession, and to whom he had paid upwards of 700*l.* for his services as an engraver. This gentleman gave it as his opinion, that the copy was a very good one, in which he was confirmed by the evidence of the other professional gentlemen.

"They underwent a long cross-examination.

After which Mr. Erskine addressed the Jury on the part of the defendant. He described the difference between the two engravings, and ludicrously commented on the disparity of resemblance in the copy to what the original exhibited. On this ground, the defendant had resisted the fulfilment of the contract, as the agreement was, that the plaintiff should make a fair copy. He said, that the copy which the defendant had presented was of no value; the likenesses of the persons composing the groupe assembled round the illustrious person at the moment of his death, had not been preserved, consequently, the picture was not valuable, the public not choosing to purchase a work which did not present a correct likeness. He said he should call many of the first artists in this country to prove the defendant's case, and had no doubt, from the evidence they would give, that the Jury would find a verdict for his client. The learned Counsel then called Mr. West (the President of the Royal Academy), Sir William Beechey, Sir F. Bourgeois, Mr. Opie, Mr. Hoppner, Mr. Fittler, Mr. Cosway, Mr. Boydell, Mr. Holloway, Mr. Collyer, Mr. Dunkarton, &c.—These gentlemen stated, they had examined the engraving done by Mr. Bartolozzi, and also that of the plaintiff: they

considered that he had utterly failed in producing a correct copy. They particularly described the minutiæ of the art, and contrasted the engraving, pointing out the particular objections in the plaintiff's copy, which they stated to be the failure of resemblance in the different characters. They considered that this had originated in his not attending to the propriety of outlines; and said, that the art was mechanical, though they admitted that the powers of genius had a great effect in constituting perfection.

"The Attorney-General replied. He addressed himself in a forcible manner to the feelings of the Jury. He said his client was, by their verdict, either to be established as an artist of reputation, or utterly ruined, for such would be the effect of their decision, if given in favour of the defendant. It was rather hard on his client, that so many of the first-rate artists should be called to give so severe a critique on his performance, which they had done without one iota of Christian charity, forgetting at the time they were sitting in judgment on him, that their works, though he certainly did not mean to depreciate their worth, were as open to the censures of criticism as those of the plaintiff; some little allowance might have

been made on that ground. He then entered into an examination of the evidence, and commented with some pleasantry on the nicety of discrimination which the witnesses had evinced in their remarks. He concluded with submitting, that the plaintiff was entitled to recover, especially as the defendant, during the whole time this work was in hand, had not made any objection to the method in which he was proceeding; and that the sum he engaged for was inferior to what Mr. Bartolozzi had received for his copy from the painting.

"Lord Kenyon lamented that he was not skilled enough in the art to be competent to direct the Jury. They, however, would decide upon the weight of evidence, and give a verdict accordingly. It was singular that the defendant had not expressed himself dissatisfied with the work while it was in hand.

"The Jury, after retiring for a short time, found a verdict for the plaintiff for 580*l.*"

The sale, a few years ago, of Fonthill, and its large and splendid collection of *virtù*, had its precedent in this year, 1801. It is a singular exposition of the fluctuating nature of colonial property, that this gorgeous palace of him whom Childe Harold termed "England's

wealthiest son," should, in the space of about twenty years, be twice visited by the auctioneer's hammer, until, upon the last occasion, the whole estate passed from the Crœsus of Jamaica, to the affluent colonist of the East. —The following is extracted from a contemporary description of the first sale at Fonthill, which took place in August 1801.

"FONTHILL AUCTION.—There never was in this part of the country, or perhaps in the world, a collection of finer or more superb furniture, in proportion to its quantity. So very ill-founded has been the foolish surmise that nothing was meant to be sold but old-fashioned and worn-out articles, the books and a very few of the best paintings only have been kept back.

"The general sensation which this unexpected auction excited, more especially in these parts (Wiltshire), can hardly be conceived. Even the harvest has but little restrained the popular curiosity. The distinguished elegance of this noted seat; the natural beauty of the grounds; the art and expense so profusely lavished on their improvement; the fine and extensive sheet of water, stretching as far as the eye can discern, in a straight line, by the eastern wing of the house, and rendered eminently pleasing and majestic by the flocks of swans which play on

its bosom; the various clusters of wide-branching trees, which diversify the park in every direction; the gardens, enriched and embellished by every species and degree of European and Asiatic luxury; a spacious family mansion, in the best style of modern architecture, replenished with an excess of the most voluptuous accommodation,—naturally attracted, as may well be conceived, all the fashion far and near, from Salisbury, Andover, Bath, Weymouth, and all the subordinate towns, the villas, and even the hamlets in their respective vicinities. The roads swarmed all the morning with shoals of the young and gay, slaving as they could to this splendid exhibition; and, long before noon, every chamber in the house, as well as all the adjacent grounds, were crowded with genteel people; the court and stable-yard with carriages; and all the gates, doors, and passages, with lackeys and beggars.

"The auction was in the great hall, where an organ, six-and-twenty feet high and fifteen wide, is placed. This very masterly instrument, built and finished in such superlative taste that it is said to have cost nearly two thousand pounds, played till the business of the day commenced.

"The auctioneer began with an eulogium on

the goods to be exposed, and stated them to be the most splendid and transcendent he ever had the honour of bringing to the hammer. Indeed, there was not an item in this day's sale which might not, both for value and magnificence, suit the most elegant palace in Europe.

"Not a stool, or tripod, or spring blind, or window-curtain, brought so little as a guinea. Some marble slabs went at more than a hundred guineas each. A bust of Homer was knocked down at twenty-seven guineas, and that of Virgil at nineteen.

"Every thing in the room, fitted *à la Turque*, sold immensely high. The richness of the hangings, all silk or satin, of superlative quality—the brilliant French plates of glass, which decorated and enlivened every side of the room—the sofas formed in the most sumptuous style of Oriental magnificence—the chair and stools, gilt with burnished gold, attracted every eye; and it was laughable to see even our Wiltshire farmers furnishing their homely parlours with the gorgeous accumulation of inordinate fortune and of effeminate taste."

A few months afterwards, the picture galleries of two other of the wealthiest proprietors of Jamaica were brought to the hammer, and the

following list will show the prices which good pictures sold for in England at this period.

Mr. Christie sold a most capital collection of paintings, being the united Cabinet of Sir Simon Clarke, Bart. and George Hibbert, Esq. and which were sold without reserve.

A Landscape by Cuyp, was knocked down at 180 guineas; a Family Concert by Schalken, 195; a Landscape by Wouvermans, 240; a Sibyl by Guido, 330; a Landscape by Claude Lorraine, 480; two Conversations by D. Teniers, 650; a Crucifixion by Rubens, 150; Soldiers embarking by Wouvermans, 300; Flight of Jacob by P. de Cortona, 320. A Landscape by Wouvermans fetched 340 guineas. Lord Darnley purchased a Salvator Rosa for 460; and a Diana returning from the Chase, by Rubens, was knocked down to Mr. Bryan, for 1050 guineas. The whole collection, which amounted to not more than one hundred and forty-one pictures, is supposed to have netted upwards of 15,000*l.* Mr. Hope purchased many admirable specimens of the Flemish School.

At a sale of the deceased Countess of Holdernesse's paintings, at the same period, the following paintings sold as underneath.

Storm at Sea (Vandervelde), 130 guineas; Pair of Views on the Rhine (Sachtleven), 30; Lady

with a Child in a Cradle (W. Mieris), 195; Interior of a Dutch Cabaret (Ostade), 305; Landscape (Ruysdael), 65; Portraits of a Dutch Family (Terburgh), 37; Inside of a Gardener's House (Teniers), 310; Group at Cards, Music, &c. (Palamedes), 165; His own Portrait (Rembrandt), 78; a Frost Piece (Schweickhardt), 72; View on the Scheldt (Peters), 33; the Raree-Showman (W. Mieris), 200; Landscape on the Banks of a Canal (Vandervelde), 53; View on the Sea Coast near Schevening (Ditto), 155; Horses Watering (P. Wouvermans), 170; the Judgment of Paris (Rubens), 305; a Landscape (Hobbima), 280; Landscape with Cattle and Figures (Vandervelde), 300; a Hermit at Devotion (Rembrandt), 70.

Lord Carysfort, Sir F. Baring, and Alderman Hibbert, were among the purchasers, who offered most liberally.

The sales of exquisite paintings at this period in England were extremely numerous. The Revolution of France, and the sudden transitions of property throughout Europe, continued to pour into England the finest paintings from every part of the Continent. No attempt, however, was made to form a National Gallery. George the Third was absorbed in the piety of Mr. West and the portraits of Sir W.

Beechey. — Lawrence, for some years, had had little of the royal patronage. In vain had Reynolds, Barry, the first Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Desenfans, and Sir F. Bourgeois, and other enlightened men, urged the necessity of creating a National Gallery, the formation of which could have been facilitated by the unprecedented sales of great pictures in this country. Perhaps the omission was fortunate; for even now, a National Gallery seems not to be understood amongst us. The paintings in our incipient Institution have perhaps already experienced a ten-fold injury from heat and dirt, to what they would have suffered in the rooms of a private possessor.

But I revert to the paintings of Mr. Lawrence in the Exhibition of 1801.

The two portraits of the Miss Uptons in this Exhibition were much admired. Miss Caroline and Sophia Upton were the youngest daughters, and the youngest of the six children of Clotworthy Upton, Esq., created Baron Templeton, in Antrim, in 1776. At the period of these portraits being taken, they were about nineteen years of age. Their eldest brother, the present Viscount Templeton, succeeded to the title in 1785, whilst the sister immediately older than the subject of the first

portrait, married the present Marquess of Bristol, the son of the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who in Ireland, during the National Convention, became so celebrated a *Rex populi*, and whose eccentric proceedings on the Continent afterwards occasioned so much mirth. I have before alluded to his flight from Italy for throwing a tureen of soup at the head-priest of a Catholic procession passing under his window whilst he was at dinner, and annoying him with its bells: this was long a joke in that part of the world to all but the Earl himself.

But the painting that placed Mr. Lawrence above all competition this year, was his full-length portrait of Mr. John Kemble, in the character of Hamlet.

It is absurd to call this a theatrical portrait, merely because the character of Hamlet is to be found in a drama, and because the embodying of the conception of a figure is partly taken from an actor. Were an historical name given to this painting, it would be reckoned a representation of the finest form and countenance that imagination could trace. Talma used to admire exceedingly the dress of Hamlet on our stage, for its positive elegance, and for its displaying the figure; but with reference to its Italian character, and to its application to a Danish prince,

he used to say, "If I were to dress the character thus on the Parisian stage, I should be pelted off." The figure of Hamlet is full of dignity, calm, noble, and unobtrusive, whilst the countenance expresses lucid thought and solemn musings. Perhaps the expression of the face might have admitted of a more determinate character. An awe is inspired by the "inky suit," and deep gloomy background; and the light falls merely on the face and chest, and perhaps rather too strongly upon the skull held in the left hand. In the following letter, Lawrence makes an allusion to this painting:—

"THANK you, dearest Mrs. Boucherette, for your kind letter,—the pleasantest Monday sight that I can see. I expected one from my brother, and was so unnatural, that I was more glad to find it yours.

"I am very glad that, after the Two Friends, you like my Hamlet, which, except my Satan, I think my best work. I must now try, though, to give a something much better (for the low centre of your pier); for I begin to be really uneasy at finding myself so harnessed and shackled into this dry mill-horse business, which yet I must get through with steady industry, well

knowing that this is the very season of my life when it is most necessary.

"How good you are to tell me of those friends who become dearer to me every hour in my life, and, I think, in exact proportion as I begin to see the real blessings of existence, and to prize what is valuable as I ought; only I have been a dreamer, and wake too late. I have lived half my life; and though Death may not divide me from the being that I love, Circumstance (a creature of some potency) may as effectually do it, with more bitterness, if not equal sorrow. I am not fanciful enough to expect it otherwise.

"These 'high winds,' that so scatter friends, are indeed alarming. What would they be to you?—You see I have erased it.—'The dreaded picture' is not begun.

"I am glad to learn from you that Lady ——— enjoys the country so much, and hope in God she will return to you more tranquil than you say she seemed. I believe you were right in the favourable opinion of the gentleman whom we suppose the cause of her uneasiness. She could not love an unworthy object, if we looked only to the goodness of her heart; and her understanding is too enlightened to be easily deceived by appearances.

"I mean very soon to see Norbury, and shall thus meet with you again. I shall sit as near Augusta at the breakfast-table as possible, that I may have a glance at the handwritings when they come in. Lady Nelthorpe!!—Heaven be praised, dear friend, for your charity to the profligate! it must give me so constantly the benefit of your compassion. My Lady shall owe her pictures to you.

"Believe me, with the truest gratitude,

"Dear Madam, ever, ever yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

At this period Mr. Lawrence was very much with the Princess of Wales, who was residing at Blackheath.

In 1801, Turnerelli, the sculptor, was employed in giving lessons to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, at Blackheath, and having made a model of the infant daughter of Sir John Douglas, at Her Royal Highness's request, Mr. Lawrence, who had then recently finished a portrait of the Princess, on seeing the model, observed, that he had an intention to attempt the bust of a friend. He accordingly desired the clay to be put together on a modelling-board, and conveyed it to the seat of Mr. William Lock, of Norbury Park, Surrey,

and, during his visit there, took sittings of that gentleman, and produced an admirable bust in the antique style; the hair was singularly fine, in flowing tresses, and the character of the aged countenance studied with great accuracy. Several casts were made, and some of them, I have little doubt, are at present in being. This was his first, and probably his last, essay in modelling.

Sir Joshua, I believe, had made but one similar effort at modelling.

In 1802, the Exhibition contained one thousand and ninety-one works, among which I trace only one to Hoppner. Mr. Lawrence exhibited nine. These were—5, Portrait of Lady Templeton; 17, of the Marchioness of Exeter; 56, of Earl Cowper; 72, of the Princess of Wales and Princess Charlotte; 176, of Lady Cunningham; 184, of the Honourable T. Erskine; 421, of George Stonestreet, painted for the Phœnix Company; 422, of a Master in Chancery; 621, of Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls.

The first of these portraits was Lady Mary Montagu, the only daughter of the Earl of Sandwich, and who was married about five years previously to the taking of this portrait, to

Lord Templeton, the brother of the Miss Uptons, whose likenesses were exhibited in the Exhibition of 1801.

The second portrait is that of the Marchioness of Exeter, the Earl having been created a Marquis whilst the work was in progress. The lady, his Lordship's third wife, had been the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton, and was daughter of Mr. Peter Burrell, whose ancestor was standard-bearer to the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers, though he himself and his brother were in trade.

His Lordship's first marriage had been unfortunate, and his second was at least singular. Disturbed in mind at the unhappy result of his first union, he had retired to a farm-house near Shrewsbury, where he lived *incog.*, and solaced himself in rural musings. His command of money, and his want of employment, at last set the busy gossips of the neighbourhood at conjectures, and inferences were drawn not very favourable to his character and sources of indolent support. At last, his host thought of cutting acquaintance, partly on this score, and partly because the neighbourhood began to think him attached to his daughter. "But," replied the noble recluse, "what would you say, if I really loved Sarah Hoggins, and married

her?" This altered the case. The wedding was agreed upon, the parties repaired to Burghley, and until they arrived at the splendid palace of the Cecils, Sarah Hoggins had no idea that she was to be the Marchioness of Exeter.

The portraits of the Princess of Wales and Princess Charlotte opened a fine connexion for Mr. Lawrence, and it led to an intimacy between him and her Royal Highness, to which it will be necessary to advert, hereafter.

The portrait of Mr. Erskine was remarkably expressive of his energy of character, and the fire and spirit of his countenance seemed to give animation to his body.

In 1803, Mr. Lawrence produced but five works, and all of them portraits: the contents of the Exhibition amounted to one thousand and twenty-eight works. Mr. Lawrence's paintings were—21, Portrait of the Right Honourable Lord Thurlow;* 64, of Lady C. Hamilton; 105, of the Right Honourable W. Wyndham; 127, of the Honourable Miss Lamb; 182, of Lady C. Campbell.

The reason of thus falling below the average of his annual number, is not be ascertained. In the following letter to his friend Mr. Lysons, he

* This, I believe, was the last portrait taken of the first Lord Thurlow; he died in the year 1806.

makes a humorous allusion to the alarm of an invasion, which the Government then kept up among the people.

"Greek Street, Oct. 19, 1803.

"MY DEAR LYSONS,

"I HAVE been very neglectful in not answering your kind letter sooner, which indeed I should have done, to have learnt how you were after your accident, but that Farington informed me you were recovered. I spent the evening last night at Mrs. Hughes's, and she, as well as Mr. F., speaks in raptures of your pleasant situation—to me no pleasant language, who, I fear, must wait for another year before I can enjoy the same pleasure. My time here is so occupied, that my visit to Bath is given up.

"I have no news to tell you. You are pretty certain, I suppose, of Bonaparte's finishing the country before you do, and of that slight transfer of property which will make Hempsted very convenient to some French general, or pleasant barracks for his soldiers. Leave the pictures, for they respect the arts. I mean to write over my door, Milton's sonnet with a trifling alteration.* We are here all in the

* His eighth sonnet written "when the assault was intended to the City."

dismals, and this being Fast-day, I am going to eat beaf-steaks with Kemble at Jemmy Curtis's brewhouse!—Pray give my best respects to your brother and sister, and believe me ever, my dear friend,

"Yours, with the greatest truth and esteem,

"T. LAWRENCE."

In the succeeding letter to his sister, the account he gives of his taking a part in the private theatricals of the Marquis of Abercorn at the Priory, at once refutes the absurd but defamatory stories that have been circulated about his dissipating his time upon the stage.

"Greek Street, Jan. 28, 1803.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,

"I AM very much concerned to find that your painful illness is not quite subdued, and that you still suffer from it. I have no medicine to send to you; none to advise but patient endurance, which you have already, and that consciousness of deserving every good which will support you under every evil. Few can feel it, and those few are the most unwilling to acknowledge that they can. I remember the time when I thought you had perhaps too much spirit; but too much of animal spirits is, I suppose, when joined with solid principle, as necessary in youth, as a too

fertile imagination is in genius. The demands which age and middle life have upon both, would else be coldly answered. You have played a noble part in life, and will have a much better right to claim the plaudits of your friends than the wise hypocrite of whom the vanity is recorded. I am writing from a moralizing chair stuffed with blankets. William has perhaps informed you, that I have had a trifling fever, from which, in a few days, I shall be quite recovered. How I caught it I don't exactly know, nor indeed does it matter, since I am getting rid of it.

"You have seen in the papers an account of a theatrical fête at the Marquis of Abercorn's. Shall I give you a little account of it? It was projected by a woman of great cleverness and beauty, Lady Caher—very young and full of talent, with Lady Abercorn, and the rest of the female party; and of course it was acceded to by Lord Abercorn, who, whatever character of pride the world may have given him, is just as pleasant and kind and gentlemanly with his family and friends, as a man can be.

"It was determined to do it in a quiet way, and more as an odd experiment of the talents of the party, than any thing else;—but this and that friend would be offended;—and at

last it swelled up to a perfect theatre (in a room) and a London audience.

"The Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Melbourne (their sons of the party), Lord and Lady Essex, Lord and Lady Amherst, with a long *et cetera*, and, amongst the rest, Sheridan, were present!

"A Play was at first thought of, and I was for Miss Bailey's Comedy, "The Trial;" one slightly spoken of by the world, but which, I am sure, Mr. Homer would like for its truly natural dialogue and character;—perhaps, for the great stage more incident may be necessary, but not where the characters are nicely and accurately acted. At last, however, the pieces fixed upon were the "Wedding Day," and "Who's the Dupe?" In the first, the characters were thus:

Sir Adam Contest .	Mr. J. Madox.
Mr. Milden . . .	Mr. Madox.
Lord Rakeland . .	Your Brother.
Mr. Contest . . .	Mr. G. Lamb.

Ladies.

Lady Contest . . .	Lady Caher.
Hannah	Hon. Miss Butler.
Mrs. ——	Mrs. J. Kemble.
Lady Autumn . . .	Lady C. Lindsey.

Who's the Dupe?

Old Doiley . . .	Mr. J. Madox.
Sandford	Mr. Lamb.
Grainger	Your Brother.
Gradus	Mr. G. Lamb.
Servants	The Lords Hamilton.

Ladies.

Miss Doiley . . .	Hon. Miss Butler.
Charlotte . . .	Mrs. J. Kemble.

"I was obliged to be in town, and at first neglected my parts, but not being coxcomb enough to do it wholly, I made good sail at the last, and was perfect. The day at last came, and was very pleasant from all its distractions and inconveniences. The Prince was to dine at six, and in the same room that the performers dined in, who of course had an earlier hour, half-past three. We all sat down like a Rugby school party, but rather more vociferous, huzzaed our Manager, and hissed our Hostess off for talking of the Prince and hours. At last the dressing, &c. ended. The orchestra, behind the scenes, sat down: Lady Harriet Hamilton played the organ, — Lady Maria, the pianoforte,—Lady Catherine the tambourine; Mr. Lamb, Lord Melbourne's eldest son, (a performer) Mr. Madox, Violoncello. First Violin,

and two others, hired. A most perfect orchestra, with admirable scenery, and light as day.

The Prince then came in, and of course the orchestra struck up, God save the King; then a little terrifying bell rang, the curtain drew up, and the Wedding Day began. At first, I will own to you, Sheridan's face, the grave Duke of Devonshire, and two or three staunch critics, made me feel unpleasantly; for I opened the piece. However, this soon wore off. Our set all played extremely well, like persons of good sense, without extravagance or buffoonery, and yet with sufficient spirit. Lady Caher, Mr. J. Madox, and G. Lamb were the most conspicuous; the first so beautiful, that I felt love-making very easy.

A splendid supper closed the business, and the Prince, the Devonshires, Melbournes, Westmorelands, &c. slept at the Priory.

Wednesday it was determined to act it again; but I have unfortunately prevented it by my illness, and they knew of it only on the morning; so that I occasioned great inconvenience, and have just been of consequence enough to frustrate a pleasant scheme. At Easter, if not before, it will be done again. You know me too well, dear Anne, to believe that I should be of such a scheme, under any but very flattering

circumstances; as it is, I was right to join it. Lord Abercorn is an old Jermyn Street friend —a staunch and honourable one, and particularly kind to me in real services and very gratifying distinctions. These all formed one strong reason for joining in the thing; and another secret one was, that whatever tends to heighten a character for general talent (when kept in prudent bounds) is of use to that particular direction of it which forms the pursuit of life. I have gained, then, and not lost by this (to you) singular step. I am not going to be a performer in other families. I stick to Lord Abercorn's; and, for the rest, I pursue my profession as quietly and more steadily than ever.

"Adieu, dear, dear Anne,

"Ever your attached Brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Mr. Bernard the actor, who has published two witty volumes of all the good things he ever heard or saw, and of all the clever people he ever knew,* notices the father of Mr. Lawrence, and speaks of his son's design to adopt

* *Vide* one of the most amusing of recent publications, —Retrospections of the Stage, by the late Mr. John Bernard, Chap. iii. vol. 2.

the Stage as his profession. Considering that the father was always exhibiting him as a spouter, and introducing him to the players, such a transient wish of a lively, clever boy was almost unavoidable. The story is of some interest. Mr. Bernard says—

"Lawrence not only used to entertain his friends at home round a snug parlour fire, with his readings, but whenever a new play was announced, would come over to Bath and proffer his services to the actors to read their parts —a kindness which some who intended to sponge at his house would accept, but others of more dignity declined."—"But Lawrence, at this time, owed all his notoriety to his son Tom, a boy of about nine years of age, who exhibited a wonderful precocity of talents at taking likenesses. His father, however, had taught him to read Shakspeare and Milton with considerable effect, and considered his ability in this respect (since it proceeded from himself) of a much higher order than the former, which was natural. Nevertheless, a distinction between the two was, that, as a reader, little Tom was but little Tom—a very clever child at nine years of age, whilst, as a sketcher of likenesses, he disclosed the future powers of the President.

"There was something about little Lawrence, however, which excited the surprise of the most casual observer. He was a perfect man in miniature. His confidence and self-possession smacked of one-and-twenty. Lawrence frequently brought his boy to the Green-room, and we would set him on a table and make him recite Hamlet's directions to the players. On one of these occasions, Henderson was present, and expressed much gratification. The little fellow, in return for our civilities and flatteries, was desirous to take our likenesses, the first time we came to Devizes, and Edwin and myself afforded him an opportunity soon after, on one of our non-play-day's excursion. After dinner, Lawrence proposed giving us a reading as usual, but Tom reminded him of our promise. We preferred a specimen of his talents, as being most novel. The young artist collected his materials very quickly, and essayed my visage the first. In about ten minutes, he produced a faithful delineation in crayon, which for many years I kept as a curiosity. He next attempted Edwin's, who, startled at the boy's ability, resolved in (his usual way) to perplex him.

"No man had a more flexible countenance than Edwin. It was not only well featured, but well muscled, if I may be allowed the expres-

sion, which enabled him to throw over its surface, as on a moral prism, all the colours of expression, minutely blending or powerfully contrasting. He accordingly commenced his sitting, by settling his face into a sober and rather serious aspect, and when the young artist had taken its outline and come to the eyes, he began gradually, but imperceptibly, to extend and change it, raising his brows, compressing his lips, and widening his mouth, till his face wore the expression of brightness and gaiety. Tom no sooner perceived the change, than he started in supreme wonder, attributing it to a defect in his own vision. The first outline was accordingly abandoned, and a second commenced. Tom was now more particular, and watched him narrowly, but Edwin, feature by feature, and muscle by muscle, so completely ran, what might have been called the gamut of his countenance (as the various components of its harmony), that the boy drew and rubbed out, till his hand fell by his side, and he stood silently looking in Edwin's face, to discover, if possible, its true expression. Edwin could not long maintain his composure at his scrutiny, and revealed the hoax with a burst of merriment and mimic thunder.*

* Probably Edwin was, of the class, as perfect an actor as

"Little Tom could not take up Shakspeare or Milton and read at random. He had been instructed in particular speeches, and to those he referred. There was one in Milton (Satan's Address to the Sun) he had long wished to learn, but his father, from an apprehension that his mind was yet unequal to this grasp, had passed it over. Tom had listened, nevertheless, whenever the former had read it to a friend, and surprised his father not slightly with the news that he could imitate him. A family in Devizes, who were well known to Lawrence, giving a party one evening, requested the favour of his son's company for his readings; Lawrence consented, but on condition that Tom was not requested to select other than his own passages.

we ever possessed. This trick upon young Lawrence has very often been played, but never with more quiet humour than by Garrick and Foote, upon the simple Gainsborough, when he first came to London. Poor Gainsborough stood with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, watching the two, to him unknown, gentlemen, down stairs; and when the door was shut, he began to mutter to himself—"Rot those two fellows!—I begin to believe them two rogues.—As to that little fellow, (Garrick,) he has every body's face but his own;"—and thus proceeded the suspicious and irritated artist, till he wrought himself up to the resolution, that "they were London rogues," and that they should never enter his house again.

He then cautioned his boy against attempting any thing in which he was not perfect, and particularly the Address of Satan. In the evening, Tom walked to the house, with Milton and Shakspeare under his arm, and was shewn in to the company with the utmost attention.

"When the complimenting was over, he was asked, what recitation he preferred in Milton. He replied, 'Satan's Address to the Sun;' but that his father would not permit him to give it. For that reason, they were particularly eager to hear it, as they wished to discover whether Tom was a mere parrot, or a prodigy. His dutiful scruples, however, were not to be overcome, till they had promised to obtain his father's forgiveness. He then turned to the forbidden page, and a written slip of paper dropped from it; a gentleman picked it up, and read it aloud, 'Tom, mind you don't touch Satan.'

"My reader must conceive the effect which the wording of this caution produced on the hearers. Tom, however, did have dealings with Satan, and handled him, as I was informed, with great discretion.

"As young Lawrence grew up, his Shakspearian readings, and his frequent visits to the theatre, imbued him with a strong dramatic propensity. About his sixteenth year, he had

serious intentions of making the Stage his profession. I was now in Bath once more, but with a wonderful improvement in my fame and fortunes. No man could be more favourably situated than myself (combining private with public advantages) to give advice and assistance to an aspirant; and the young artist needed no introduction in coming to me for both. I heard him recite Jaffier, and though a private recitation, I will admit, is an imperfect criterion, I did not perceive, on this occasion, any evidence of talent he could balance against that which he was acknowledged to possess in his present pursuit. I desired him, however, to call on me again, and said that, in the interim, I would speak to Mr. Palmer. In the interim, I met his father, and felt myself bound to disclose what had passed. Lawrence had failed in his business at Devizes, and was looking forward to his son's efforts for support. Knowing, from experience, the precarious fortunes of an actor, and, by this time, the value of his son's talents, he was necessarily alarmed at my intelligence, and begged I would use all my influence in dissuading him from his design. I knew young Lawrence's filial attachment, which, among his acquaintance, was indeed proverbial, and I suggested that the best plan would be, to

achieve the desired object by a surprise. I appointed Lawrence therefore to come to my house the next morning about twelve, with some friends, and sent word to his son to meet me there about half an hour after. I then went to Mr. Palmer, told him the circumstance, and requested his co-operation. He promised it most freely, and agreed to attend the rendezvous at the time appointed.

"By half-past twelve the next day, all the parties were assembled, old Lawrence and his friends in the back-parlour, young Lawrence, Mr. Palmer, and myself, in the front. The Manager was no sooner introduced, than, with great adroitness, he desired a specimen of young Lawrence's abilities, and took his seat at one end of the room. I proposed the opening scene between Priuli and Jaffier, and one between Jaffier and Belvidera.

"We accordingly commenced, I Priuli, and he Jaffier; and he proceeded very perfectly till the well-known speech of—'To me you owe her.' He came to the line—

> 'I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms;
> Indeed you thank'd me; but'—

but here Jaffier stammered, and became stationary. I held the book, but would not assist him; and he re-commenced and stopped, reite-

rated and hemmed, till his father, who had heard him with growing impatience, could contain his vexation no longer, but, pushing open the door, thrust in his head, and prompted him to the sentence—

——' a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul, for from that hour she loved me,
Till, for her life, she paid me with herself.'

then added—' You play Jaffier, Tom! — d—— me, if they suffer you to murder a conspirator!'

" The whole party now made their appearance, and began to remonstrate, when Mr. Palmer, taking young Lawrence by the hand, assured him, in the most friendly manner, that he would do any thing to serve him, but that it was his conviction, that he did not possess those advantages which would render the Stage a safe undertaking. This address did not produce an instantaneous effect. It was obvious that the young artist entertained a reverse opinion. A conversation now ensued, in which I abusing the life of an actor, and other friends painting the prospects of a painter, young Lawrence at length became convinced, but remarked, with a sigh, that if he could have gone on the stage, he might have assisted his family, much sooner than by his present employments.

" My reader can appreciate the affection of

this sentiment; but I am unable to describe its delivery, or the effect it took upon every person present. Passing over, therefore, the scene that ensued, I will only add, that young Lawrence went away, renouncing his intentions and retaining his friends.

"It is certainly one of my pleasantest recollections, that by thus lending my aid to check this early propensity, (which, if encouraged, must have led to a renouncement of the pencil,) I was an agent, however humble or indirect, in the furtherance of my worthy friend's ultimate prosperity."

But I revert to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House for this year, 1803. A writer on the arts at that period observed, upon its opening—"The Exhibition is, on the whole, highly creditable to the artists. Its principal excellence is in portraits and landscapes; indeed, there is almost a total absence of the higher departments. History-painting and marine subjects are very scarce. Defective, however, as the Exhibition is in these particulars, we cannot but wish it was yet more deficient; for the specimens produced in these walks of the art, do little honour either to the art itself or the artists by whom they are executed:—though exhibiting much excellence, it contains

also great defects. There is a false, showy, meretricious taste gaining ground with men, otherwise of considerable note, which, under the sanction of their name, may do considerable injury to the true and classical taste of the rising generation of artists. The evil of this corruption of taste, in alliance as it is with great abilities, cannot be too strongly reprobated and resisted. If this taste be right, all that we have hitherto loved and revered in the art is wrong; we must tread back our steps, and cast aside the lessons which the most celebrated masters of antiquity have given us. Lawrence has one excellent portrait that cannot be praised too much—that of Lord Thurlow. It is a true effigy, and represents the leading features of that nobleman's character,—a shrewd, perspicacious, and vigorous mind, distinguished, as it has been, for a strong and systematic judgment. His women have, in general, much of the gaudy dissoluteness of taste that we noticed above, and sometimes trespass on moral, as well as on professional chastity." *

This charge of a gaudy dissoluteness must have prceeded from the atrabilarious views of the critic, for it is totally foreign to Lawrence's

* This latter observation had emanated from Hoppner, who had repeatedly made it in very coarse language.

style; nor did he ever paint to the imagination such voluptuous pictures as were exhibited by Romney, Hoppner, and even Sir Joshua Reynolds. None of his portraits in this Exhibition became popular.

The year 1803 was full of memorable commotions in the Academy; but it does not appear that Lawrence imbibed the bitter spirit of the disputes, or at all entered into the cabals of the artists. Had the Sovereign equally abstained from interference, it would not have occasioned any regret with men of honour and independent spirit. The disputes in an Academy of Art may be better settled by appeals to reason and by the refined feelings indigenous to the arts, than by the rescript of royal authority.

The following quotations from the works of that period, will afford a fair view of the case:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET-PLACE.

"APRIL 15, 1803.—The Council of the Royal Academy feel themselves compelled to notice a paragraph in The Morning Post of yesterday, of an unwarrantable kind, levelled at the President, and the Royal Academy at large. The circumstances which occasioned the paragraph are as follow:—Mr. West sent, for the Exhibition, an historical picture, represent-

ing Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness. On the first view of the picture, a member of the council expressed his opinion of its having been previously exhibited, although the words 'B. West, 1803,' were on the face thereof. The next morning, the same member having examined former catalogues, found that a picture of the same subject had been exhibited in 1776. This circumstance led to farther investigation, and the words "B. West, 1776," were observed in another part of the picture, but without any obliteration whatever: the Secretary was directed to communicate these circumstances immediately to Mr. West in writing, which, in the hurry of preparing for the exhibition, he omitted to do, and it is to be observed, that the first intimation Mr. West had of the paragraph in question, was through the medium of an Evening Paper (the Courier), sent to him at the Royal Academy yesterday evening, being the first time his health had permitted him to attend since the pictures were sent for the exhibition.

"The newspapers referred to state, 'The Members of the Council, indignant at the deception, regarded each other for some time with silent astonishment.' This circumstance the Council positively deny. The illness of the

President naturally suggested itself to the Council as the cause of the mistake, a mistake which deprives the exhibition of the picture, as the usual practice of the Academy expressly forbids the second exhibition of any picture whatever.

"It is necessary to observe, that Mr. West states, that he is in the habit of altering and repainting his pictures, adding the date of the year in which the alterations are made. Upon this principle, the picture of Hagar and Ishmael has been altered, and in a great degree repainted, and the name and year 1803 added."

"J. S. COPLEY, Dep. Chairman,
"JOHN SOANE,
"F. BOURGEOIS,
"I. M. W. TURNER,
"CHARLES ROSSI,
"OZIAS HUMPHRY."

It would be useless to enter farther into the history of this case than to state, that the Council was opposed by an appeal to the general assembly of the Academicians, and that Mr. Wyatt was appointed to the Presidency, in lieu of Mr. West.*

* Mr. Fuseli, and Mr., now Sir M. A. Shee, distinguished themselves in this controversy. On the ballot for the re-

At the annual meeting of the Academy in the ensuing December, to elect the officers for the following year, the subjoined statement will explain how these differences were settled by the wand of royal authority.

"ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Saturday evening, a General Assembly of the Academicians was held at Somerset House, for the purpose of choosing officers for the ensuing year, and receiving his Majesty's commands on the subject of the late contentions in the Society. His Majesty, after disapproving of the conduct of the General Assembly, directs the Secretary to re-enter the Resolutions of Council of May last, which had been expunged by the order of the General Assembly. His Majesty then expresses his full approbation of the conduct of the suspended members of Council, and commands the Secretary to expunge from the books of the Royal Academy all the Resolutions of the General Assembly on the first of this month. His Majesty also commands his communications to be entered in the books of the Academy, and

election of the President, Fuseli had written the name of Mrs. Moser, indicating that an old lady was a fit rival to Mr. West. Mrs. Moser was attached to Fuseli, who, disregarding her, was in love with Angelica Kauffman, and many cross-readings took place between them.

strongly recommends harmony and good will to its members."

"The Royal recommendation to harmony operated most powerfully. Mr. West immediately arose, and after assuring the meeting of the purity of all his intentions, declared that, in every thing he had done, his object had been to support the dignity of the Academy, and to restore harmony to its distracted councils. The Secretary followed in the same strain; and, after a few observations from Mr. Farington and Mr. Smirke, the Assembly then proceeded to the election of officers. Those of last year were nearly all re-chosen; the President then recalled to the attention of the General Meeting, his Majesty's paternal recommendation and desire to see peace and harmony established in the Society, whereupon all the members (two excepted) instantly rose, joined hands, and declared that, in future, sincerity and friendship should reign amongst them."*

It would be attributing very little sagacity to the reader, to point out the impropriety of the interference between a council and an ap-

* This must strongly bring to mind the satire in LE DIABLE BOITEUX, where, it is said — we were reconciled, shook hands, embraced, and hated each other ever after.

peal to the general body of any institution; but Mr. West's speech was very little to the honour of those whom he addressed; for his conduct having been to support the dignity of the Academy, a royal command, to give weight to that conduct, in opposition to the vote of a general assembly, implied that that assembly was indifferent to its dignity, or too dull of comprehension to follow the right way of attaining it, until that way was enforced by a royal mandate.

I must add the following statements of the schisms which prevailed at this period, respecting the distribution of medals and prizes:—

In February 1803, the Royal Academy fixed the subjects for the premiums to be given, on the 10th of December following, for the best designs in painting, sculpture, and architecture. Some days previous to the deciding on the merit of the works offered, each candidate was to attend at the Academy, to make a sketch of a given subject, in the presence of the Keeper or Secretary.

Several councils had been called to determine the subjects for the sketches; but, from the versatility of some of the members, no resolution had been come to. At a Council held on the 19th of August, expressly to determine the

question respecting the sketches, the President and two of the members opposed the giving any premiums this year; contending, that, as the proceedings of the Academy had been interrupted, and the time passed by, no medals ought to be given. Other members (recollecting they had been young, and candidates also,) could not help feeling for the young students; and, after a very long debate, the President and his friends were overruled; and it was determined to give three medals on Saturday, the 24th of December.

The students, three in painting, one in sculpture, and two in architecture, were directed to attend; they accordingly did so, made their sketches, and thereby complied with the directions of the Council.

The General Assembly met to determine the premiums on the 23rd, when, in opposition to the vote of the Council, August 19th, and to the astonishment of some of the members, it again became a question whether any premiums should be given.

Mr. Farington moved a ballot thereon.

Mr. Soane objected, and stated, if it must now be a question, it should be determined by holding up of hands; this was overruled, and a ballot took place, when it was determined to give premiums.

The Assembly then proceeded to ballot for the successful candidates, which being completed, the ballots were sealed up, to be opened on the evening of giving the premiums.

On Saturday the 24th, the General Assembly met at seven o'clock for that purpose, when the President declared a gold medal would be given for the best painting, and another for sculpture, but none for either of the designs in architecture.

Mr. Farington stated, that on questions of architecture, himself, and those who acted with him, being painters, were always determined by the opinions of architects; and that, on the present occasion, he had consulted a member of that body, who had been in the room a few minutes that morning, and declared the designs utterly unworthy of a premium.

Mr. Soane replied, by regretting the absence of Mr. Dance, the member probably alluded to, whose opinion, he feared, had been misunderstood! and so far from agreeing in that opinion, after mature and impartial consideration, he solemnly declared the two designs in question were, in his judgment, entitled to great praise, and in no respect inferior to any yet presented to the Academy; while the sketches were, if possible, still stronger proofs

of the zeal and merit of the artist. He felt for the credit of the institution, and was alive to the situation of the students, whose names had not been declared, and which he had no clue to guess at; he deprecated the injustice and cruelty of acting on a hasty decision, and lamented the evils that must follow such a flagrant violation of the laws of the Academy. He entreated the meeting to postpone, at least for a few days, the farther consideration of the designs in architecture. He conceived, in fairness, this request would be admitted, particularly when it was recollected, that out of forty Academicians, there were only four architects, Messrs. Dance, Soane, Wyatt, and Yenn; and that Mr. Dance, who had only taken a cursory view of the designs for a few minutes, was not present; that Mr. Wyatt was out of town; and Mr. Soane and Mr. Yenn fully decided respecting the merits of the designs in architecture.

Mr. Soane then proposed a motion for delaying the farther consideration of the subject, and that a General Assembly should be called for that purpose. This question, on a ballot, was lost by a decided majority.

In this year, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle was appointed the Secretary to the Antiquarian So-

ciety, the number of votes being, for Mr. Carlisle, 125, Mr. Dibdin, 77, and Mr. Cox, 15.

In the ensuing year, 1804, the Exhibition of the Royal Academy fell off to nine hundred and sixty-eight works, and Mr. Lawrence contributed only the six following:—17, Portrait of Mrs. C. Thelluson and Child; 25, Mrs. Williams; 110, J. P. Kemble, Esq.; 121, J. Curtis, Esq.; 157, Sir James Macintosh; 193, Mrs. Siddons.

In the year 1805, the number of works exhibited at the Royal Academy fell off to eight hundred and thirteen, and the arts appeared to retrograde amongst us. The whole country was absorbed by one subject,—the war with France, which assumed features, and inflamed the passions of all classes, in a manner unprecedented in a civilized nation.

There was one other topic of public conversation, which was daily assuming appearances of a serious nature. The differences between the Prince of Wales and the Princess occasioned considerable inconveniences to the higher classes of society, and the public began to take a warm interest in the subject. The King and the nation espoused the cause of the Princess, who resided with her daughter at Blackheath.

Since Mr. Lawrence had taken the portraits

of the Princess and the Princess Charlotte, in 1802, he had become very intimate at Montague House, Blackheath, and fame was busy in attributing his visits to improper motives. Whether suspicions of this nature are indigenous to our national character, or were produced, in this instance, by the disturbance of the public mind upon this subject, certain it is, that Mr. Lawrence was extremely annoyed at the detractions circulated respecting him. His amiable manners and cheerful conversation must, among the society of Montague House, have been a solace and an inestimable acquisition to a lady circumstanced so unhappily as the Princess. A prurient disposition to slander, upon such subjects, may deprive men or females of all society but that of their own sex, and rob the middle and decline of life of its most innocent and best associations.

To such a degree was Mr. Lawrence annoyed on the subject, that in the ensuing year, 1806, when, what was termed the Delicate Investigation was pending, he offered himself to any scrutiny that the Commissioners might wish to subject him to. Upon the Commissioners making their report to the King, on 14th July 1806, though the Princess was fully acquitted of criminality, her manners and conduct were

impugned as of more levity than was acceptable in the society of this country. As this last opinion or charge of levity, alluded to the Princess's conduct towards Mr. Lawrence and another gentleman, the former was so ill-advised as to make the following affidavit upon the subject:

AFFIDAVIT OF THOMAS LAWRENCE, ESQ.

"I, Thomas Lawrence, swear, that in the year 1801, I did sleep several nights at Montague House, and that, frequently, between the close of the day's sitting and her Royal Highness dressing for dinner, I was alone with the Princess. That I saw her in the evening, and remained till twelve, one, or two o'clock, but never alone, except in one single instance, and that for a short time, when I remained with her Royal Highness in the blue-room, or drawing-room, as I remember, to answer some questions that had been put to me. I cannot recollect the particulars, but solemnly declare, that I have not the least objection for all the world to have heard or seen what took place; that I never was alone with her Royal Highness in any other place; that I never was with the door locked, bolted, or fastened, otherwise than in the common and usual manner, which leaves it

in the power of any person on the outside to open it. So help me God.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Hatton Garden, 24th Sept. 1806."

In Lawrence's correspondence with a lady of the Household, by whose prudence he often modified his conduct, he had certainly impressed her with a notion, that the Princess of Wales was much more partial to his society than to that of her other visitors; but this might be true, without any inference of impropriety. Upon the Report of the Commission being duly read and discussed, the King wrote to his daughter-in-law his full conviction of her thorough innocence, and he ordered her accusers to be indicted for perjury: they were screened from the hand of justice. The oppressor and the oppressed, and the issue of their ill-starred union, have gone to their final count, and the subject is alluded to, only in as much as it involves the name of Lawrence.

The evidence of William Cole, a servant to the Princess, taken at Lord Grenville's house in Downing Street, on June 6, 1806, implicated Mr. Lawrence on all the facts which he (Lawrence) denied in his affidavit before the magistrate at Hatton Garden. Thomas Stikeman, a

Page of the Princess, in his evidence taken before Lord Grenville, contradicted Cole, in all points respecting Mr. Lawrence, as other witnesses had contradicted him with respect to Sir Sidney Smith and Captain Manby. The four Commissioners, Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, in their report of June 14, 1806, to the King, (George III.) attach to the Princess a levity of conduct with Captain Manby, but make no such allusion to Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence's affidavit was sent as a voucher, with the defence of the Princess, transmitted to the King on October 2, 1806, and in which her Royal Highness, after commenting upon the inconsistencies and self-contradictions of the witnesses, thus proceeds with respect to Mr. Lawrence:—

"What I recollect, then, is as follows:—He began a large picture of me and of my daughter, towards the latter end of the year 1800, or the beginning of 1801. Miss Garth and Miss Hayman were in the house with me at the time. The picture was painted at Montague House. Mr. Lawrence mentioned to Miss Hayman his wish to be permitted to remain some few nights in the house, that, by early rising, he might begin painting on the picture,

before the Princess Charlotte (who, as her residence was at that time at Shooter's Hill, was enabled to come early) or myself came to sit. It was a similar request to that which had been made by Sir William Beechey, when he painted my picture. And I was sensible of no impropriety when I granted the request to either of them. Mr. Lawrence occupied the same room which had been occupied by Sir William Beechey; it was at the other end of the house from my apartment.

"At that time, Mr. Lawrence did not dine with me; his dinner was served in his own room. After dinner, he came down to the room where I and my ladies generally sat in an evening. Sometimes there was music, in which he joined, and sometimes he read poetry. Parts of Shakspeare's plays I particularly remember, from his reading them very well; and sometimes he played chess with me. It frequently may have happened, that it was one or two o'clock before I dismissed Mr. Lawrence and my ladies. They, together with Mr. Lawrence, went out at the same door, up the same staircase, and at the same time. According to my own recollection, I should have said, that in no one instance had they left Mr. Lawrence behind them alone with me. But, I suppose, it did

happen, once, for a short time, since Mr. Lawrence so recollects it, as your Majesty will perceive from his deposition, which I annex. He stayed in my house two or three nights together, but how many nights, in the whole, I do not recollect. The picture left my house by April 1801, and Mr. Lawrence never slept at my house afterwards. That picture now belongs to Lady Townshend. He has since completed another picture of me; and, about a year and a half ago he began another, which remains at present unfinished. I believe it is near a twelvemonth since I last sat to him.

"Mr. Lawrence lives upon a footing of the greatest intimacy with the neighbouring families of Mr. Lock and Mr. Angerstein, and I have asked him sometimes to dine with me to meet them. While I was sitting to him at my own house, I have no doubt I must often have sat to him alone, as the necessity for the precaution of having an attendant, as a witness to protect my honour from suspicion, certainly never occurred to me. And upon the same principle, I do not doubt that I may have sometimes continued in conversation with him after he had finished painting. But when sitting in his own house, I have always been attended with one of my ladies. And, indeed, nothing

in the examinations states the contrary. One part of Mrs. Lisle's examination seems as if she had a question put to her, upon the supposition that I had been left alone with Mr. Lawrence at his own house; to which she answers, that she indeed had left me there, but that she *thinks* she left Mrs. Fitzgerald with me."

It is, however, but justice to state, that one of the ladies mentioned by the Princess, in a private letter in my possession, alludes, in very affectionate terms, to the great danger that Mr. Lawrence was in "of losing his head."—Mr. Lawrence's servant was examined. Shortly after, Lord Eldon, in conversation with Mr. Lawrence, said to him, "Sir, you are a very fortunate man, indeed." "Why so, my Lord?" "Because you have the most faithful, clever, and prudent servant, who has served you cunningly,—at the hour of need."

But reverting to the Exhibition of 1805, it included only five works from the pencil of this artist. These were—96, Portrait of the Honourable C. Grey; 156, Lord Amherst; 157, H. Hoare, Esq.; 195, Lady E. Foster; 219, the Bishop of Gloucester.

The first of these was the portrait of the present Lord Grey, then second to only Mr. C. Fox, as a luminous statesman and orator, in

the House of Commons. Mr. Grey was now terminating his splendid career of twenty-one years as a commoner in the Lower House; for two years after he acquired his order of Earl Grey, and one year after, he had become Lord de Howick by courtesy.

The subject of the second portrait, Lord Amherst, was William Pitt Amherst, the recent and celebrated Governor General of India, and he was elevated to the rank of Earl from that of Baron in the succeeding year, 1806. At the period of this portrait being taken, his Lordship was only twenty-eight years of age.

The Lady Elizabeth Foster, whose portrait was exhibited this year, from the pencil of Lawrence, was the last Duchess of Devonshire, and long a star of fashion in England, and, since the Duke's death, as well known in Italy. She was painted as a Sibyl with a broken column immediately behind her, and a view of the temple of Tivoli in the background. This temple, called the Sibyls' temple, had been purchased by the lady's father, the Earl of Bristol, from the innkeeper on whose premises the temple stands. It was the design of this eccentric nobleman to take the temple to pieces, and to transport it to Ireland, where he intended to erect it, as a picturesque and classic

ruin, on the confines of a bog which was his property. As soon as the papal government was convinced of this design, it prohibited the removal, alleging, that all ancient remains were the national property, and not to be claimed by the owners of the ground on which they stood.

Her Ladyship was the daughter of the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, whose erratic career has already been so often adverted to. She had been married to John Thomas Foster, Esq., who died in 1809. She afterwards espoused the friend of Fox, the popular whig Duke of Devonshire, whose first wife, the celebrated and beautiful daughter of the Earl Spencer, had died in 1806.

The last portrait, the Bishop of Gloucester, was Dr. J. Huntingford.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged merit of Mr. Lawrence, and that he had now nearly acquired the acmé of his art, which afterwards elevated him to the first in the first rank of living artists, as yet his titled patronage had been small, compared to that bestowed upon his rivals. Beechey absorbed all the patronage in portraits from Buckingham Palace, while that of Carlton House continued to be poured upon Hoppner, who now revived to his full proportions.

In the next year, 1806, the Exhibition still had a numerical paucity of works. They amounted to only nine hundred and thirty-six, and of these only six were sent in by Mr. Lawrence. But in this year Mr. Lawrence had to paint a posthumous portrait of Mr. Pitt, though it was not finished, or at least exhibited, for two years after.

The portraits he exhibited in 1806 were—35, Portrait of Lord Ellenborough; 72, Sir Joseph Banks; 91, a Fancy Group; 125, the Earl of Malmesbury; 137, William Baker, Esq.; 176, Miss Reddell.

Lord Ellenborough, who had been raised to the peerage in 1802, on his succeeding Lord Kenyon as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was now in the height of his professional fame, and in the full vigour of his extraordinary powers. The severity of his countenance, like that of Lord Thurlow, equally gave scope for a fine, vigorous portrait, and the success of Lawrence was complete. This portrait was engraved.

The second portrait, of Sir Joseph Banks, has long graced the walls of the British Museum, and for its breadth and depth, its rich full tone, its freedom of touch and identity of likeness, it is one of the best of Mr. Lawrence's works.

It is now engraving, as one of the best ornaments to Lodge's Portrait Gallery.

Of the third portrait, the subject was the first Earl of Malmsbury, who had been raised to the peerage, in consequence of his alleged acuteness and profound skill in political diplomacy, a science in which our country has not been celebrated. His Lordship was the son of the author of Hermes. He had resided in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and from his habit of reading at night in bed, his house was burnt down, and some of his family with difficulty, and in a state of nudity, escaped from the flames. Upon the site of this house was built that which became the residence of Mr. J. Kemble. At the period of this portrait, his Lordship had possessed his title only six years, and he was in the zenith of his fame. He lived for fourteen years after, dying in 1820. Whatever were his diplomatic talents, they were called into exertion at a period when they were peculiarly necessary; for he had to cope with the most bold, original, and powerful statesmen of the French revolution. It may be no proof of his merit, but the views his Lordship took, or was instructed to take, of foreign affairs, ended in our losing every object for which we had to contend, and in elevating our enemies to the height of power.

CHAPTER VII.

The Exhibition of 1807.—Portrait of the Hon. Berkeley Paget.—The group of the Baring family.—Anecdotes of the families of Paget and Baring.—Criticisms upon the latter Painting.—Committee of Taste.—Public Monuments.—National Sculpture.—Porcelain Vases.—Death of Mr. Opie.—The Exhibition of 1808.—Portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen.—Portrait of Mr. Pitt.—Busts of Mr. Pitt.—Sir A. Carlisle elected Professor of Anatomy to the Academy.—The Exhibition of 1809.—Jealousies of Artists.—Lectures at the Roman Academy of St. Luke against detraction.—The Exhibition of 1810.—Portrait of Lord Castlereagh.—Political Criticisms.—Mr. Perry and the Morning Chronicle.—Portrait of Mr. Canning; difficulties of taking his likeness.—Portrait of Lord Melville.—His Lordship's anecdote of the popular Orator.—Reflections upon the anecdote.—Analogous cases.—Death of Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park.—His character.—Death of Mr. Hoppner.—Mr. Lawrence's private letters on those occasions.—His prices of portraits raised.—The Exhibition of the Academy in 1811.—Private Correspondence.—The Exhibition of 1812.—Portraits of Lord Mountjoy, Lord Charlemont.—The National Convention of Ireland.—Its ridiculous suppression.—Portrait of Mr. Kemble, as Cato.—Exhibition of the year 1813.—Portraits of Sir Thomas Graham, of Miss Thayer.—Artists and their Pupils.—The Exhibition of 1814.—Portrait of Lady Leicester.—Biography of Sir J. F. Leicester, Lord de Tabley.—Portrait of Sir John Mac Mahon, and of Lady Emily Cowper.

IN 1807, the artists seemed inspired with fresh life, for the Exhibition was one of the

finest and largest that the country had ever beheld. It contained one thousand one hundred and thirteen works, and Hoppner and Opie were prolific in their productions, and more than even ordinarily successful. Hoppner had eight superb portraits, including those of Lord King, Mr. T. Grenville, the Prince of Wales, Lord Hawkesbury, the present Lord Farnborough, and Sir Samuel Hood. Opie had six portraits, including those of Lord Lowther, the Duke of Gloucester, and Dr. Parr. Mr. Lawrence, for some reason I am not aware of, had but two, though these were of great excellence. They were:—17, Portrait of the Hon. B. Paget; and 210, Portraits of Sir F. Baring, Bart., J. Baring, and C. Wall, Esq.

At the time that this celebrated painting was exhibited, Sir Francis Baring was sixty-seven years of age. Lord Erskine had very properly designated him as "the first merchant in the world;" and yet it is evident, that his immense wealth had been made without any enlarged principles of commerce, and almost in utter ignorance of its philosophy. Sir Francis Baring was Mr. Pitt's commercial oracle in the House of Commons, and he supported that statesman's notions of trade and finance, the utterance of whose doctrines, in or out of Par-

liament, would now excite suspicions of lunacy, or of something much worse. On these subjects, the age has indeed made a wonderful progress. Sir Francis was born on April 18, 1740, and created a Baronet on May 11, 1793, and died on September 12, 1810; and so very extensive were his connexions, and so immense his influence in the commercial world, that a depression of the funds which took place at this time, was attributed principally to his death.

Mr. C. Wall married Miss Harriet Baring, the sixth child and eldest daughter of Sir Francis.

The Hon. Berkeley Paget, whose portrait was exhibited this year, was the sixth son of Henry Bayly, who became, by descent, Baron Paget, and was created Earl of Uxbridge in 1784. The origin of the family of Bayly was a Scotch parson, who came into England with James I. and was appointed tutor to his son Charles; Dr. Bayly was first made Chaplain to Prince Henry, and afterwards created Bishop of Bangor. The Earl of Uxbridge became wealthy, principally by working a copper-mine in conjunction with Mr. Hughes, a Welsh clergyman, who, until this discovery of copper upon his wife's property, was an exemplification of the poverty of

the Welsh clergy. The Hon. Colonel Hughes, his son, has long been an enlightened and public-spirited member of the legislature.

The critics in the periodicals observed of these two paintings:—

"Portrait of the Hon. B. Paget.—The character and likeness are faithfully and spiritedly depicted; and the hair and costume well arranged and pencilled. An uncommon quantity of cold colour is ventured in this picture, but most judiciously managed.

"Portraits of Sir F. Baring, Bart., J. Baring, and — Wall, Esqrs.—The painful difficulty of eliciting much picturesque matter from any given quantity of three English gentlemen, habited in the present native costume, is feelingly known to most portrait-painters. To translate backwards to the times of Charles the First, or travel our countrymen to Turkey or Spain, carries usually its punishment along with it. Such difficulties are, however, only a spur to the genius of Mr. Lawrence, who has in the present instance ably overcome them, produced a grand performance, and what may be called a fine Venetian picture, possessing all the luxuriance and splendour of Paul Veronese. In the centre is seen a body of fine warm colouring, of various hues and delicious tone, accompanied by so

much cold colour as gives value and support to the principal, of all which the arrangement is excellent. The subject, a mercantile consultation, is well invented; the figures interestingly composed, and the faces admirably painted. The air and expression of Sir F. Baring are particularly forcible and impressive. The drapery, of which much has necessarily been introduced, is disposed, folded, and generalised with great taste. The drawing, as usual, is correct."

This is merely newspaper criticism. The picture is of high merit for composition and expression, but hard in the outlines and in the colouring. The contrast is too sudden, and the colours in themselves are not very pleasant, nor are they altogether consistent with English costume. Sir Francis Baring is in black, upon a light ground, whilst the other figures, in the foreground of the picture, are in light dresses upon a dark surface. This group was painted in imitation of a celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which he represents the first Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, and the celebrated Colonel Barré in a political conference. Sir Thomas Lawrence, considering all things, has managed the subject judiciously, and has produced an imitation of the original without committing any plagiarism. The prin-

cipal faults of the painting are the perspective of the table, which has the appearance of an inclined plane, and the throwing the strong light upon the subordinate persons; whilst the principal person of the group is at least in the shade in the background. Mr. Wall and Mr. John Baring are listening with an earnest acuteness disproportioned to the expression conveyed in the likeness of Sir Francis; for it may be doubted whether he is speaking, or whether he is himself listening to some distant sound which he is endeavouring to catch by holding his hand to his ear. The background is unpleasant, but these defects are compensated for by the fine painting of the two figures of Mr. Baring and Mr. Wall. I suppose, by the ledger open on the table, it was the good sense of the head of this affluent family, not to conceal that his great wealth arose from the useful pursuits of mercantile industry—a source of affluence infinitely more honourable, though less aristocratic, than the ancient levying of black mail, the torturing of Jews, or plundering of peasants and artizans; or than the modern sources of aristocratic grandeur—the revenue. In another group of the Baring family, comprising Lady Baring, Mrs. Wall, and Sir Thomas Baring and two boys, one of the young gentlemen has his

hand supported upon, apparently, a ledger resting on her ladyship's knee, though his juvenile companion seems more intent upon sport in the open field, to which he is pointing. The introduction of the ledger amidst a rural scene, and upon the lap of a lady, must seem to have some meaning, which ordinary sagacity in analysing paintings cannot be expected to discover.

It is not always possible to convey a story in a painting, and it is very often necessary, in order to read a picture, to be pre-informed of the ideas intended to be conveyed. This arises from the nature of the art, and from the choice of subjects, and for neither is the artist always accountable. Sir Thomas, in this group, intended to convey the idea of the boys being on a subject of geography, and whilst one is pointing to the country, in illustration of his opinion, the other is taking a book from his grandmother to confirm his argument.

Government had now appointed a Committee of Taste, and among some of the first of its proceedings this year, was its selection of the models for the monuments voted by Parliament, to the memory of Pitt, Nelson, and Cornwallis. These models were sent for the inspection of the Committee of Taste, appointed by Government, in order to the selection of those best calcu-

lated to convey to posterity the talents, heroism, integrity, and honour of the illustrious dead!

Never, perhaps, was the art of sculpture at so low an ebb in England as at this period; and our public monuments remain in unfortunate record of the fact.

The recent history of sculpture in England may be referred to in proof of the indispensable necessity of academies and galleries of art, to produce even moderate performances among men unquestionably of the very highest merit. When the Continent was thrown open to our artists, and to our countrymen in general, in 1814, sculpture seemed at a tangent to become almost a new art amongst us; and from that date it has progressively improved. But the opening of the Continent was of the highest importance to us in every branch of art. Mr. Wedgewood had given our countrymen what they had been previously ignorant of—a knowledge of beautiful outlines and forms. His introduction of the Etruscan and other antique vases, as models for our porcelain and domestic utensils, did much to improve our taste. His adoption of dead colours was another improvement. Latterly, however, outline has been little attended to, and the exquisitely beautiful forms

and surfaces of Mr. Wedgewood's manufactures have almost gone out of memory.

Dr. Spurzheim, in his lectures, used to insist, that French heads possessed the organ of form, in which English heads were sadly deficient. We seem tacitly to fall into the Doctor's opinions; for even the antique we adopt through the medium of the French, who seldom transmit it pure and undefiled. Our first manufactories of china were at Bow and at Chelsea, the porcelain being made out of the Petunse or Chinese clay, which our India ships used to bring home as ballast, until the jealous Mandarins were informed of the use it was put to, and stopped the exportation, in fear of our destroying their trade in the manufactured article. Sir James Thornhill and our first artists, used to design forms and outlines for the manufacturers at Chelsea; and some of the vases and utensils made there are extremely beautiful.

This year the arts sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Opie, whose funeral was of a character to evince the estimation in which he was held.

"FUNERAL OF JOHN OPIE, ESQ. THE PAINTER.

"April 20, 1807, the remains of this much-lamented and deservedly celebrated artist were

removed from his late house, in Bernard Street, for interment in St. Paul's Cathedral. The funeral was attended by several noblemen and gentlemen, royal academicians, &c. The body was carried in a hearse, by six black horses, ornamented with ostrich-feathers; then followed thirty mourning coaches, the three first with four horses each, and the remainder with two horses each; then succeeded noblemen's and gentlemen's carriages to the number of thirty, which closed the procession.

When the funeral cavalcade reached Temple Bar, it was met by the city officers, when it took the following

ORDER.

Street-keepers and Constables to clear the way.
Six men in black caps, two and two.
Mr. Pringle, the undertaker, on horseback.
Two funeral-conductors on horseback.
Four cloakmen on horseback.
Two conductors ditto.
Two City-marshals, in full uniform and black sashes, on horseback.
Two Marshals' men with their staves.
State lid of feathers, with a page on each side.

THE HEARSE

And six horses, with pages on each side.

ORDER OF MOURNING COACHES.

1st Coach.—Pall-bearers—Sir John St. Aubyn, Sir John Leicester, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P.

2nd Coach.—Pall-bearers—Hon. William Fullarton Elphinstone, Lord de Dunstanville, William Smith, Esq. M.P.

3rd Coach.—Chief Mourners—Mr. Alderson, Dr. Woodhouse, Mr. Henry Thompson, Mr. J. Penwarne.

4th Coach.—Members of the Royal Academy—B. West, Esq. President—H. Fuseli, Esq. Keeper—J. Soane, Esq. Prof. Arch.—John Richards, Esq. Secretary.

5th Coach.—Academicians—E. Garvey, Esq., J. Northcote, Esq. W. Owen, Esq., R Westall, Esq.

6th Coach.—Associates—Messrs. Samuel Woodford, Westmacott, Theoph. Clarke, Callcott.

7th Coach.—Ditto—Messrs. H. Twiss, Oliver Ashby, Edridge.

8th Coach.—Ditto—Mr. Artand, Sir William Beechey, Sir Francis Bourgeois, Mr. Edward Birch.

9th Coach.—Messrs. George Dance, James Farington, John Flaxman.

10th Coach.—Messrs. John Hoppner, J. Loutherbourg, Joseph Nollekens.

11th Coach.—Charles Rossi, Robert Smirke, Thomas Stoddart, M. A. Shee.

12th Coach.—Messrs. Henry Tresham, J. W. M. Turner, —Thompson, James Wyatt.

13th Coach.—Messrs. Henry Howard, Henry Bone, George Gerrard.

14th Coach.—Messrs. W. R. Bigg, Phillips, James Heath.

15th Coach.—Dr. Charles Burney, Mr. Prince Hoare, Sir William Rush, Major Hamilton.

16th Coach.—Alderman Boydell, Rev. J. Straithfield, Mr. D. Giddy, Mr. R. Wilson.

17th Coach.—Sir W. Blizard, Sir. D. Williams, Sir J. Eamer, Dr. R. Edwards.

18th Coach.—Dr. Pearson, Dr. Ogilvie, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Rogers.

19th Coach.—Mr. Slade, Mr. Fauntleroy, Mr. Favell, Mr. Silk.

20th Coach.—Messrs. Phillips, D. Jones, M, Gifford, R. Taylor.

21st Coach.—Messrs. Taylor, Jeremiah Taylor, Holcroft, Boaden.

22nd Coach.—Messrs. Dyer, Perry, E. S. Biggs, Penwarne.

23rd Coach.—

24th Coach.—Messrs. Tuffin, Longman, Tobin, Woodroffe.

25th Coach.—Mr. Gurney, Mr. L. Roberts, Mr. J. Kingston, Mr. P. Martineau.

26th Coach.—Messrs. Allen, Stevenson, Bullock, Watts.

27th Coach.—Messrs. Clints, Stone, Wilkie, Stewardson.

28th Coach.—Messrs. Clover, Lane, Reynolds, Haydn.

29th Coach.—Messrs. Williams, Todd, Bernard, Colonel Phillips.

30th Coach.—Empty.

The thirty Noblemen and Gentlemen's Carriages had the blinds up.—The following is the inscription on the coffin:—

JOHN OPIE, ESQ.
Royal Academician,
and
Professor in Painting,
Died April 9, 1807,
Aged 45 years.

Opie's manners and figure were bars to his ingratiating himself with his female sitters; but, like Vandyck, he was the painter of mind and character, and not of fashion. His uncouthness was the result of early habits, Fu-

seli's of a morose nature. Horne Tooke used to perplex and quizz Fuseli, by pressing him with definitions, and by the *reductio ad absurdum;* whilst of Opie he used to say, "Mr. Opie crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew. He speaks as it were in axioms, and what he observes is worthy to be remembered."

It is painful to reflect upon the struggles through life by such a master-mind. His widow relates that, "During the nine years that I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, 'I am the most stupid of created beings; I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live.'" I may sport a paradox in saying, that this was perhaps true; but although no painter whilst he lived, he is a great painter now he is dead; for his works live in the esteem of all men.

In the Exhibition of 1808, nine hundred and ninety-eight works were produced. Opie had now disappeared from the scene; and Hoppner this year had but one work. Mr. Lawrence had the five following:—74, Portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen; 95, Right Hon. William Pitt, a

posthumous picture; 133, Hon. Lady Hood; 134, J. Farington, Esq.; 175, the children of J. Angerstein, Esq.

Fuseli, speaking of the different painters of England, used to say of Lawrence, "His portraits are as well, if not better, drawn, and his women in a finer taste, than the best of Vandyck's; and he is so far above the competition of any (living) painter in this way in Europe, that he should put over his study, to deter others who practise this art from entering—

'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.'"

The opinion of Hoppner, respecting Lawrence's female portraits, was not in unison with this; and a comparison between Vandyck and Lawrence, with respect to the painting of females, it must be confessed, was sufficiently preposterous.

The Earl of Aberdeen, at the period of this portrait, was in the twenty-third year of his age; and a portrait of the same nobleman, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was exhibited at the Academy in 1830, after the decease of the artist. The latter portrait was a very favourable specimen of Sir Thomas's best style. But the first portrait, a three-quarters length canvass, was sober of tone, and of a severe style,

exhibiting great breadth and depth, and full of classic dignity. It has been said of Sir Thomas, that, generally speaking, he made his male portraits too effeminate. In many instances, the remark was well founded: but this portrait was full of strength and calm dignity, without departing from refinement. This fine portrait was analogous to that of Mr. Hart Davis, though certainly not equal to it.

Sir Thomas Lawrence occasionally delighted in departing from his gay and fashionable style of modern portraits, and in imitating a more severe style, into which, however, he infused all his elegance and with more or less of his brilliancy. Of this class, his portraits of Lord Aberdeen, of Mr. Hart Davis, Miss Thayer, and perhaps of Lord Durham, with that of Capo D'Istrias, are specimens. Lord Aberdeen's portrait, as I have already said, is a three-quarters length, and he is represented with his collar open, and robe of green as a national Scotch dress, thrown in thick and graceful folds over his chest and shoulder, in the style of some of the old Spanish portraits. In point of colouring, the effect produced in this picture by merely green and red, with the brown and black used in the shadows, is very excellent. It is not only a study to artists in the use of these colours, but

it is a model in the style of portraits, varying the monotony of fashion prevalent since Sir Joshua Reynolds, and establishing a style in a medium between the black masses and deep shadows of Titian and Vandyck, and the modishness now in vogue.

Mr. Lawrence always expressed the greatest repugnance to paint a likeness after the death of a person. In his youth, he had positively refused such a commission, and he now took the posthumous likeness of Mr. Pitt with reluctance. The famous bust of Mr. Pitt, by Mr. Nollekens, was chiselled from a post-mortem cast, the artist never having seen the original till called upon to make this mask. It was by means of this mask, and of the portrait of Mr. Pitt by Hoppner, which Nollekens borrowed from Lord Mulgrave, that he was enabled to make the full-length statue of the statesman, in the Senate-house of Cambridge University, and for which he received three thousand guineas. No artist, at least of eminence, could have been worse chosen for this subject. The face and figure of Mr. Pitt were not suited for a servile identity of likeness; and perhaps what Gainsborough failed in, and that in which Hoppner was scarcely successful, Lawrence of all men could have achieved with the happiest results.

The following was the best periodical critique upon this portrait of Mr. Pitt:—

"Mr. Lawrence has been peculiarly successful in his portrait of the late Mr. Pitt. It is as accurate a likeness as could be obtained, and admirably expresses the lofty character of the original. The picture is also a fine composition. Mr. Angerstein is the fortunate purchaser."

Notwithstanding Gainsborough's applauded likeness of Mr. Pitt, another artist says, that "This is by far the best portrait which has ever been produced of Mr. Pitt. There was in the face of Mr. Pitt some characteristics which did not exist in his mind; a meanness, an indescribable simpleness—we scarcely know whether we should not say a *vulgarity*. But whatever might be the character of his countenance, it must be confessed on all sides, that his understanding was not reflected in his face—there was nothing of dignity or nobleness about it. It was not the physiognomy of a great orator: except, indeed, he was painted in the ardour and impetuosity of debate, when his intellect was collected in his countenance, and his talents beamed through his person.

"The present portrait of Mr. Pitt has a mixture of ideal art, with a sufficiency of that personal resemblance which a portrait requires.

It is Mr. Pitt taken in his happiest mood, and represented rather in the dignity of his action, and the elevation of his great mind, than in the faithful portraiture of his person. It is a portrait in the epic style of painting, and worthy of going down to posterity.

"There is in the countenance of this picture that majestic and tremendous dignity with which Mr. Pitt withered the attacks of his opponents; that severity by which the coruscations of wit and humour were extinguished before him; that proud and undaunted consciousness of personal integrity, by which he extorted admiration from the bitterest enemies of his public conduct.

"All the other portraits of Mr. Pitt have been tame likenesses of the man; none of them have, therefore, pleased. Simply as Mr. Pitt, there was every thing in his personal resemblance to excite contrary emotions to pleasure. As well might Alexander the Great have been painted with the hump on his back. Mr. Lawrence has better understood the dignity and latitude of his art. He has painted Mr. Pitt more in the likeness of his mind than in that of his person; but he has given a sufficient likeness to gratify the desires of affectionate remembrance, and has superadded that dignity and character which are of more value to posterity."

This year Mr. Anthony Carlisle was elected Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy. On a ballot, the numbers were—for Mr. Carlisle, 25; for Mr. Bell, 4.

I believe Sir Anthony Carlisle's lectures have always been considered too scientific for the object for which they were intended. They were not, perhaps, sufficiently scientific for the theatre of a Hospital, and too scientific for the students of an Academy of Art. Perhaps they were better adapted to the regions of Alma Mater—the two mothers who confine the *Alma* to their own brood, and only whilst the offspring consent to be in leading-strings, or to move in the go-cart of their ancient nurses.

Almost every thing that has been said in the controversy respecting the utility or the inutility of anatomical lectures to artists, applies rather to the treatment of the subject by the lecturer, than to the question itself. The ancients were well acquainted with osteology, but less informed with respect to the muscles and viscera, and yet in their statuary, muscular action and positions in repose are as perfectly represented as their human figures with respect to the bones. He who addresses himself to the eye, must receive his ideas from the eye; and if the artist, who has to paint the leg or arm of the human

subject, cannot imbibe, from vision, an accurate idea of the limbs in their perfection of contour, as exhibited by light and shadow, it is in vain to lecture to him about the tibia, or radix, or upon the dissection of muscles.*

In the year 1809, Mr. Lawrence did not exhibit a single painting in the Academy; the works amounted to only eight hundred and eighty-six. Hoppner was in unwonted strength, and exhibited six.

The late Mr. Owen, of esteemed memory, decidedly one of the brightest stars of the Royal Academy, once complained, that Lawrence, though deserving of his high reputation, owed much of his fame to the fortunate circumstance of that monopoly of personages most distinguished for rank, beauty, and elegance, which was exclusively reserved for his pencil. Such superior models, in every sense, gave him the advantage over his competitors; for every one knows the difficulty of competing with him who is borne to fame upon the full tide of fashion.

* The absurdity of being guided by anatomical theories in objects addressed to the vision, has been often proved. Hippocrates describes the knee-pan to be a single bone, and ancient statuaries, in contempt of what vision dictated, accommodated their figures to this imperfect notion.

But Mr. Owen forgot that Lawrence worked his way to eminence against, and not by means of this monopoly. The King patronised scarcely anybody but Mr. West and Sir W. Beechey; and the Prince noticed nobody but Hoppner. The nobility and richer classes are always guided by the example of the Royal Family; and the middle classes, in this instance, divided their patronage between Opie, Lawrence, and many others.

Horace's "*genus irritabile vatum*," conveys no idea of the feelings existing between rival painters. It would seem almost as if each artist's palette had been put into his hand from Pandora's box; and the *Vates* are gentle turtle-doves compared to painters. It is, I suppose, for this reason, that at the Roman Academy of St. Luke, two lectures are annually delivered to the students and artists against "envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness." It is to be imagined that these lectures have a salutary effect upon the Catholic audience, or upon the Italian temperament, and, on these alone; for I am credibly informed by English residents and students at Rome, that the pupils from our country are remarked for envy, detraction, and overreaching, more than those from almost any other part of Europe.

In 1810, the Exhibition of the Royal Academy contained nine hundred and five works, and Mr. Lawrence exhibited four capital paintings. These were—61, Portrait of Lord Viscount Castlereagh; 67, the Right Hon. George Canning; 159, a group of Portraits, consisting of Mrs. Wall and her brother, T. Baring, Esq., and the sons of the late Lady Baring; 171, Portrait of Lord Viscount Melville.

The manner in which our best designs are often made the sport of accident, was rather ludicrously displayed in the critique on the first of these paintings. The portrait of Lord Castlereagh was a three-quarters length, representing him in a green coat, and dressed with the negligence and indifference to effect which distinguished his Lordship's costume. The expression was calm; and Mr. Lawrence had caught that of the person as accurately as he had done that of the countenance.

The Morning Chronicle, then the property of the estimable Mr. Perry, had, at that time, a high reputation for literature, and among other able men then on the establishment of the paper was a Mr. P——r F——y, whose strong political writings during the Irish rebellion had drawn upon him the vengeance of the Irish

Government, Lord Castlereagh being the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. P. F——y had been sentenced to stand in the pillory for a libel, which, however, had been read with satisfaction throughout his country. On this occasion, Lord R. Fitzgerald leaped on the scaffold and shared the honours of the pillory, (for, under such circumstances, the punishment was an honour,) amidst the enthusiastic applause of probably the largest crowd that ever assembled to witness that most barbarous species of punishment which, to within these very few years, disgraced our criminal jurisprudence. P——r F——y bore the most vehement animosity against Lord Castlereagh, not, however, in memory of his punishment, (for it was deemed by him and his party as an apotheosis rather than a disgrace,) but he hated the Irish Secretary, as the origin of the Union, and as the advocate of English or Anglo-Irish politics in Ireland.

Lord Castlereagh's amenity of disposition never forsook him, and to the last, whenever he met Mr. P——r F——y in the streets, he bowed to him with an expression of kindness, or would even, with as much suavity of tone as possible, enquire after his health, *en passant.* The demagogue's ire was never in the least quenched by

this gentle bearing of him who held the United Kingdom, and, eventually, all Europe, in his grasp.

Mr. P——r F—— y this year happened to be sent by Mr. Perry to review the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the first picture that struck his jaundiced eye was Mr. Lawrence's portrait of Lord Castlereagh. The critic's brain was inflamed by a thousand reminiscences, and, forgetting all moral justice to the artist, he poured forth his bile in a tirade, to the horror of poor Mr. Lawrence, who read it the next morning in the Chronicle, and who for many days was unable to resume his placidity of disposition.

He bitterly complained of this critique to his friend Mr. Perry, whose inexhaustible good-nature made him really regret the mischief, and led him to do all he could to pacify the artist. But there seemed to be a fatality attending the subject.

In 1814, another portrait of Lord Castlereagh was exhibited at the exhibition of the Academy, by Mr. Lawrence, who anxiously expected that his friend Mr. Perry would take that opportunity of making the *amende honorable* for the former injury. The subject, however, had escaped that gentleman's recollection, and, *sic*

volvere Parcas, he again sent the identical P——r F——y to review the Exhibition of the Academy.

P——r, true to his political animosities, again pounced upon the portrait of the ex-Irish Secretary; and my readers may imagine the distress of the sensitive and inoffensive Lawrence, when, instead of an ingeniously flattering critique upon his work, he read, in the Morning Chronicle of 3rd May 1814, the following outrageous tirade:

"Royal Academy.—23, Portrait of Lord Castlereagh, by Lawrence, is not a likeness. It has a smug, smart, upstart, haberdasher look, of which there is nothing in Lord Castlereagh. The air of the whole figure is direct and forward; there is nothing, as there ought to be, characteristically circuitous, involved and parenthetical in it. Besides, the features are cast in quite a different mould. As a bust, Lord Castlereagh's is one of the finest we have ever seen; it would do for one of the Roman emperors, 'bating the expression."

The portrait, it must be confessed, conveyed no idea of the figure and carriage and very little of the face, of Lord Castlereagh.

It may be permitted me, ere I leave this subject, to make one brief offering to the memory of Mr. Perry. This gentleman, by his wit and fine talents, raised the Morning Chronicle from obscurity into an extensive circulation, with a reputation equal to any ever possessed by a daily political paper in this country. His kindness to all around him was almost paternal, and his liberality in pecuniary transactions was carried even to an excess. Notwithstanding this, and his living with his numerous family in a style of elegant and profuse hospitality, he died rich, esteemed and beloved by all who had had any connexions with him. His reputation for talents, and his fame for honourable and fine feelings, have been sustained by his friend, who, as the trustee for his family, has edited the Chronicle since his death.

The portrait of Mr. Canning exhibited this year, was the first of that statesman that Mr. Lawrence had taken; and, contrary to the almost invariable character of the artist's works, Mr. Canning's fine face and form were the only ones which his pencil did not in this instance, or in any other, much improve. He generally made the face more wrinkled and haggard than it was, nor did he impart to it its really fine animation and intellectual expression. The portrait, a three-quarters, with the

finger to the ear, is both the most pleasing, and the most accurate, of any of those taken by Lawrence. In the two full-length portraits representing this splendid speaker in the House of Commons, it is singular that Mr. Lawrence should have formed his background and front of such imperfect views of the House of Commons, as even to represent the table of a wrong colour, whilst the petty flight of stairs between the benches, as the French would call them, of the extreme right and right centre, are petty, false in perspective, and destructive of effect. There must have been some extraordinary difficulty in catching the expression of this great man's countenance, for no artist succeeded in the attempt, whilst Sir Thomas Lawrence was extraordinarily correct in comparison to others.

Whilst Lord Melville was sitting for the portrait exhibited in this year's Exhibition, parts of London were agitated by a demagogue who had been active in the Reform and Revolutionary Societies of 1793, and who continues to this hour his avocation of itinerant orator and coffee-house rhetorician, at "so much per speech."—"You know not," said Lord Melville, "the sources of those sentiments towards the English public (taking the expression in its lowest sense), with which men in office are so

often reproached. That man, who is now an idol of the populace, and for whom they are disturbing the peace of London, and endangering their own safety, was long in my pay at three guineas a-week, when I was Secretary of State, and he was one of the secretaries of the Reform Society. Every week, he used to bring me the correspondence, minutes, and private books of the society, and acquaint me with all the open and concealed members, and with the whole arcana of what was going on; and, when I was fully satisfied that he had told me every thing and with veracity, I used to pay him his weekly bribe of three guineas."

It is difficult to conceive a case, in which the briber is not by far more reprehensible than the bribed; and Lord Melville must have felt most bitterly the duty which his office in the ministry imposed upon him, of sacrificing private integrity to the public good, in thus taking advantage of the turpitude, and probably of the hard necessities of a wretch, to induce him to betray his companions perhaps even unto death. The confession to Mr. Lawrence, on the part of his Lordship, must have argued extreme candour, or extreme insensibility to the nature of the transaction.

His Lordship must be exonerated from the subsequent practice which prevailed, of not

using information thus obtained, at a time when moderate punishment would check the disaffected, but of allowing the informer to stimulate to crime, or at least of reserving the information, until the criminals were deemed fit for the executioner!

It is obviously the very first principle of natural and social justice, that no man should forfeit life, for conduct which has not been denounced as deserving death, by a law open, positive, and too clear to admit of misconstruction. The year 1794, however, witnessed in this country an attempt to deprive more than a dozen enlightened and worthy men of life, by subtle and astute inferences from laws, so obsolete, obscure, tortuous, and inconsistent, that it required a speech of upwards of nine hours in length to persuade a jury that those laws had given a clear and plain warning that the conduct of the accused was criminal, and to be punished by the gallows. This mode of getting rid of political opponents, constructively, roused the indignation of even the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who, though impervious to humane feelings, could not help decrying the attempt to deprive his fellow-creatures of life, by "wresting the laws to authority." When the stern, deistical Chancellor heard that the pious Attorney-General had addressed the jury for nine

hours, to persuade them to hang their fellow-men, he exclaimed with wrath—"What! speak for nine hours; then, by G—d, there is no treason in the case!"

France is not the only country that has had her reign of terror; but in France the terrorism was the result of a fine principle carried too far, and put in practice without any forms. The terrorism of another country was a violation of all principles, but with an immense deal of outward ceremony.

That the spies of the class here mentioned by Lord Melville, often stimulated to the crimes for the execution for which they were to receive their reward, has been fatally proved. The annals of Algiers, if the Algerines have annals, can produce nothing more horrible than the execution of the two brothers, Mr. J. and H. Sheares, in Dublin, in 1798. After the death of the mild and estimable Henry Sheares, it appeared that he had never seen the sanguinary proclamations found in his desk: they had been introduced without his knowledge, by the informer.

I insert a copy of a letter from this unhappy victim of one of those miscreants who received such large sums of money from our Government, for betraying, as it often proved, the innocent to death. The letter is a dreadful picture of an agonized mind. The Lord Chan-

cellor here alluded to was Fitzgibbon, the first Earl of Clare, and he consented to pardon this unhappy man, on condition that he betrayed some of his friends to their deaths. Whether terror would have induced this gentleman to accept life upon terms so base, was never proved; for, by a blunder incredibly stupid, the gentleman who was to carry the Lord Chancellor's reprieve to the culprit, arrived at Newgate, just in time to see his friend's gory head reeking with blood, as the executioner held it up to the mob, with the usual exclamation of "Behold the head of a traitor!"

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"THE dreadful die is cast. Fly, I beseech you, to the Chancellor, and save a man whose fate will kill his family. Oh, my dearest friend, my whole dependence is on you. Tell the Lord Chancellor I will pray for him for ever, and that the Government shall ever find me what they wish. Oh, my family, my wife, my children, my mother—go to them—let them throw themselves at the Chancellor's and Lord Shannon's feet. Those papers which were found in my office have ruined me. You know, my dear friend, I had nothing to do with them. You know I never was an advocate for violence or blood.

"I have been duped, misled, deceived; but with all the wishes and intentions to do good, my principles were never for violence; my nature is soft to a fault. My whole happiness is centered in my beloved, my adored family. With them, I will go to America, if the Government will allow me, or I will stay here, and be the most zealous friend they have. Tell the Lord Chancellor I depend upon the goodness of his nature; that I will atone for what is past, by a life regular, temperate, and domestic. Oh, speak to him of my poor, wretched family, my distracted wife, and my helpless children. Snatch them from the dreadful horrors which await them, and save the life of your truest friend. I will lie under any conditions the Government may choose to impose on me, if they will but restore me to my family.

"Desire my mother to go to Lord Shannon immediately, and my wife to the Lord Chancellor. We are to receive sentence at 3 o'clock.

"Fly, I beseech you, and save a man who will never cease to pray for you, to serve you.

"Let me hear from you, my dear fellow, as quickly as possible.—God bless you.

"Newgate, 8 o'clock."

The writer of this truly afflicting letter was a man generally beloved for his mild, gentle nature, and sincere and affectionate temper. He was of

irreproachable life, humane, timid, and ingenuous, even to a degree of simplicity. He who received "the price of blood" is even, at this hour, a placeman, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate.*

Captain Brenton relates,* that for the Mutiny, as it was termed, in our fleet, more than five hundred of the finest seamen, and probably the finest men in the world, suffered death—that is to say, they were hanged for asking, in the most decorous and submissive manner, for objects which were afterwards granted as essential to humanity and justice, and indispensable to the good of the service. Nothing can be more useful than to refer to these facts, as illustrations of national history, and as beacons to warn us into the channels of better conduct.

This year, Mr. Lawrence had the misfortune to lose a friend for whom he entertained the highest regard, and from his intimacy with whom he derived much satisfaction. I allude to Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, whose death, in addition to that of Sir Francis Baring, was severely felt by Mr. Lawrence. A mutual friend thus communicated the death of Mr. Lock to the public.

* For public spirit, tempered, perhaps, even to a fault, by private gentlemanly feeling, Captain Brenton's Naval History is one of the best works upon the subject, published for many years.

"In addition to the loss of Sir T. Baring, we have now to communicate, with deep regret, the death of W. Lock, Esq. of Norbury Park, Surrey, the most zealous protector of the arts, and (out of the profession) perhaps their most enlightened and perfect judge. Mr. Lock distinguished himself, in early life, by his choice collection of pictures, models, and fine works in sculpture, and still more by his liberality and taste. He, of all the lovers of the arts, was considered by its professors as their arbiter, their advocate, and common friend—the compassionate benefactor of the humblest, the revered associate or patron of the most celebrated artists of his time—of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Barry, Mr. Hoppner, and Cipriani; of Wilson, Barrett, and Sandby; of many now living; Mr. West, the President of the Academy, Mr. Fuseli, who benefits it by the instruction of its youth, and other of its members, who will hear of Mr. Lock's death with unfeigned sorrow, and an admiration inseparably connected with his remembrance,—for so much acuteness and sensibility—such various knowledge—such solid yet unpresuming judgment, with taste so pure, elevated, and enlarged,—a man, in short, so gifted and accomplished, so just, and admirably good—they can seldom hope to know. He will

be more generally regretted by the highest circles in society, for that extensive information, and those simple manners, which made him so fine an example of an English gentleman; and for attainments of the scholar which procured him, in earlier life, a public testimony from Johnson; but especially, and most deeply will he be lamented for those many charities and virtues that have given to Norbury, the spot where he resided, a sacredness, a peculiar sentiment of blessing and respect. He died October 5, 1810, at the age of seventy-eight, and is survived by Mrs. Lock, and a family whom he lived to see in that happiness and respectability of connexion, which their characters and stations claimed. His son, Mr. W. Lock, succeeds him in his estate, the known inheritor of his worth, and himself of distinguished powers.

"October 14, 1810."

Mr. Lawrence's feelings on this occasion may be judged of, by the two following letters which he wrote to Miss Crofts.

"NOTHING is more cheering than the sight of a friend's letter, on return from a cheerless journey—yet cheerless is not the word for

that which I have had to-day, for I have been to such a scene of goodness, with all its grief, as makes affliction salutary and almost soothing. It has not unfitted me for your kind letter, or for the thoughts of the dear friends still left me; but I am a little worn with it, and my answer must partake of my mind's weakness. I shall, to-morrow, attend the funeral, and then seek my usual occupations. I am not afraid of forgetting this dear man; and know that I am the better for his life, and for his death. It is thus a blessing, as well as a distinction, to have known him.

"Friday morning.—I have deferred my journey this morning, in the unreasonable hope, that, possibly, I might receive a letter with the post-mark of Rochford upon it. It is now, however, past the time, and I go to Norbury, to witness grief and resignation, the one as sincere, the other as pious, as can exist in the tenderest and most virtuous minds. Mr. Lock is to be buried, by his own accurate directions, in the simplest manner, and exactly as his mother was—a walking funeral, and the coffin borne by his labourers. He died without pain, and from the evening of his being seriously ill, was, to his last moment, in quiet delirium, with no agitation, and no pang of returning sense. It

is, however, dreadful to think, that at seventy-nine, for he was even that, his death was most probably hastened by accident. Adieu, my dear friend,

"Most faithfully yours,

"THO^{S}. LAWRENCE."

To Miss Crofts during a relation's late illness he wrote—

"IT is much too long, my dear friend, since I had the pleasure of writing to you, and still longer for my own comfort, that of hearing from you. Yet I know how far this word must be from your feelings, and how little, therefore, it could communicate to mine. Of all the melancholy scenes which you have been called upon to soothe, you are now present at that which is the most touching, because we must confess, that the subject of it is the most interesting, loved, and worthy; having and deserving more of your affection than either of the unfortunate beings whose sufferings and release from them you have been doomed to witness. That her sweet and pure soul may soon ascend to God who gave it, is the most rational prayer that can be offered to Him; since the symptoms you describe render

recovery hopeless. What a blessing it is, that, whether from fatal increase of the circulation or other cause, the most direful of all maladies carries with it, to the sufferer, its deceiving balm, and seems to brighten the unconscious spirit for its purer sphere. Let me be remembered by her (I mean in your conversation.) Fail not to tell her how much the sweet cheerfulness of her nature won on me, as it did on others: her modesty, her clear and unaffected sense: that I never spoke of or thought of her, but with such expressions and feelings of esteem, as are allowed to those who have no other right to utter or cherish them, than what is given them in their sense and love of worth. I can too well conceive the grief of friends at losing so great a treasure, but I dare not conjecture of that sorrow and despair that must harrow up a husband's soul! a nature so faithful as Mr. A.'s."

In a letter which he wrote this year to Miss Lee, he expresses, with the freedom and confidence of friendship, his private opinion of his family group of the Baring family and Mrs. Wall. I have great satisfaction in inserting this letter, as its allusions to the death of his for-

midable rival, Mr. Hoppner,* are in a spirit free from that which might have influenced more worldly and selfish men. His picture of his own situation is affecting.

"MY DEAR MISS LEE, April, 1810.

"You are good and kind as yourself, my dear friend, to be thus interested for me in that which will never cease to be an object of interest with me—the retaining and advancing my professional fame, if fame be not too large a word for this 'last infirmity.' My pictures went in perfect safety to the Exhibition, and are the best that I have produced. That which I mentioned to you is a work embracing many difficulties in the art. A group of five portraits composing a single domestic scene, from its design approaches more to historical character than is usually seen in pictures of this kind, yet I think, with a great deal of nature in it, the colouring and effect are carried farther

* Lawrence called several times upon Mr. Hoppner during his illness, in the spirit of kindness and friendship, but the latter always denounced the visits as merely the gratification of a rival's joy at his approaching dissolution. Assuredly, no such feeling ever actuated Lawrence, whose kindness to Mr. Owen, and to all his friends in sickness, was excessive.

and on higher principles than in any other that I have painted, and this with more general harmony and freedom from my defects." It has less manner, and more style.

"I know that you have sufficient knowledge of painting to see the distinction between the two, and that it is very great. My other pictures are portraits of Lord Melville, Mr. Canning, and Lord Castlereagh.

"I look for many a scurvy joke on the two last, and many a criticism on the first, given with infinite liberality and candour, and all the sagacity of ignorance.

"The death of Hoppner leaves me, it is true, without a rival, and this has been acknowledged to me by the ablest of my present competitors; but I already find one small misfortune attending it, viz. that I have no sharer in the watchful jealousy, I will not say, hatred, that follows the situation. At this (in all but historical painting) advanced period of the arts, it is quite impossible—it would have been to Sir Joshua—to get so far beyond all rivalry as to leave it hopeless. There are too many ingenious men, if not men of genius, to make this attainable; and that defect of understanding that I have shewn in the necessary and just conduct of life, has deprived me of that great ad-

vantage—independence, which gives such full security to professional station. This in some measure stimulates my exertions, and gives my competitors hope that it may do so; but still, as I find my health better than I ever had it, my faculties not decaying, and I hope, and indeed know, my knowledge in my art increasing, as I think I have more of what gives elevation to it, than they at present possess, I shall go forwards as resolutely as I can, and as long as I can, trusting with patient confidence to the result.

"Yours respectfully,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

In the following letter, of a prior date, his allusions to Mr. Hoppner are full of good feeling.

"I LAID my letter on my table to be sent by the post, and too late I found it was forgotten. I shall perhaps get a frank for it to-day.

"Poor Tom Sheridan, they say, is in a decline. His spirits, however, do not leave him, and he still jokes on this dreadful misfortune and his own consequent distress.

"That I should not meditate on marriage is strange, for I am reading Cœlebs, and like it with all its goodness. It advocates the cause with more temperance, and therefore, judg-

ment, than her other works. You should have the Quarterly Review with the Edinburgh, though inferior to it. Burns is reviewed by Jeffrey, in the latter—by Walter Scott in the former. You will be sorry to hear it, my most powerful competitor, he whom only (to my friends) I have acknowledged as my rival, is, I fear, sinking to the grave. I mean, of course, Hoppner. He has always been afflicted with bilious and liver complaints, (and to these must be greatly attributed the irritation of his mind,) and now they have ended in a confirmed dropsy. But though I think he cannot recover, I do not wish that his last illness should appear to be so reported by me. You will believe that I can sincerely feel the loss of a brother artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race these eighteen years.

" Yours,
" THOMAS LAWRENCE."

It may be regretted that the daughter of Mr. Thomas Sheridan alluded to in this letter, was never painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for her extreme beauty and grace were calculated to inspire his genius to its brightest efforts. Miss

Sheridan has since married the eldest son of the Duke of Somerset.

I insert the following familiar and friendly letter from Mr. Lawrence to Miss Crofts.

"North Willingham, Wragley, Nov. 3, 1810.

"I MUST have appeared most blameably negligent, my dear Miss Crofts, kind, dear friend, in not acknowledging your recent care of me, and very gratifying letter; but my time is so occupied here, with riding, and walking, and eating, and all the genera of idleness and good living, that I have fewer moments to myself, than when up to my ears in business, in that Greek Street which you were so anxious for me to quit. You wished me to have air and exercise; the former has given me as good, coarse, tight, and distended a skin as a man ought to have, and if to have all my bones aching with the latter, be any satisfaction to you, you may securely enjoy the comfort. I am at home in all country exercises, coursing, shooting, &c. and have so thorough a knowledge of an estate, that all I have now to do is to get one; for as to managing it, I flatter myself I can do that as well as the dear widow Blackacre, or farmer Smith himself. I feel, however, with all of

comfort, hospitality, and friendship around me, I feel the want of those friends sharing them with me, who are now the great essentials of the happiness of all of life that is to be given me—you would both of you like to share them, as would both be respected and loved by all who are now here. Our party is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Boucherette, and three daughters; Mrs. and Miss Lock; Mr. and Mrs. J. Angerstein and family; Mr. Angerstein, and your obliged friend. I cannot conceive beings who would be more in unison with all your feelings, than this circle, and it is quite ungrateful in me to find it incomplete; but I will own to you that I pine to be nearer that spot which I have left, and those good and inestimable partners that endear it to me.

"My stay is longer than I intended, but by the end of next week I shall certainly be at home.

"I have an additional reason, a strong incentive for rising earlier than I used to do; I have a beautiful flannel waistcoat to put on, all warm, and without seam before, and which, with the assistance of the housemaid, I can button behind. 'Tis such luxury as I have never before tasted! I am the envy of all the men, and the gazing attention of all the women, who think

what a man he must be, who is so carefully looked after! 'But he looks so fat and good-humoured.'

"Adieu, now. If there may be any one who may like to look at this hand-writing, indulge them, and, for the flattery, tell them they have all my grateful respects and homage.

"Ever, dear friend, your obliged

"T. LAWRENCE."

In this year, 1810, he raised his prices of portraits considerably. In 1802, his prices had been, for a three-quarters, thirty guineas; for a half-length, sixty guineas; and for a whole-length, one hundred and twenty guineas. But in June 1802, he had fixed the charge for the smallest size at thirty-five guineas, quadrupling it for the whole length. At these rates, he continued to paint till 1806, when he raised his charge for the smallest size, to fifty guineas, and for the whole-length, to two hundred guineas. Having persevered in these prices to 1808, he raised them to eighty guineas for the smallest and three hundred and twenty for the whole-length size; and in 1810, he farther advanced them to one hundred guineas for small heads, and four hundred guineas for full-lengths. At the latter prices, he continued to paint till the

year 1820, when he finally made an advance in prices, and which he never afterwards exceeded.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy for the year 1811 contained only nine hundred and fifty-five works. Mr. Lawrence's contributions were only six.—No. 13, Portrait of the Hon. C. A. Cooper; 69, Mrs. Stratten; 88, Major-General the Hon. C. Stewart; 113, B. West, Esq. R.A.; 170, the Sons of —— Labouchere, Esq.; 194, Warren Hastings, Esq.

The catalogue of this year's Exhibition could hardly have been printed ere the first-named of the preceding six persons had ceased to be the Hon. C. A. Cooper, by the death of his brother, which brought him into the title of Earl of Shaftesbury, and which he now enjoys. His Lordship was about forty when this portrait of him was taken, and it was much admired.

The Hon. C. Stewart, whose portrait was now exhibited, is the present Marquis of Londonderry, with whom Sir Thomas Lawrence's intimacy and friendship will be often mentioned in the present work.

The most curious of these portraits, however, was that of Warren Hastings, and it revived the recollections of the celebrity of the indivi-

dual, and of the sensation which his impeachment had made throughout England.*

The following is one of the familiar letters which Mr. Lawrence wrote about this period. It is addressed to his friend Mrs. Boucherette, the daughter-in-law of Mr. J. J. Angerstein.

"HAVE you room in your library for more books? and did you read the last, the fourth volume of the Canterbury Tales? A Novel is coming out of Miss Lee's, that, with or without leave, I shall send. Have you got Heber's Poem on Palestine? Clio? The Edinburgh Review; Holcroft's Journey; Godwin's Chaucer? &c. &c. And pray, Sir, in this fit of virtue, do you remember the pictures? I do—I do—I do.—Not Mr. A.'s. That shall not go down; it is so wretchedly poor; but I'll try and get him, while chain'd to the house by this cold, to let me take a sketch of him as he is now—as he looks when beaten by me, as he was last night at chess.

"I have done a very unpleasant thing—voted

* The likeness was taken for a Mrs. Barton. Warren Hastings was rather small in person, and at this period his life was in the sere, but Lawrence often spoke in admiration of the severity of dignity and grandeur in his appearance. His expression used to be, "What a fine lion-like repose there is about him!"

against Fuseli at the election for Keeper of the Academy; but I could not avoid it, for I was pledged to another before he applied to me, and thought him the most unlikely person to stand for the situation.—He is very indignant at it, and unjustly so, for he has no claim; the most elevated genius was not to make me break my faith with a respectable man,* which his opponent is. I have no opportunity to explain myself to Mr. Lock, but I choose to do it in the Willingham circle, because I would not have you think me capable of a cold unfriendliness that is not in my nature, and in some way the circumstance might have reached you.

"The Regency, I hear, is given up, from the King's appearing to recover so rapidly. I don't know how he is to-day, but I will send to know before my letter is sealed. Perhaps this illness is a good thing for ministers, for weak as the King must be, the attempt to force others upon him will be immediately deprecated. The Opposition would else be resistless.

"What is this story which Miss A—— (to whom you will not forget my respects) has written about, of the piece of wood in poor Miss F——'s lungs? Can it be believed to be true? A medical man says it cannot be.

* Mr. Rigaud.

"I come to the close of my paper.—Forgive me, dear Mrs. B——, and my true friend, for the liberty of this long letter, but love having abandoned me, I turn with the truant's feelings to that gentler passion that has not yet deceived me, to beings whom I esteem more than I can say. Of Miss —— I see nothing, and wish to see nothing. Her's was a light heart, and mine an erring and self-blinded mind; yet she had virtues, and I at length have reason. Encourage me in my new rationality, you, its much-thought-of friend, that, when I meet you again, I may tell you I have been gay, virtuous, and good.

"You must forgive me, my dear Mrs. Boucherette, for not replying to your letter of Tuesday last. Long and kind as it was, the various businesses that occupy me deprive me of that prompt attention in this duty of friendship that so distinguishes me in every other. Believe only that my heart writes to you long before my pen performs the office, and that already I anticipate the pleasure I shall receive in answering your letter of the 25th.

"You ask me after Charles Lock.—To the astonishment of all, he returned yesterday from Yarmouth, to divide a day between Norbury and town, and then return again. William brought the news to dinner at Mr. Angerstein's,

whose cold is a great deal better. You tell me so many secrets, such histories of the marching and counter-marching of the corps,—of the pleasant dinners at Mr.—What's his damned name? (not my own)—of the agreeable ankle-deep walks, and the many recollections you have of the group in the round room, (shut up since my departure,) that I am compelled in decency to send you something of novelty in return."

"P. S. Our Col. Commandant—The King—is the same to-day that he has been these two days. I fear this augurs badly for the head."

In the commencement of the succeeding year (1812), I find a letter to his brother, Major Lawrence, who was then abroad; and of this I am induced to give the following short extracts.

Mr. Lawrence, with his incessant occupation, might be well excused for a want of punctuality in his private correspondence; nor can a similar want in a man of Mr. Pitt's business be so severely treated as to be termed a vicious indolence. Mr. Lawrence does not overrate his talents in this letter, nor does he mistake his station in the arts, except in placing himself lower than he was entitled to stand.

Few persons can agree with him in his criticism of the character of Cato, either as drawn by Addison or as acted by Mr. Kemble; at least the painting does not well illustrate his position, for he has not attempted to pourtray any passion whatever, Cato being represented in the stoicism of lucid reflection.

"January 29, 1812.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"You are always in my mind, in my respect and affection, though my pen is so very tardy in telling you so; but I know and see, by your constant and kind remembrance of me, that you make allowance for that state of eternal occupation, and those harassing engagements, which are not sufficient to justify, but with my irrational dislike of writing, make my silence more naturally to be accounted for by those who know me. Had I any portion of the talents of Mr. Pitt, I might dare to quote him as an example of the same strange repugnance to this duty. He latterly entirely gave up all private correspondence whatever, but in the greatest it is still a vicious indolence, as well as in the smallest, in which latter class (save as a modern painter) you must place your brother.

* * * *

"I often consider it as a most serious comfort

that my brothers and sisters are so essentially worthy, and in all respects the true progeny of those good and innocent beings who gave us birth. In sins of omission (often of the most ruinous effect) I consider myself as the least deserving of my family. In one great essential of worldly prudence (and of equal benefit to virtue), I have much of my father's carelessness, with a torpor of constitution that is dreadfully against exertion. Still I am in habits of daily industry, and when an object of importance or difficulty is before me, leave it not till I have mastered it, so that next to Mr. West (as Historical Painter) I believe I now stand the first in my profession.

"The work I am now about (and of which I have not yet told them at Rugby,) is a generalised portrait of Kemble in Cato, or rather Cato meditating on the Phædon of Plato, for which I take Kemble as my model. You will be surprised to know that it is his finest part, and that his acting makes it a most interesting play. He has done it by great penetration into the only means of doing it, (and of the capability of which, from all the reports of the first acting of the play, Booth's, &c. I am convinced Mr. Addison was ignorant) viz., that of giving to the patriotism of Cato, not the mere cold declamation of principle, but the rich enthusiasm of passion; and of making him as much in love

with his country, as Romeo is with his mistress. The scene in the fourth act, where the body of his son is brought in, is nobly and powerfully affecting. Perhaps it will be the last picture I shall paint with Kemble for my subject, and I know it will be my best.

* * * *

"My dear William, God bless you, and keep you in health, that we may again have the comfort of embracing a man and a brother whom we all so entirely esteem and love.

"Ever your affectionate,

"T. LAWRENCE."

The following amusing letter is a playful account of a little excursion he took out of town.

TO MISS CROFTS.

"June, 1812.

"WILL you, my dear friend, put a question to the 'Master' for me, of whether a pure white silk sash or girdle, with its rich gold fringe, would not be the most elegant of any alteration? and whether, with perfect propriety, I might not introduce a very tender rose, carelessly put in it, of the purest blush, but just serving to tie together the curtain and the drapery on which my lady sits? I think I can afford to tie part with the blue, or wanting it, a

violet or two, or border above the fringe, may recall it. Disdain not this important trifling, or despising it, be thankful that you buy this triumph of your wisdom at so cheap a price as three-pence.

"I think you would have smiled, could you have seen my new situation this morning. When I had got some mile or two on my route, I became dog-sick of my mud-boots, and of being the derision of every stage-coachman who laughed at me, or went past, as the Levite by the poor Samaritan. At length, I perceived a wee modest cart, with an old higgler in it, sitting on a swung seat, and drawn by a ragged, puffing pony. It was too resistless not to be attempted, and for the glittering bribe of eighteen-pence, I was permitted to be his cheek-by-jowl, and jolted cart-companion. There never was such luck, for he was going to put up at the Black Bull, gilt with most generous profusion, that stands near Aldgate pump! But let not this alluring description tempt you on any emergency to ascend such vehicle, especially if you are to go from Whitechapel Church to the said "Black Bull," for I do assure you that none, except the fair female singers of Italy, who had one half of silver, could sit it with impunity. Yet the seat, I allow, swings with

most accommodating sympathy, and when wet, its powers of adhesion take away all danger of falling off.

"As some one might have chanced to know me in this novel situation, I rather held my head down, I confess, and perhaps escaped detection. Once or twice, I attempted the umbrella, but it seemed an insulting refinement to my companion, and I contented myself without it,—and here ends my fortunate misadventure.

"Oblige me, dear friend, with as early an answer as you possibly can, and send me assurance that everything of illness is gone from you. Believe me ever, with the highest esteem,

"Yours,

"T. LAWRENCE."

But the Exhibition of this year (1812) contained nine hundred and forty works, and Mr. Lawrence had sent eight, which was more than the average of the preceding years. These were —19, Portrait of the Earl of Lonsdale; 20, Miss W. Pole; 57, Mr. Kemble, as Addison's Cato; 65, Viscount Mountjoy; 88, Mrs. May; 103, Sir W. Curtis; 108, the Earl and Countess Charlemont and their child; 228, T. Taylor, translator of Plato, Aristotle, &c.

The Lord Mountjoy here mentioned, is the present Earl of Blesington, having been elevated to that title in the year 1816.

The Lord Charlemont is the son of the celebrated Earl Charlemont, the patriotic friend of Fox, and Grattan and Flood, and who was commander-in-chief of the volunteer force of Ireland, at the dangerous period of the National Convention. The exhaustion of the country by the disastrous and truly disgraceful civil war, termed the "American war," had left Ireland entirely at the mercy of an enemy; and the inhabitants, to the number of about one hundred and fifty thousand men, formed themselves into volunteer regiments for the purposes of a protection which the Government confessed it was unable to supply. This patriotic army soon assumed a deliberative character. It published its manifestoes and proclamations, and at length chose delegates to constitute a military convention, in order to effect a thoroughly radical reform, if not a separation of Ireland from English connexion. The Civil or Constitutional, and the Military Parliaments sat in Dublin at the same time, and the members of the former often excused themselves for omissions of duty, by pleading that they were in their seats in the more important house. The

Civil Parliament was execrated throughout the country, whilst all classes were enthusiastically attached to the Military Parliament. Its members were escorted by volunteer infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and perhaps never did any nation exhibit so alarming a position as Ireland at this remarkable period. Lord Charlemont was brought into collision with the celebrated Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, (so often alluded to in these volumes,) in attempts to attain the supreme guidance of the Convention Parliament. The Bishop was furious and revolutionary, and the Earl was only a constitutional Whig. The latter at last had the ascendency, and was able to dissipate the passions then raging for political reforms. The Bishop was a reformer, in that uncompromising spirit which was afterwards displayed in France.*

* Probably the history of mankind presents nothing more thoroughly ridiculous, than the extinction of this military Parliament by Lord Charlemont. Surrounded by an enthusiastic population in arms, the military delegates struck terror into the hearts of ministers, and created a belief in Europe, that Irish reform, or emancipation, would be carried at the cannon's mouth, or at the point of the bayonet. Lord Charlemont, the President, appointed a sitting upon the important question, Reform, which agitated the whole coun-

But it is important to state, that decidedly the most popular work that had appeared at the Royal Academy for many years, was the portrait of Mr. Kemble, in the character, as the catalogue curiously stated, of Mr. Addison's Cato.

It is an immense homage paid to the manes of John Kemble, to derogate this painting from the highest school of history, by terming it a portrait of any person, even with the apotheosis of 'in the character of Cato.' Let the painting be estimated as a highly intellectual conception of Cato, in his most calm and serene contemplation, for it shows not the 'Atrocem animum Catonis' of Horace.

With all the ability in art, and the surprising effect produced by this great historic piece, it has, to the vulgar, many striking faults. It is not Cato, in the majesty of his stern virtues, nor in the intensity of thought, but it is Cato as no other modern has had intellect enough to draw him, except Shakspeare —Cato in his serene and lucid humanity.

try. Arriving and taking the chair, an hour before the appointed time of convocation, he addressed a speech to a few followers of his own, dissolved the parliament, and locking up the hall, went home with the keys in his pocket—and thus was terminated this, in appearance, most formidable National Convention of Ireland.

The relaxation of the body, in its inclining forwards, without any loss of solemnity and dignity—the amazingly fine eyes, large and brilliant, but subdued by the soul reflecting on itself—the whole figure, and even the legs in perfect repose, and yet tense to show the unrelaxing severity of Cato, form a conception of the character, and a power of representing it, which give an idea of the artist, different from what he had generally inspired. This is not Lawrence, elegant, refined, and diffident; it is the great artist full of an integral, perfect conception, and with an immense power of embodying it—a power which does not make him reject, but which absorbs him from, the business to which his mighty art is obliged to stoop, portraits.—In this painting, there may be an association between the artist's character and the mood of an opposite character which he represents; and great is the faculty of imbuing one nature with the features of its reverse, where they assimilate, but appear to common minds to be in antithesis.

Notwithstanding fervent admiration, it must be held honesty to have the details of errors noted in a work which aims at truth. A great artist is of more importance to mankind than can be conceived but by a few minds;

and yet the public, or what ought to be the public, is the shrine to which no sacrifice ought to be slain, but to which all things ought to yield.

In this painting, Sir Thomas Lawrence has shown many errors and marks of negligence which it is not hypercritical to notice. Except where he gave way to the impulses created by the object before him, he had a singular conception of foreheads, and yet, where those which he had to paint were defective, he could correct the error of nature, though where nature had not erred, he often saw not the perfection of her works. Lord Liverpool had the brow *serré*, the forehead low, and suppressing the countenance with a terrible expression. But in all the portraits of Lord Liverpool, Sir Thomas Lawrence has got over this apparently insuperable difficulty, whilst he has verged upon it where it did not exist, and, in some cases, not only removed it, but added a wide expansion of forehead to the person who possessed not the feature. In his portrait of Lord Bathurst, he had a predominant idea of nobility, and he has given a great breadth of figure, an erect carriage, and full chest, and a capacious forehead. In the portrait of Prince Metternich, he has sacrificed equally to fiction, but he has scarcely concealed the expression of

eyes which belied the nobility of forehead. In Count Hardenburgh, he has given neither the collective coldness and cunning of Metternich, nor the closed brow of Lord Liverpool; but he has omitted the expression of wisdom and goodness, or faintly expressed it, which the countenance possesses.

But to return to the subject from the digression.

The faults in this splendid portrait of Kemble are few but striking. There is a short forehead, at variance with the fullness of eye; and the cartilage of the nose, as in all his portraits of John Kemble, is unnaturally large and distended.*

But the foreground of the picture wants relief and richness, whilst the background is in every respect defective. It is thrown upon the principal figure, when an expanse or a perspective would have added to the dignity of the subject.

The little of sky that is seen is of the thick, perturbed, soapy description, which he has introduced into so many of his paintings, but which is totally at variance with the serene

* When this portrait was first exhibited, the nostril was so much distended, as to be unnatural; it was altered, but not sufficiently. The painting, when hung high, seems, in this respect, defective.

expression of this. The drapery is hung like a Gothic arras, and is kept up meanly and absurdly by a nail driven into a stone Doric pillar.

But the drapery itself is not a colour, but the fading of a colour, or something discoloured,—a feature pervading so many of Sir Thomas Lawrence's paintings.

Mr. Lawrence, in the Exhibition of the Academy for 1813, had the eight following portraits; the total number of works in the Catalogue were nine hundred and forty-five:—7, Portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham; 28, Sir H. Englefield; 63, Miss Thayer; 139, the Countess Grey; 158, Lady Ellenborough; 159, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir C. Stewart; 208, the Marquis Wellesley; 222, James Watt, Esq.

The portrait of Sir Thomas Graham proved this year to be very attractive; for that officer's extraordinary victory over the French at Barossa, had made him popular, and the subject of much curiosity. Sir Thomas Graham had entered the army in the forty-fifth year of his age (1795), and had nevertheless attained to the rank of a general officer. In 1811, his victory at Barossa had drawn the public attention to the vigour of his character and the severity of

his military duties, and this portrait of him was the most spoken of in the Exhibition. In the succeeding year, he was created Baron Lyndoch. Oliver Cromwell had entered upon the military profession at about the same period of life, and yet surpassed all men of his epoch in military science and practical manœuvres; but the genius of that great man was scarcely ever equalled, and his character is yet to be developed by the impartial historian.

It has been said, that Sir Joshua Reynolds was perpetually trying experiments in colours, and that his results were uncertain, and not to be reduced to any general rules. Sir Thomas Lawrence tried few or no experiments, and his results were equally uncertain. Not only did some of his portraits fade, whilst others stood, without any explanation of the cause, but some parts of a picture got prematurely flat, to the destruction of the uniform tone, or consistent reading of the work.

The portrait of Miss Thayer, exhibited in 1813, was also exhibited in Sir Thomas Lawrence's posthumous exhibition at the British Institution (1830), in company with other pictures painted at the same time. The discrepancy of tone was remarkable. The portrait had been painted with great carelessness, and yet (for it is

singular) there was no indecision of touch, or confusion of outline or of idea. But the picture had got flat, and there was a dark mixture in the colouring, producing what in common language would be called a dinginess. There was moreover a poverty and hardness of outline totally foreign to the artist. But withal, it was a beautiful portrait,—sober, subdued, chaste, and, without using the word in its very general and sometimes exculpatory sense, it was classical; even the small, poor, black spencer, added to the harmony of the portrait, though the pink of the lining had faded and was gone. Accidents of this sort are innumerable; and whilst some create a design and fine effect never intended, others mar the best studies.

The ideas attached to the word student, by modern painters of eminence, are rather singular. This species of apprenticeship is at least at variance with any other; and if it be considered that great artists seem to think it their duty to conceal, rather than to impart knowledge to their students, the world will cease to remark upon the very few recent instances of great masters producing great scholars.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, instead of descanting upon his principles and practice in colouring, and upon his experiments in this branch of art,

concealed every thing from his pupils with the jealousy and suspicion of a miser watching his horde. He made his experiments in private, and when he went out, he anxiously locked up all his ingredients, lest his students should discover his secrets. Surely this was not honourable to the artist, nor a likely way to benefit the art. Unless this habit was duly explained to the friends of the students, when they paid their premiums of admission, it can scarcely be accounted consistent with fair dealing. Sir Joshua had but one pupil that rose above the mediocrity of art—Mr. Northcote. Sir Thomas Lawrence's pupil, Harlow, had he lived, would have been a great painter, but more from his original powers than from any study or application.*

* Of his early apprentices, Sir Thomas had a high opinion of Mr. Hargreave, and wished him much to pursue his profession in the Metropolis. The following is the original indenture of Mr. Hargreave's service.

"10 May 1793. Agreement between Thomas Lawrence of New Bond Street, in the Liberty of Westminster and county of Middlesex, Esq. of the one part, and Thomas Hargreave of Carnaby Street, Westminster, and Henry Hargreave of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, father of the said Thomas Hargreave, of the other part.

"By which, Thomas Hargreave binds himself 'to serve the said Thomas Lawrence for two years from March last,

The Exhibition of 1814 was the lowest, in the scale of numbers, that had occurred for many years, nor did it rise superior in quality to preceding exhibitions. The catalogue contained only eight hundred and eleven works. It may be remarked that this was the last of the catalogues that printed the future president's name without his title of Sir, and it was the first that announced his residence in Russell Square.

The contributions of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Exhibition were remarkable; for, independent of their talent, they showed an absorption of what is called patronage.

In this year, 1814, Mr. Lawrence exhibited in the Academy, as follows:—23, Portrait of Viscount Castlereagh; 56, Lady Leicester; 64, H. R. H. the Duke of York; 138, Lady Grantham; 146, the Marquis of Abercorn; 237, the Right Hon. John Mac Mahon; 271, Lady Emily Cowper; 277, Master W. Lock.

The portrait of Lady Leicester represented her as Hope with the olive branch, and attended by angelic genii. It met with so much admiration that it formed the subject of one of

in his art or profession of a painter or artist,' in consideration of receiving £52. 10s. per annum, payable quarterly."

our most popular engravings. Sir John Fleming Leicester, created Lord de Tabley in 1826, had long been a great patron of art in England; but, what was peculiar to him, was, that he confined his patronage exclusively to native artists, and his gallery contained the finest specimens of our English school. Sir John was created Lord de Tabley, one of his ancestors having possessed the estate of Nether-Tabley in Cheshire, in the reign of Edward I. Sir Peter Leycester, in his antiquities of England and Ireland, published in 1673, gives a lively description of his kinswoman, Lady Eleanor Byron, whose portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, is among the Beauties of Charles the Second's reign, at Hampton Court. Sir John's father was the early patron of Wilson and Barret, and Sir John himself was instructed in drawing by Vivares, the landscape engraver, and Paul Sandby, then of the highest repute as a landscape painter in water colours; but the pupil confined himself to pen and ink drawings, sketched over with Indian ink and bistre. He travelled through Italy with Sir Richard Colt Hoare, to whom he was attached, by a similarity of pursuits in the love of the arts. On his return, he became the companion of the Prince of Wales in his social hours, private amusements, and field sports. On one occasion,

the Prince proposed a trial of skill between Sir John Leicester and two of the best shots in England. The bets were made, and the Prince's opponent chose two officers of the guards, who were esteemed to carry the art of pistol shooting to a pitch which admitted of no superiority. These were Colonel Richardson and Colonel Lenox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, and whose skill was afterwards called into play against the Duke of York. After various trials, the prize was adjudged to Sir John Leicester.

Sir John was an excellent musician. His landscapes in water colours exhibited much feeling and considerable science in perspective and colouring, whilst few men were better judges of paintings in general. He was an excellent carver and turner, and ingenious in mechanical contrivances. His portrait, in a hussar uniform of that day, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and engraved.

But the beautiful woman whose portrait was now exhibited by Mr. Lawrence, was married in 1810, at the age of sixteen, to Sir John Leicester; and was born in 1762. She was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Cottin, and the god-daughter of the Prince of Wales, and was married by special licence, at Hampton Court Palace, in the room where hung the por-

trait by Sir Peter Lely of Sir John's beautiful ancestor, Lady Eleanor Byron. The passage from Sir Peter Leycester's work, about this beauty of Charles the Second's court, was aptly applied on this occasion to the bride:— "This Eleanor is a person of such comely presence, handsomeness, sweet disposition, honour, and general repute in the world, that we have not her equal."

Sir John Leicester performed for his countrymen, the important service of making it fashionable to estimate native artists by their intrinsic merit, in lieu of the affectation of admiring Italian artists, and declaring those of England to be barbarous. He was the origin of the British Institution established in 1805, of the Calcographic Society in 1810, and the patron of the Irish Academy established in 1813. Mr. West, in a letter, observes, "No English gentleman ever did so much for modern art as Sir John Leicester. He has left nothing undone that he could do to encourage and serve the English artists; and I could name many others, who have only just done enough (and that unwillingly) to save themselves from the shame of having done nothing. But he has never cooled nor tired; and, surely, his opening his house for an exhibition of our

pictures, is the crowning of all. I am now too old to bustle about; but I will join my brother artists in any thing; by the public celebration of his birth-day, yearly; or by any other public testimony, to do honour to our noble patron."

When the Marquis of Stafford and Lord Grosvenor, at the suggestion of Mr. Shee, opened their galleries of the ancient masters to the public, Sir John Leicester threw open his, at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square; and his superb collection of works by every native artist of distinguished merit, proved that our countrymen were acquiring the faculty of estimating what was good, without reference to the prejudices of names, or the affectation of connoisseurship. Sir Thomas Lawrence's works were pre-eminent in this gallery, among those of all our great artists, from Wilson and Gainsborough down to those of his contemporaries.

A singular portrait in this Exhibition of 1814 was that of the Right Hon. John Mac Mahon; and, without losing the likeness, the artist contrived to conceal the defects of the subject. Colonel Mac Mahon was an extraordinary instance of the constancy of the fickle goddess. From the most humble origin, he rose to be

a subaltern officer in the army, and was at the siege of Charleston in America, under Sir Henry Clinton, in 1781. He rose in the Prince's estimation almost from the first interview, and was the only person that enjoyed the confidence and attachment of his royal patron from his first entering his service to his death. "Put not your trust in Princes," was a proverb not confirmed by the life of this fortunate courtier.

It would be impossible to proceed without noticing the portrait of the Lady Emily Cowper.

This is one of the sweetest portraits, or representations of infantile nature, that ever was produced, and greatly excels some of Lawrence's portraits of children which have carried off the palm of fame. There is not the slightest attempt at effect; the countenance is full of childish joy and archness, fresh and sportive; the hair natural, the body natural, and the whole expression that of infantile simplicity, redolent of health and beauty. Lawrence seems to have been so captivated with the simple purity of the subject, that he has totally forgotten the artist; he has not painted with an eye to fame, or to the Exhibition, and though the child is breathing from the canvass in its individual identity; such is the archness of the look, that the painting might seem to be a study to be

introduced into an historical picture, or into a work of beautiful fiction. The colouring of this portrait is finely softened by time; and it is altogether an invaluable painting. The subject was Lady Emily Catherine Caroline Frances Cowper, the eldest daughter of the present (sixth) Earl Cowper, by the daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne, whom he married in 1805.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Lawrence visits Paris.—Arrival of the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia in England.—Their likenesses taken by the order of the Prince Regent.—Mr. Lawrence knighted. —The Exhibition of 1815.—Portrait of R. Hart Davis, Esq.; of the Hetman Prince Platoff.—Captain Jones's History of Prince Platoff.—Portrait of Prince Blucher; of the Duke of Wellington.—The Exhibition of 1816.— Portrait of Canova; his kindness of disposition.—Great humanity of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Letters to Canova.— Portrait of Mr. J. J. Angerstein.—Lawrence's exertions upon this portrait.—Biography and family of Mr. Angerstein.—Portraits of the Bishop of London, the Marchioness of Stafford, and the Duke of York.—The Exhibition of the year 1817.—Portraits of the Marquis of Anglesea, the Duke of York, and Mrs. Arbuthnot.—Satire upon Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Memoir of him, by Mr. Hr. Howard, R. A. —The Exhibition of 1818.—Portrait of Lady E. L. Gower. —Its excellence.—Valuing Paintings at Carlton House.— Death of Major W. R. Lawrence.—Private Correspondence.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's Poetry.—His extensive reading.

As soon as the success of the Allies had opened the French capital to English visitors, Mr. Lawrence was among the first that repaired to Paris, anxious to obtain a view of the Gal-

lery of the Louvre, before the works of art were removed to the countries from which they had been taken by the Emperor Napoleon. To his friend, Miss Crofts, he wrote the following amusing letter:

"May, 1814.

"You must forgive me, my dear friend, that, in the worrying moments of my short stay at Calais, I omitted to write to you as I promised and intended. My journey from thence to Paris was sufficiently rapid, and, as Lord Stewart fully expected me, I found on my arrival a most hearty welcome, and have experienced the kindest conduct from him ever since.

"Had I delayed my journey a day longer, I should have lost the view of some of the finest works of this Gallery, the noblest assemblage of the efforts of human genius that was ever presented to the world. It very much surpassed my expectations, and particularly in its most celebrated pictures. The Transfiguration is still the very first. A few days will see the whole taken away; and much as we ought to reprobate the injustice by which the greater part of them was obtained, it is impossible to witness their departure without regret,—at least I know not how to check this feeling. No one can see France and Paris without bowing to

the greatness and extent of this man's conceptions. I use a phrase that is forced upon me. I speak of him as present, and every where he is; and it is as impossible that he can ever be separated from the past greatness of his country, as for human efforts to blot out the sun. Her present state of just humiliation is extreme, and it does move one's compassion for poor Louis, who is utterly innocent of the crimes that have produced it, that, with the feelings of a Frenchman, and with all his goodness, he is doomed to present himself to his countrymen, on a throne "so shorn of its beams," and possibly for years, "in dim eclipse." That so much greatness of intellect, so vast a reach of thought (for the plans of improvement projected by Bonaparte are still superior to those effected,) should have been mixed with such insensibility to virtue, is, in my mind, one of the most painful mysteries of Divine wisdom that can be contemplated. Clemency, benevolence, magnanimity, are virtues that seem, of necessity, to belong to the being who could have projected works of so much usefulness, beauty, and magnificence; and he had none of these! He only was not, in its accurate and worst sense,—cruel—wholly indifferent to human suffering, but not delighting in inflicting it as such.

"I hoped since my arrival not to have been entirely idle during my stay; but political circumstances prevent my intended effort after its having been arranged. All the ministry have gone out, and those who are to come in, can calculate on a short stay, after signing the treaty which the Allied Powers think necessary for their future safety.

"Pleasure, and not innocent dissipation, has here all the activity of high change in London. I see, however, and smile at it. Let those plunge into it, who are not scared from its contagion by superior enjoyment. I live with military men, but my mornings are spent in viewing works of art, my evenings at the Opera, or French Theatre, and at Lady Castlereagh's, or a walk through some other English house. All this terminates sufficiently soon to keep health unimpaired, and early rising habitual.

"I have lost a kind friend, and from his good-nature and worth, a most valuable man,—poor Mr. Boucherette, who was killed by a fall from his curricle.

"Adieu, dear Miss C. Believe me, your obliged and attached friend,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

His stay in Paris was short, and his letters to his friends but few. He was soon recalled home upon important business, by the special order of the Prince Regent.

The Bourbon family being placed upon the throne of France by Marmont, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the princes, statesmen, and illustrious officers, who had brought the war to a conclusion, were desirous of visiting England, the country which had been the origin and support of all their exertions and successes.

As soon as they arrived as visitors to the Regent, his Royal Highness was anxious that their likenesses should be taken in a manner that might not only commemorate their visit, but transmit the state of British art to future generations. This may be pronounced, if not the commencement, at least the full tide of the Prince's patronage of Mr. Lawrence, and from this era it flowed in one powerful and undeviating course. Nothing could be more fortunate to a great artist than his living at a period of such extraordinary events; for the latest posterity, to the end of time, will derive their ideas of the persons of these great characters, from the pencil of Lawrence.

The Prince Regent enjoined Mr. Lawrence

to lose no opportunity of taking the portraits of the Autocrat of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Blucher and the Hetman Platoff; and, as these personages were absorbed in company, public affairs, and in visiting the institutions of the country, it required the utmost vigilance and importunity of Mr. Lawrence to obtain even short and irregular sittings. The likenesses were taken at what was called York House, a branch of St. James's Palace, now pulled down, and on its site is erected the spacious house which was intended for the Duke of York, and is now the property of the Marquis of Stafford.

The public, in the ensuing year, 1815, were gratified by the exhibition of some of the portraits taken at York House.

But on 22nd April 1815, the Prince Regent was pleased to confer the honor of knighthood upon Mr. Lawrence; and the distinction was accompanied by very flattering assurances of the Regent's esteem of a man whose genius had so greatly elevated the character of the country for the arts, in the estimation of Europe. More titles of dignity, from that of knight to marquis and duke, were conferred in the years 1814 and 1815 than at any period of our history. It is understood that the Emperor of Russia was the first to suggest to the Prince Regent the propriety of knighting Mr.

Lawrence. The Emperor had previously requested a similar honour to be conferred upon his physician, a Scotchman by birth, and the request was accordingly complied with; but when the Emperor learned that the Regent's physician, Sir Henry Halford, was a baronet, he was far from pleased at the lower title of knight being accorded to his medical friend. The Regent hearing this, created the Emperor's physician a baronet.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy for this year (1815,) contained nine hundred and eight works, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's were as follows:—28, Portrait of Mrs. Wolfe; 65, H. R. H. the Prince Regent; 76, H. H. Prince Metternich Werinebourg, Achan Hauzen, Minister for, &c.; 109, Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, holding the sword of state, on the last day of the public thanksgivings at St. Paul's; 155, Field-Marshal Prince Blucher; 163, the Hetman Prince Platoff; 276, R. Hart Davis, Esq.

Of the latter portrait, before alluded to in this work, it would be impossible to speak in too high terms. It is masculine and severe, and totally devoid of any of the tricks of art to produce effect, or to catch the fancy of the ignorant.

It is really a surprising portrait, with very

little more of light than Titian, in his Venetian Senators, has used, when he has merely given a bright gleam to the upper part of the face, with a slight reflection upon the lower part as if from the black drapery in which every thing else is obscured. Without being technical or pedantic in the art, it may be observed, that the harmony with respect to the tone of the colours and their relation to each other, and with reference to the selection of objects, and the reading of the character in the countenance and figure, (a three-quarters length,) constitutes the perfection of *keeping*, or a classic unity, which excites one undivided, absorbing feeling, delightful to indulge in, from its being undisturbed by aught calculated to lead the mind from its singleness of thought. Where the spectator's attention is divided between the principal figure and the background; or his eye wanders from the portrait to the red curtain, or architectural devices, all unity is destroyed, and the principles of three or four paintings are confused into one, without perhaps admitting any single feeling to be predominant. It was not thus that Rembrandt, Titian, or perhaps Vandyck painted portraits, though Lawrence has sometimes fallen into the error, as in his portrait of Cardinal Gonsalvi, and even in that of the Pope.

In this fine portrait of Mr. Hart Davis, the mind's energies are brought to one concentration of interest.—Even the hair, and the fur of the robe round the open neck are managed with very great skill, and show the painter's nice discrimination making all subordinate objects harmonize to one principle. The head of this portrait absorbs the varnish more than the other parts of the canvass; but it would be preferable to make the body flatter, rather than to lighten or brighten the tone of the upper part of the picture.

The Hetman Prince Platoff was a capital portrait, and represented him with his long, oval, Asiatic face, and with a considerable expression of cunning, which was in fact his character. Captain George Mathew Jones, (R. N.) in his travels into Russia, gives an interesting account of this Hetman's conduct to his subjects:—"From a common Cossack of the Don, he became for many years, and died, their Hetman. Indeed, with him may be said to have expired their freedom,—for a native is no longer appointed by the Emperor to that distinguished office."—"Of the two English women whom Platoff is said to have taken with him from England, I could not hear any account, other than that they had left the country.—As I

had ever been an enthusiastic admirer of the old hero's character, I was much shocked to find his memory generally execrated, and himself represented as the most unfeeling and avaricious of mortals. The ground of accusation was as follows:"—Captain Jones then proceeded to relate the excessive inconvenience experienced by the Cossacks in their old capital, and that in determining the site of the new, Platoff, unmindful of the general good, was influenced solely by bribes, gross and nefarious.—The portrait of this fortunate savage was excellent.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was happy in his portrait of Prince Blucher. Not only was the likeness excellent, but the composition of the picture was equally good, and the whole attitude and person of the man was made expressive of his character.

The likeness of the Duke of Wellington, exhibited in this Exhibition, was not the most fortunate of those taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence of this illustrious character. It was full of glare, with a light showy view of St. Paul's in the background, whilst the Duke seemed unconnected with aught around him; and to render the parts of the picture consistent, it was necessary to tell the spectator that the

Duke had been sword-bearer of a city procession to St. Paul's.

In the next year, (1816) the Exhibition contained but nine hundred and seventy works. The following were by Sir Thomas Lawrence: —12, Portrait of J. J. Angerstein, Esq.; 25, the Bishop of London; 47; the Bishop of Durham; 48, the Marchioness of Stafford; 61, Field-Marshal H. R. H. the Duke of York; 107, Lady Wigram; 161, Major-General Sir H. Torrens, K.C.B.; 184, Canova.

During Canova's visit to England, his likeness was taken by several of our artists, but particularly by Mr. Jackson and Sir Thomas Lawrence. Both of these were excellent portraits, and were engraved. At the period of these portraits being taken, he was in his fifty-ninth year, and he died six years afterwards.

It is related that Canova was highly pleased with Fuseli, and expressed himself delighted with his works. If this be fact, it is worthy of observation; for no two men could be more opposite to each other in manners, habits, sentiments, and talents. Canova was principally instrumental, on his return to Rome, in procuring the honorary distinctions of the Academy of St. Luke's, for Lawrence, Fuseli, and

Flaxman: it can hardly be inferred from this, that he admired the works of men so very different in their genius, and one of them so directly opposite to himself in every particular. In 1815, at the death of Fuseli, Sir Thomas bought many of his works at a very liberal price; for he had died richer in fame than in purse.

It may be remarked of Canova, as a proof of his superiority to prejudices and early notions, that when his visit to England gave him the opportunity of examining the Elgin Marbles, he at once acknowledged their excellence, and renounced his ideas of the perfection of the Italian school of Michael Angelo. It was after he had fulfilled his mission of assigning the works at the Louvre to the respective places to which they were to be restored, that he visited England. He was well received in this country, and the Prince Regent presented him with a snuff-box set round with diamonds.

There is a remark of some consequence, which applies equally to Canova and Sir Thomas Lawrence. They were both of humane dispositions, sensitive to the sympathies of life, and full of all its charities, and yet they scarcely attempted any work that may be called pathetic.

It would be difficult to name two men of equal fame, whose works were addressed so much to the imagination and so little to what is termed pathos. Other men, whose works have been full of deep feeling, have had little of that feeling in their own natures.

The instances in which Sir Thomas exhibited the kindness of his heart to others, were so very numerous, that a selection, even of the strongest cases, would, I fear, occupy too large a portion of space for me to insert them in this work.

In Greek Street, he had an old faithful female servant, who, although passed the age at which pulmonary consumption usually preys upon the system, was labouring under that fatal complaint. It was suggested to Lawrence that the servant did nothing, and could do nothing in the house, and that he had better send her—to the hospital. His nature revolted at such unkindness.

He exempted her from labour, had her nursed with great care, and attended by his own medical adviser, and daily solaced her by his kind enquiries and conversation. For the last three weeks of her life, he provided himself with a bed in a neighbouring lodging-house, and gave up his chamber to her, and in which the poor old creature died: she was buried at his expense.

Congenial feelings excited a reciprocal esteem and attachment between Canova and Sir Thomas Lawrence. I insert extracts from two letters received by Canova from his friend.

"TO THE MARQUESS CANOVA.

"YOUR kind and generous attentions to the friends whom I took the liberty to introduce to your notice, should have received fuller and more frequent acknowledgments from me, than the constant pressure of professional business, with its complicated engagements, has enabled me to return. Admitting, however, that cause of silence in its fullest extent, I am still left without just excuse for my neglect, since we have generally the power of selecting the most important objects for our attention, and there can be few more so than correspondence with the eminent and good, especially when they are endeared to us by acts of beneficence, and by those solid proofs of remembrance that call as strongly on our affection as their characters on our respect.

"Accept, my dear Marquess, my mingled thanks, apologies, and regret; and when you wish to pardon me, feel for a man who is doomed to live entirely alone—who does this credit to your

Academy, that he slights no work, while defect can be perceived, and corrected by him,—but who, being from that feeling, little assisted in his labours, finds them too many for his comfort, his intentions, or his health. I have for these last three months declined all new commissions, although now, indeed, engaging in one by command, (of which I will speak hereafter,) which you will perceive could not but be gladly and gratefully undertaken.

"The Academy of St. Luke, whether it be matter of custom or not, does me but too much honour in deigning to request my portrait. I have never painted myself, and, except when a boy, have never been painted by others. I could wish indeed to defer the task, till age had given my countenance some lines of meaning, and my hair, scanty and grey as it is, some silvery hues, like those of our venerable President, Mr. West; but, in some way or other, if I have any power of improving an ordinary face, your friends may depend on my exerting it in this instance; and though I have many causes to dislike myself, which may have stolen into my countenance, not one of them shall appear in the picture, if I can help it.

"In the mean time, let me attempt to conciliate my brethren of your Academy for my

delay, and your brother for my unintentional omissions, by sending to you a portrait, at the time, sufficiently like the admired and beloved original, to make the absence of any other not to be regretted.

"With the picture, I entreat you to accept a print from my portrait of the Duke of Wellington.

"Let me now, dear Marquess, acquaint you, that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has graciously commanded me to attend at Aix-la-Chapelle to paint for him portraits of the Monarchs, their first Ministers, and Generals—a task which makes exertion too imperious a duty to make it wise in me to look at my comparative unfitness for it. But let me have your wishes for my success.—'Go with me to my trial.'—Pray for me in my life—and, though a Protestant, I will believe in the fullest efficacy of your charitable intercession for me on my death.

"When I was last admitted to the Prince Regent's presence, he spoke with the greatest delight of the prospect of possessing your works, and wished for nothing short of an entire monopoly of your genius; but I believe he knows not a misfortune that already attends him, for you have sent a Helen to Lord Castlereagh

that even Lady Castlereagh will not permit. His Royal Highness to have, and which I think is your most beautiful head, entirely justifying the old gentlemen of Priam's court in their indulgent admiration.

"How grateful is —— to you for your goodness to him! You will not let your genius be without a rival. Your benevolence has a fame that, were it less bright, might threaten to eclipse it. May you live to the extremest age, that art may retain, and present, one of the purest and brightest examples of love and honour, stimulating its professors by your works; and be not offended that your actions encourage those to write to you with the familiarity of affection, who perhaps should properly have addressed you with the more distant language of respect."

In the portrait of Mr. J. J. Angerstein, Lawrence's highest powers and deepest feelings were excited by his warm-hearted and sincere attachment to his oldest, most estimable, and valued friend. For identity of likeness, for individuality of character, for the strong impress of nature, and for every indication of care and exerted powers in the artist, this was one of the finest works he ever produced. It is scarce-

ly a pleasant portrait to look at with respect to sentiment. The nervous irritation of age, in an exhausted system, is painfully depicted in the lips and in the excitement of the eyes.

Mr. J. J. Angerstein was of a respectable German family settled in Russia. He was born at St. Petersburgh in 1735, and was recommended to come to England by Mr. Thompson, the eminent Russia merchant. Mr. Angerstein arrived in London about the year 1749, and having acquired a knowledge of business in Mr. Thompson's counting-house, he became an underwriter at Lloyd's, and was very soon distinguished for his vigilance, acuteness, industry, and integrity. To him the little world of underwriters, called Lloyd's, owes its present form and segregation, as well as the rooms and offices at the Royal Exchange in which the business has for so many years been conducted. Mr. Angerstein first procured an act of Parliament to render penal the changing the names of ships, a practice by which great frauds used to be committed. In the distresses of 1793, he suggested to Government the novel plan in this country, of assisting trade by public advances of loans of Exchequer Bills; and he afterwards originated with ministers the certainly less moral scheme of establishing lotteries in aid of the revenue—a scheme, how-

ever, which the Government readily embraced, and continued long after the public sense of the immoral tendencies of lotteries was confirmed by fatal experience. Mr. Angerstein was not only a successful contractor for lotteries, but he became an equally fortunate participator in the government loans. His vigilance was inexhaustible. By his means alone, that miscreant Renwick Williams, called the Monster, from his habit of wounding and maiming females in the streets, was brought to what, in this country, was then called justice—*i. e.* six years imprisonment. Mr. Angerstein then pointed out to Government an inconvenience and gross nuisance in Kensington Gardens, and finding the Government insensible to the public good, he remedied the evil at his own expense. By his means, the Veterinary College was re-established; and by his exertions and influence the funds at Lloyd's offered a reward of 2000*l.* for the invention of a life-boat, or means of saving the lives of shipwrecked persons. So affluent had this eminent man become, that he and his partner, Mr. Rivaz, ensured for 656,800*l.* the cargo of bullion shipped for England from Vera-Cruz, in the Diana frigate.

In 1811, Mr. Angerstein retired from busi-

ness, and resided at Pall Mall and at his beautiful villa of Woodlands at Blackheath, on which he expended large sums with great taste and judgment.

He was long pre-eminent as a munificent and judicious patron of the Arts. His gallery in Pall Mall contained forty-two paintings of the first excellence, collected chiefly from the sales of the Borghese, Colonna, and Orleans galleries, and from those of the King of Sardinia, the Duke de Bouillon, &c. In his selections, his judgment was aided principally by Mr. Lawrence and by Mr. West.

Mr. Angerstein died at Woodlands, on 22nd Jan. 1823, in the 88th year of his age.

He was twice married; first, to the widow of Mr. Charles Crockatt, by whom he had a son, John, who married the daughter of Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, and a daughter, Juliana, married to General Sabloukoff. Mrs. Angerstein had had a family by her first husband, and the utmost harmony and affection had always reigned between the two branches. He was buried at Greenwich; and among other eminent persons, his remains were attended to the grave by his friend Sir Thomas Lawrence.

His personal property was sworn to be under half a million, and he left estates in Nor-

folk, Kent, Lincoln, and Suffolk. To his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Boucherette, the wife of Ayscough Boucherette, Esq. he left the interest of 20,000*l.* with remainder to her children. His will was dated January 1823. His pictures at Woodlands were entailed. Those of his gallery in Pall Mall were directed to be sold, and they have since happily formed the nucleus of our National Gallery. The best catalogue raisonné of this admirable collection, appeared in the New Monthly Magazine in 1822.

For the above summary of this most humane, munificent, and enlightened man, I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. H. Watts, the biographer of Mr. Angerstein, in the obituary, and a gentleman whose spirit must have made him sensibly feel the inestimable value of the character which has now become the property of posterity.

In a short-lived work, termed, Annals of the Fine Arts, edited by an architect, Lawrence was not always treated with decorum or justice. The following critiques upon his exhibition of this year appeared in that work :—

"No. 12, Portrait of J. J. Angerstein, Esq.—A forcible, speaking likeness of a liberal patron of the fine arts, marked with the distinguishing

characteristics of Sir Thomas's pencil, and is one of the best specimens of British portraiture.

"No. 25, Portrait of the Bishop of London.—This characteristic portrait of the learned prelate must add to the reputation of the painter, and of the school of which he is so shining an ornament.

"No. 48, Portrait of the Marchioness of Stafford.—A faithful portrait, but inferior to the well-remembered likeness of that lady by Phillips a few years ago.

"No. 61, Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—His Royal Highness is here represented in a Field-Marshal's uniform, over which he wears the robes of the order of the Garter, which are gracefully arranged, and form a brilliant specimen of colouring.

"No. 184, Portrait of Canova.—A forcible and impressive likeness of this eminent sculptor, who is not more celebrated for his talents than for his private worth and modesty.

In this year, I find the following letter addressed to his friend Miss Crofts.

"MY DEAR MISS CROFTS,

"If either of us have cause to regret our Hart Street evenings, I am sure it is myself. You are occupied with the same duty, now

growing more delightful, because you will have that wish of your heart fulfilled, of watching a sick friend into health; and besides this, you seem gay to downright profligacy! have acquaintances, friends, carriages, and, I dare say, lovers, at command. To be sure, I have Kemble left (still unwell), and have always a welcome from him; but as I forswear dinners, and their consequent society, winter is at present without its cheerfulness; and were it here with all its festivity, it could not repay me for the loss of a friend like you, to whom I could, as I have done, fearlessly confide the happiness or sorrow of my heart, and heighten the one or alleviate the other, by communicating them to worth like yours, and to a friendship so generous and feeling.

"I could not have had this comfort in man's regard. Our old plays, romances,—real life,—all exhibit some Hephæstion or Pylades (less than an Alexander or Orestes you would not endure to see me) to whom the hero confides every thing. Is it coldness in me, or greater esteem for women, that I select them, and never trust the other sex, in matters where my heart is deeply interested? Male friends I have (alas! have had). Mind:—frank—honourable—I have now almost a father; but you know, even the novel-

ist never trusts a father, so that unless I change my nature and opinions, which strengthen in obstinacy with increasing age, I am not likely to have another dearest friend, should you desert me.

"How cheering is your account of dear Hester! How good she is to us all to be going on so well! I see your walkings and ridings and chairings —in fine weather delightful, and in bad, Hastings can present the grand in all its terrors. Have you often been to that interesting scene, and watched the putting off the fishing-boats in brisk gales, and their coming in? It has so much bustle, anxiety, energy, and almost danger, as to leave very powerful impressions on one's senses and imagination. Many a rude lover's heart palpitates on those evenings. Many a wife's is sad as the wind rises in the hour after the boats are gone, and the long long night seems darkening into a storm! I have seen many pale faces on that beach in the morning, when "there's no bathing, Sir"—and the small bending specks at intervals appear on the horizon.

"The weather is setting in severely; and the zealous courtesy of an humble friend, in setting me down to breakfast in a best room, the fire of which I heard lighted, as I was touching upon a proof in another as cold, has made short con-

finement and medicine prudent. Whilst I determine never to quack myself, I likewise determine never to let disease get the start of me through my own carelessness—at least if it gets the start, it shall not win the race. If the brute has such bone and muscle that it will distance me, it shall be by mere strength, for I will whip and spur and jostle to the last. When I look to my art (and I trust to continued national happiness), what a short life should I have led, if I were now to die! Yet I confess, I ought now to die content; for I have had great happiness—should have *in* death—and in that life, events, passions, characters, and incidents, have taken their full share of interest for my humble station.—Adieu, dear friend!

"Ever yours,

"T. LAWRENCE."

In 1817, the Exhibition of the Royal Academy displayed one thousand and seventy-seven works. Sir Thomas Lawrence had sent eight, which was his usual number to the year of his death. This year, they were:—24, Portrait of Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Anglesea; 44, of the sons of —— Pattison, Esq.; 68, Lieutenant-General Lord Lyndoch; 72, Her R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester; 150, Mrs. Arbuth-

not; 156, Mr. P. Norton; 190, Lady Maria Oglander; 346, J. Jekyll, Esq.

The Annals of the Fine Arts, this year, contained merely the following notice of the works of Lawrence:

"Sir T. Lawrence does not by any means make his usual splendid show, but has enough to prove how well-grounded is his high reputation as a portrait-painter; yet a little more care in the finish of his pictures would give them a value but little conceived. He has eight portraits,—No. 24, Portrait of Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Anglesea, a fine and characteristic picture, worthy of a situation in a baronial hall; 150, Mrs. Arbuthnot, a sweet, simple, and an unaffected head."

TO MISS CROFTS.

Russell Square,

"MY DEAR FRIEND, Oct. 8, 1817.

"I HAVE too long delayed to answer your kind letter, a fault arising very much from my professional labours, and the consequent lassitude resulting from them. The simple act of putting pen to paper is, I am convinced, a much more formidable thing to men than it is to women, who perpetually surprise one by their facility in doing it, amidst every descrip-

tion of distraction, noise, gaiety, and inconvenience. I am sure that 'where there 's a will there 's a way,' does not hold good with us 'slaves of the creation;' for the will to write is almost as perpetual with us as the will to *do* right; and yet the way, the manner of putting the pen between the finger and thumb in such position as to effect the purpose, is often matter of such puzzling difficulty, that down go the arms, as soon as by an effort they have reached the table. To-day, I am writing to Lord Stewart, and my conscience will not suffer me to be dutiful to one kind friend, whilst another as kind, esteemed, and respected, has reason to reproach my silence. I beg to inform you, that his letter came before yours.

"I am very sorry to learn from you, that dear Mary is so little recovered in her looks. You know my opinions about grief for the loss of beloved friends, and that I am never an admirer of that quick resignation which so laudably subdues it. The time but too soon comes, when sad recollection is succeeded by self-reproach, that its sadness is so diminished. I know, however, that this can apply as little to your tender friend as to any mourner, and that 'Annie' will be long remembered by her tears, when her smiles are directed to her offspring.

"You amuse me about honest Major B——, and exceedingly with your intimate knowledge of his *naïveté* and simplicity—I beg pardon, innocency, I should say. From whom did you gather this intuitive discernment of so rare virtues? After all, I had rather you mistook on this charitable side than on its opposite, which is still more liable to error, with far greater loss to ourselves. The cultivation of moral, like that of intellectual taste, is only to be refined by the pursuit and contemplation of goodness, not the detection of vice or folly; and the most brilliant satirists have often, from this cause, lamentably failed, when they have attempted to represent true passion. Sheridan was one striking instance. All which wise reasoning shall leave the Major in all the innocency you ascribe to him. I only wish some rich benevolist would leave him a good fortune; for Mary does not seem wholly disinclined to him.

"Give my kind regards to Mary and Mr. A., and a kiss to the boy, the little relic of so much pleasing worth.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

In one of the quarterly numbers of the Annals of Art for this year (1817), there was a

squib, in which the author, under the fiction of a dream or vision, criticised, or rather satirised, almost every artist of repute. Sir Thomas Lawrence was rather too sensitive to the following *jeu d'esprit* upon himself:—

"Wondering why L—wr—ce had not come to the surface, I instantly saw him sail by in a light, elegant, japanned boat, of the same material as a Birmingham teaboard,—wafted along the stream with silken sails, steered by a sylph, dressed in sparkling tinsel. His hair was newly powdered; he was bowing to all the dying and the living, but offering his assistance to none. He darted by with the lightness of a gossamer, and with the rapidity of an arrow. I looked at him with wonder that he should have got so much ahead of the others, and followed him with a keen eye. But in a little while, Mr. Editor, instead of going down the river at the same rate, steadily and firmly, he and his boat were changed into a bubble, which glittered in all the beautiful colours of the rainbow, in the sunny air, and burst without report. However, out of the beautiful bubble, I saw the evidence in favour of the Elgin Marbles drop; it floated along uninjured, and even unwetted, by the waves."

But it affords me infinite pleasure to be able here to insert the following brief, but very able

sketch of Lawrence's talents by Mr. Howard, the learned and very ingenious Secretary of the Royal Academy, for whose private worth, and rich fancy as an artist, Lawrence often expressed his warmest esteem and admiration.

"In this year" (1787), Mr. Howard says, "he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, and also made his first attempt at oil painting — a portrait of his own head (now exhibiting). He had given it great richness of tone, more like that of the old masters than the ordinary hues of nature, insomuch that Reynolds, on seeing it, cautioned him against such a deviation from truth, and advised him to paint what he *saw*. He was always, however, mindful of another piece of advice equally useful, which proceeded from the same great authority, 'not to fall into the vulgar error of making things *too like* themselves,' and his fine taste early led him to perceive, that the *imitation*, which is the legitimate aim of painting, must be select, refined, and true to the principles of the art, as well as to the qualities of its subjects.

"In the first part of his career, he was inclined to carry his taste for the colouring of the old masters a little too far, and the pursuit of *tone*, *chiaroscuro*, and *breadth*, led him into a style

rather artificial and approaching to *manner;* but he gradually got the better of this error, and by incessant study and application, became at once more *artful* and more *natural.* Indefatigable, and never satisfied with his productions, like Pope, 'he laboured hard to gain a reputation, and then laboured hard to maintain it.' On one occasion, he is known to have painted thirty-eight hours together, without reposing or taking any sustenance but coffee. It is remarkable that, in the latter part of his life, when his great practice might have been expected to make him more rapid in the completion of his works, the increased pains he took, arising no doubt from his improved perceptions, acquired for him the character of slowness,—for him who had painted that admirable picture of Hamlet in so short a time as one week! But it was this insatiable ardour, this incessant aim at excellence, which enabled him to obtain so consummate a mastery in the theory and practice of the art of painting, and finally to establish his indisputable claim to rank with Titian and Vandyke, with Reynolds and Velasquez.'

"Perhaps the genius of Lawrence was best adapted to portraiture; but possessing so fine an intellect as he did, with such complete

technical skill, it is more than probable that, under other circumstances, he would have achieved a very high reputation as a painter of History. He was a finished draughtsman, had a perfect knowledge of the human figure in its various classes, an exquisite feeling of the beautiful, the grand, and the pathetic, with a rich and luxuriant taste in landscape and background,—in short, seemed deficient in no one requisite. He possessed, too, an enthusiastic love for the higher qualities of the art, as was evinced by his admiration of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, of Fuseli, Flaxman, and Stothard, which, in a country where there was any demand for historical painting, would inevitably have led him to the first rank of excellence. The few examples he has left of his talents in this way help to prove it; if we ought not rather to say, that many of his portraits, such as his Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, young Lambton, &c. &c. belong equally to this class of art.

"Titian's portraits have a grave and quiet dignity about them not to be excelled; to this no doubt the costume of his time was favourable, and with this, the rich and mellow colouring in which they are embodied is admirably accordant. In these qualities, Reynolds came

nearest to Titian, and, in his exquisite representations of infant character, surpassed him. If Lawrence must yield to his great rivals in these points, he went beyond them, and Vandyke too, as a draughtsman,—indeed, against the latter and Velasquez, he may dispute the palm in all respects, and with greatly the advantage in point of variety of invention.*

"His great technical excellence seems to have been drawing, which is undoubtedly the true foundation of painting. Reynolds is a remarkable and almost solitary instance of what chiaroscuro and ingenuity may do to conceal the want of it; but it enabled Lawrence to make out his heads with a surprising minuteness and accuracy of detail, such as perhaps were never before combined with so much breadth and delicacy. Some of the Italian critics, however, accustomed to the harder Continental style of finish, thought him deficient in this particular. '*Non è reso*,' was their remark,—'He does not define:'—this perhaps was an additional reason with them for calling him '*Il Tiziano Inglese*.' In fact, his details

* Mr. Howard's judgment is, in this instance, as in all others, correct, and yet in Italy, and particularly in Florence, Sir Thomas was depreciated, upon the ground of a want of knowledge in drawing.

are so delicate as to escape a cursory notice, and he knew that brilliancy and vivacity of effect are incompatible with elaborate smoothness.

"In the intellectual treatment of his portraits, he has produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations, and has generally conveyed, with the feeling and invention of a poet, the best representation of his subjects; seizing the most interesting expression of countenance which belonged to each: in this respect, he has shown perhaps a greater dramatic power than either of his illustrious rivals; and certainly, in painting *beauty*, he yields to none. He has sometimes been censured for rather a theatrical taste in his attitudes, approaching to the meretricious, but in general they are dignified, graceful, and easy. Early in life, he aimed at a depth and richness of tone more readily to be found in Titian, and the best Italian colourists, than in the hues of nature in this climate; but he gradually quitted this style, and imitated closely the freshness of his models as he found them; striving to give his works the utmost brilliancy and vigour of which his materials were capable.* Hence, if his

* Without in the slighest degree differing from this opinion, I may yet observe, *en passant*, that the general senti-

pictures seldom possess the mellow sweetness of Reynolds, he often surpassed him in some of the above-mentioned qualities. In vivid and varied *chiaroscuro*, he has perhaps no rival, and may be said to have enlarged the boundaries of his art, changing by degrees the character of our annual Exhibitions, and giving them at length one of acknowledged and unprecedented splendour. This extraordinary force and vivacity of effect, the gracefulness of his manipulation, and those animated expressions of the human face divine,* which his powerful skill in drawing enabled him to fix so admirably on canvass, constitute his peculiar distinction and glory as an original artist, and his claim to the title of a man of genius.

"Proofs of these high qualities are to be found more or less strong, in almost all his works, beginning with the lovely portrait of Miss Farren down to Lady Londonderry and the Duchess of Richmond. Those of His Majesty George the Fourth, the Pope, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Emperor of Austria, Duke of Wellington, Duke of Bedford, Sir W. Grant, young Lamb-

ment in Italy was, that Sir Thomas was meretricious in his colouring.

* The "acquiras vultus, elegantiam capilli, venustatem oris," &c. of Pliny, is particularly applicable to Lawrence.

ton, the children of Mr. Calmady, &c. &c., are among the finest the art ever produced.

"On the death of Mr. West, in 1820, he was immediately elected President of the Royal Academy (the 30th of March), with nearly the unanimous concurrence of the Academicians. For this office, his talents and accomplishments particularly qualified him, and he performed its functions with so much success, and bore his faculties so meekly as to conciliate the approbation of all his brotherhood. Indeed, from the moment of his election, he seems to have determined to win all hearts,—and no man ever possessed greater fascination; nor has been more sincerely deplored.

"His talents were by no means confined to painting. He had not the advantage of a classical education in early life, but had acquired a very extensive and intimate acquaintance with English literature, which, from his excellent memory, was always ready for use. A nobleman of acknowledged taste (the late Marquis of Abercorn) said of him, 'He knows only one language, but *that* he knows better than any other man.' When young he displayed great taste in singing, and so much dramatic power, that Sheridan declared him to be the best amateur actor in the kingdom. His

late Majesty is reported to have said of him, 'He is the most finished gentleman in my dominions.' *

"After his election to the chair of the Royal Academy, honours showered upon him:—Knight—LL. D.—F. R. S.—Trustee of the British Museum, and latterly, Member of the French Legion of Honour, not to mention of the Academies of St. Luke, &c. No man ever loved art for its own sake more than Lawrence, nor showed a more liberal spirit to rising artists, some of whom he supported in their studies on the Continent; of others, he purchased their works, striving to assist and bring into notice excellence in whatever style it might appear, for his was not that narrow and exclusive feeling which could relish but one—so often mistaken for real taste.

"His house was a museum containing the choicest specimens of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving; and the collection of drawings by the old masters which he had

* An eminent statesman, constantly about his late Majesty's person, denied the truth of this report. The fact is totally immaterial. There is no infallibility in royal judgments respecting gentlemen. Sir Thomas fascinated by his manners, and attached to him by his deportment, all who ever associated with him. Compared to this testimony of the general voice, the opinions of any individual are of no weight.

formed was probably one of the finest in Europe."

Such are the opinions of a contemporary artist—of one who combines the genius of his art with the acquirements of the scholar and the refinements of a gentleman. In this brief but valuable memoir, the reader must appreciate the taste, the sound judgment, and fine spirit of Lawrence's friend Mr. Howard, whose pencil has so materially sustained and advanced the reputation of our country for genius in the fine arts.

In 1817, Sir Thomas was much at Claremont House, painting a portrait of Prince Leopold and of the Princess Charlotte. In a letter subsequently introduced into this work, he describes the unsophisticated and amiable life led by the Prince and Princess, as well as the attentions paid by them to himself.

In the succeeding year, 1818, the year in which he left England for the Continent, he produced eight portraits in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, the total number of works in which amounted to the extraordinary number of eleven hundred and seventeen. Those of Sir Thomas Lawrence were—25, Portrait of Lady Ackland and her children; 53, Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower; 61, H. R. H. the

Prince Regent; 139, the Hon. Frederic Stewart, son of Lord Stewart; 148, the Earl of Suffolk; 165, the Duke of Wellington, in the dress he wore, and on the horse he rode at the battle of Waterloo; 230, William Morgan, Esq.; 284, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. H. Lowther.

The Countess Gower's is a fine, elaborate, full-length portrait of the Countess, representing her sitting in a chair, with a quiet, maternal air. She has a dark rich dress and drapery, and has on her knee a flaxen-headed child, arch and pretty, and full of animation, and pointing with its finger vivaciously to some object in the distance to which it wishes to draw its mother's attention. It has been observed, that the child's limbs have not the fullness and swelling contour appropriate to childhood, and the observation is well-founded. Sir Thomas seldom gave to children the soft, swelling tumidness of infantile nature: he had not the loose pappy fatness which Rubens gave to his infants, nor the firm muscular fullness of Raffaelle; but his portraits of children might give an idea of what Michael Angelo's frames of children would have been refined to, had they been pampered in the effeminacy and luxuries of modern drawing-rooms. Reynolds's children, on the contrary, were those of Rubens spiritualized, or made gen-

teel; whilst Gainsborough touched the feelings by pourtraying the children of our native isle, in their simple pathos and humours, and in the symmetry and beauty with which they are so often found amongst us in humble life. But in this portrait, Sir Thomas Lawrence has introduced the child very playfully. The infant is pretty, and its light skin and hair produce the effect of innocence and purity, which harmonize with the maternal air of the mother and the repose of the whole painting. The arch pleasure in the child's face, the little fingers pointing to the distance, and the other hand resting on the table, whilst the left leg is thrown back to secure its seat upon the lap, are touches of nature, and proofs of genius in the painter.

In this year, he was employed by the Prince Regent to make a valuation of his Royal Highness's collection of paintings at Carlton House, and the following is a note he addressed on the subject to his friend Mr. W. Y. Ottley, and which shows his anxiety.

Secret! "Russell Sq., Saturday Morning—seven.

"DEAR SIR,

"A MATTER of some difficulty and delicacy is confided to me, in which your knowledge of art would greatly assist me, and those feelings and principles of honour proper to gentlemanly

station will give additional value to that assistance. Have so much reliance on my esteem for you, and my discretion, as at once to meet me on the subject, between eleven and twelve this morning, at the York Coffee House, St. James's Street, where you will be nearer the scene of (if my wish is granted) our mutual service.

"The business and occasion are very pressing, or I should not propose so sudden a meeting.

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

"Yours with great truth,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

It was in this year that he had the misfortune to lose his second brother, Major Wm. Read Lawrence, who expired suddenly on the 22nd of February, of an apoplexy, at the house of his elder brother, the Rev. Andrew Lawrence, at Haslar Hospital.

The instant he heard of his brother's illness, he hastened to Portsmouth, but did not arrive in time to witness his death. He was sincerely afflicted at the loss, for his nature was kind and sensitive, and his affection for his family extreme. As soon as he could compose his feelings, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Ploxam, upon the subject; and the following is an extract from the letter.

* * * *

"Andrew has indeed truly conveyed to you, my dear Anne, a knowledge of every care and attention bestowed on our dear lamented William, by his solicitude and love, and, as I understand, by the generous kindness of his friends.

"In mentioning the almost certainty of his meeting this sad fate at no long period, had the immediate affliction been spared us, he has forgotten Dr. Gray's opinion, that the only alternative to the extinction of life would have been that of reason, and that speedy fatuity must have taken place—of all calamities, save that of fierce insanity, the most dreadful. This must be partly our consolation; but our greatest must be derived from that which, at the instant, adds to the bitterness of grief—the innocency of his nature, and with it the sure belief, that the good man on earth is now one of the rewarded and blest in heaven. The modesty of William's heart, the absence of self and of vain self-applause, in the meekness of his benevolence, were qualities that gained him our fixed esteem, and will make him be beloved by us, and revered and mourned, while his remembrance and our reason last."

* * * *

In the latter end of the year 1818, his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, lost one of her children, a young lady of sixteen, of great promise, and to whom her uncle bore a sincere regard. He had painted her portrait in the preceding March, whilst at Haslar, and had had it engraved; and he often spoke and wrote of this niece in terms of admiration and tenderness.

On the occasion of her death, he wrote to his friend Miss Crofts a letter of which the following is an extract.

"I have lost a sweet, good, modest, little being, in my niece Susan; but who can, for the innocent, lament the death of the innocent? It is a severe affliction to her parents, sisters, friends. I feel thankful that this one talent, which God has given me, has, in this case, afforded consolation to my good sister and her family, by perpetuating the form, and expressing the nature of this lovely, lamented being, my dear Susan. At the foot of this letter were the following memoranda—

"Susan Bloxam, born Nov. 15th, 1802.
died Nov. 26th, 1818.
buried Dec. 3rd, 1818."

"INSCRIPTION ON THE NORTH SIDE OF A TOMB, ERECTED IN THE CEMETERY OF HASLAR HOSPITAL, NEAR GOSPORT, HANTS.

"Sacred to the memory of William Read Lawrence, Esq., Major of the 72nd regiment of foot, who died at Haslar, Feb. 22nd, 1818, aged 60.—This inadequate tribute to his worth, and mark of their affection, is erected by his surviving brother and sister.

"INSCRIPTION ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

"In the same vault lie interred the remains of his niece, Susan Bloxam, (second daughter of the Rev. Richard Rouse Bloxam, of Rugby in the county of Warwick, D. D., and Anna his wife,) who resigned her spotless soul to her Maker, Nov. 26th, 1818, aged sixteen years. To whose beloved memory this stone is inscribed by her afflicted parents.

"Could virtue, innocence, and beauty save
Thy form, blest spirit, from an early tomb,
We had not mourn'd thy loss; but God who gave,
Call'd thee from hence, eternally to bloom—

In mercy call'd thee from this world of woe,
Ere sorrow's shaft had pierced thy gentle breast;
And thy sad Parents humbly meet the blow
In pious trust, that what He wills is best."

"TO THE MEMORY OF SUSAN BLOXAM.

"In Spring's delightful hours, as some pure rose,
Rear'd by the hand with fond assiduous care,
And guarded nightly from the chilling air,
Begins its earlier blossom to disclose,
And every day with softer blushes glows,
Stooping its lovely head with grace so rare,
From stem too delicate, too weakly fair,
While far around its sweet perfume it throws:
Such was the promise of thine early grace:
So, nurtured fondly by a mother's hand,
Didst thou too, Susan, fair in mind as face,
With modest, downcast loveliness expand,
But now art gone to scent some holier place
With incense pure, and near thy God to stand.

"Philip Homer, B. D. Rugby, Dec. 8th, 1818."

It may be proper, in this place, to advert to the poetry, or rather the verses, with which Sir Thomas Lawrence used often to amuse a leisure hour—for most of it was composed by this period. The mere versification of a person not of literary habits, and written sometimes not even for the partial glance of friendship, but for his private amusement, it can scarcely be deemed proper to publish. They must be received as a proof of a turn of mind, as a reflection of the disposition; and as a mirror affording a view of the man, rather than as intellec-

tual efforts. They invariably evince feeling, or humour, playful and innocent.

ON A DRAWING OF A BOY CLIMBING A ROCK.

Proceed, dear boy, and climb the hill,
Enjoy the morning of thy time,
And all the rocks of future life
As cheerful and as active climb;

For many a venturous path remains,
Though fair appear thy prospects now.
Perhaps Ambition's dangerous steep,
Begirt with cares of threatening brow—

Valor's stern voice may bid thee rise,
And fix on Fame thine ardent look,
For deserts quit thy peaceful vale,
For oceans leave thy murmuring brook.

Yet on, nor shrink from generous toil,
Where noblest scenes thy steps invite:
But ah! if passion tempt thy view,
Where Love presents some Alpine height—

There only in thy journey pause,
Nor risk the steps thy life may mourn;
Gaze not upon its sunny top,
But fold thine arms and backward turn.

Though bright with heavenly tints it glows,
With promise of eternal day,
Its brightness to its cold it owes,
And round it storms and lightnings play.

ON HIS RECEIVING OF COMPLIMENTS.

To give with delicate address
Is bounty's finest art,
But half our generous actions bless
If vanity have part.

Some quite oppress you with their alms—
To all refinement dead:
And Scripture says, Your precious balms
Should never break one's head.

Thank Heaven, the praise my works derive,
I, modest, leave to chance,
Nor ostentatiously contrive
Their value to enhance.

Praised when the trifles I commence,
I scorn receiving more,
But keep them, till the smallest sense
Of obligation's o'er.

ON BEING LEFT ALONE AFTER DINNER.

How shall I, friend, employ my time,
Alone, no book of prose or rhyme,
Or pencil to amuse me;
Nor pen nor paper to be found,
Nor friend to push the bottle round,
Or for its stay abuse me?

The servants come and find me here,
And stare upon me like the deer
On Selkirk in Fernandez;
And, quite as tame, they wipe the chairs,
And scrub, and hum their favourite airs,
And ask what my command is.

I wish one knew the way to change
Customs so barbarous and strange,
So savage and inhuman:
I wish the sex were kinder grown,
And when they find a man alone,
Would treat him like a woman.

Well, here 's to her who, far away,
Cares not that I 'm grave or gay,
And then no more I 'll drink,
But fold my arms and meditate,
And clap my feet upon the grate,
And on grave matters think.

'Tis—let me see—full sixteen years,
And wondrous short the time appears,
Since with enquiry warm,
With beauty's novel power amazed,
I follow'd midst the crowd and gazed
On ——'s beauteous form.

Up Bath's fatiguing streets I ran,
Just half pretending to be man,
And fearful to intrude;
Busied, I look'd on some employ,
Or limp'd to seem some other boy,
Lest she should think me rude.

The sun was bright, and on her face,
As proud to shew the stranger grace,
Shone with its purest rays,
And through the folds that veil'd her form,
Motion display'd its happiest charm
To catch th' admiring gaze.

The smiting lustre of her eyes,
That triumph'd in our wild surprise,
Well I remember still;
They spoke it joy to give delight,
And seem'd to say, 'If I 'm the sight,
Good folks, pray take your fill.

And can it be that 'neath this roof,
Whilst I sit patiently aloof,
This watching form can be?
Quick let me fly—avaunt my fears!
'Tis but a door and sixteen years
Divide this Fair and me.

Alas, that beauty should grow old!
Alas, that passion should be cold!
Alas, that rhymes should fail!
That no due coffee-bell should ring,
* * * * *
To close my mournful tale,

Ye youths debarr'd your fair one's eye,
Ye that for love, to memory fly,
Attend this moral rhyme,
List to the pensive lay it pours,
The Devil take your doors and hours,
Your Carpenters and time.

LINES BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Hear, Angel, hear! be conscious to the line,
Though rude the sounds—no syren art is mine:
All is spring round thee, hear a wintry lyre
Struck with a lover's, not a poet's fire.

And ye who seal my doom, whose thoughtful care
Would shut her senses to my heart's despair,
Behold me reverence still, but disobey;
Yes, 'tis the wretched ——— daring lay:
Upbraid me, scorn me, hate me, if ye can,—
I play the lover, and I am but man.
Unknown, uncertain, the most envied fate,
And many sorrows 'wait the happiest state;
None too so humble but can humbler see,
And there are idiots who can envy me!
Oh! sweet one, tell them what it is to love,
Do thou the wretchedness they envy prove;
Hold up the wreath thy charms have doom'd to fade,
And show the last example thou hast made.
Yet I have lived my days, have had my share
Of life's best dream, have breathed empyreal air;
For she the loveliest maid that Heav'n e'er form'd,
My sorrows moved, if not my passion warm'd;
And I have had sweet mercy from her eye,
And I have seen her bosom heave its sigh;
Fancied I heard soft, mournful sounds complain
Of wild attentions fortune render'd vain.
No, though my joys were few, my sufferings great,
High was their value in my gloomiest state;
That goodness which the purest hearts approve,
I thank my God for forming me to love.

The streets are bright'ning, and cold morning's ray
Steals on her windows—swiftly comes the day,
And finds me lingering through the hateful night,
And brings new presage of my closing light.

Ye close-shut casements that conceal my love,
To pierce whose gloom my eyes have vainly strove;
Ye walls that guard her! soon a long adieu
May part your nightly visitant and you!

Yet when my heart no more can bear its woe,—
Burst its keen sense, extinct its maddening glow;
When my dim eyeballs shall no longer gaze
On the pale beam that o'er your surface plays;

Still echo to the sound of joy within,
Be free from sorrow, as secure from sin;
Still hallow'd be my mistress' peaceful night,
And sweet the dreams that crown her slumbers light!

And when, sweet Moon, her eyes on thee shall bend,
Oh! wake one sorrow for the hapless friend;
For him whose wild career so early closed,
Whose fond disastrous love but in the grave reposed.

While to retrieve the past neglected time,
My days I give to unremitting toil,
And shake the rust from off my better mind,
Which too distracting thoughts have left to soil—
Ah! then—when on the crowd these glances fall,
That reaching me have quicken'd every nerve,
Say, will the scene one tender thought recall—
Will my dear mistress' eye one blank observe?
Or here, while Memory's self I try to check,
And bend o'er fancy to my dull employ,
Hush every doubt, and in some languid pause
Fly to imagined hours of future joy;

Then, when their sacred raptures fill my soul,
Shall Friendship's voice thus break upon my dream:
" Lo! she the maid, the genius we admire,
" Gaily she smiles, and ah! far happier seems,
" Since yon proud youth, whom no hard fate denies,
" Tells his prevailing tale and wins th' unequall'd prize."
Oh! fearful sounds, are these my toil to crown?
Oh, love! oh! hope, so sweet, so early flown!
Oh! memory, pity, faith, are ye then words alone?
Such the sad doubt that every effort check'd,
And bade me still the dangerous purpose shun,
As better to enjoy my fleeting bliss,
Love my short hour, and waking be undone.
Such the sad doubt! Alas! no vision new,
Now dark realities my bosom tear,—
And oh! to think how cruelly pursued,
Sharpens the anguish of my soul's despair.

WELL then, my soul must aid itself,
And from the long pursuit retire,
Extract a medicine from its bane,
And banish Love's destructive fire.

Where now are all my weak alarms,
From splendour's overwhelming glare?
The worst my anxious bosom fear'd
Was happiness to this despair.

But go, false maid! nor vain complaint,
Nor taunting look, nor whisper dread,
Nor think I'll live unto thine eye,
When to thy heart I have been dead.

Yet come it will, and soon the hour
When ne'er my name shall reach thine ear,
But on that thoughtless heart shall strike
The sorrow thou hast planted here.

From no remorse, no soft regret,
That springs from feeling's gracious source,
But that plain sense of right and wrong
That checks the proudest in their course.

Oh! let it guide thy future life,
And lov'd as loving may'st thou be,
And here the cold ambition end,
Of making others lost as me.

Be blest, while in my chamber's gloom
I learn the hardest lesson known,—
Learn to forget life's tenderest hope,
And live to apathy alone.

Yet sometimes recollect the past,
And think upon thy genius sweet,
And as my tears forbidden start,
Confess thy triumph was compleat.

And while thy careless pride beholds
In fancy all that I endure,
That very pride at last will grieve,
To think thy triumph was so poor.

How weak the suffering of the body's pains
To that which mental agony sustains!
The fever'd pulse, torn chest, and wasting frame,
Yield to the spirit's agonizing claim.

Whate'er the pang, yet many a pause between,
And friendship's voice relieves the closing scene,
Or veils the fear, or but its weakness shows,
And soothes th' enfeebled victim to repose,
Till the poor wretch, half pleased the news receives,
Sighs one regret, and finds his bed of ease.
Th' envenom'd pangs that tear the tortured mind,
Nor medicines reach, nor antidotes can find;
The friendly voice that would the madman warn,
Passion rejects, in bitterness of scorn,
Flies in disdainful silence to his bed,
But vainly there would rest his aching head;
Across the brain still shoot the fiery gleams,
Each lasts an age, and still unmental seems:
In vain would Reason's voice the storms allay,
In vain Devotion urge her holier sway;
Despair alone performs the friendly part,
And brings its medicine to the breaking heart.
The victor's march and splendid conquest o'er,
The ill-directed genius we adore;
Yet gen'rous motive shall his memory save,
Glory—the noblest failing of the brave!
Thy triumphs, wary beauty, who shall praise—
That voice of fame thy poor achievements raise?
Urg'd by no passion, Reason only blames,
Cold in thyself, to guide the fatal flames,
With nice discernment touch the starting nerve,
And every torment curiously observe;
Affect to soothe, but to inflame the pain,
And drive the poison faster to the brain;
And, when no more thy victim can endure,
But raging, supplicates thy soul for cure,

Then, act the timid unsuspecting maid,
And wonder at the mischief thou hast play'd.
Unjust one! dost thou scorn the wand'ring wretch,
Forced on the pavement her cold limbs to stretch?
From generous weakness first her errors flow'd,
Some sacrifice the direful curse bestow'd;
The hardness of her sex her sorrows spurn'd,
And but from want to wickedness she turn'd.
And dost thou triumph no such crimes are thine,
No stain in thee pollutes thy boasted line?
That lost one at the throne of God shall rise,
And supplicate thy entrance to the skies;
Give to thy youthful vanity the blame,
Take from the worst of crimes its hateful name,
And ask of Heav'n in mercy to forget
The mean ambition of the cold Coquette.

That Sir Thomas read extensively is evident; and as a slight proof of this may be inserted a memorandum by his nephew Mr. Andrew Bloxam.

"In June 1829, I went up to London from Oxford for a few days during term, and occasionally breakfasted with my uncle, Sir Thomas Lawrence. While at breakfast one morning, the conversation turned upon the authors I was reading at college, and especially Aristotle. Sir Thomas Lawrence ob-

served that he had frequently read the Poetics of Aristotle, and that he was often astonished at the extent and correctness of his views in matters to which, from his general character, he should have supposed him to have paid little attention, and especially in his observations on painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence then quoted the passage from Aristotle, where he says that poets ought to imitate good portrait-painters: for, preserving the resemblance of the form they paint, they yet make it more beautiful.

"ἡμᾶς δεῖ μιμεῖσθαι τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς εἰκονογράφους· καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνοι ἀποδιδόντες τὴν οἰκείαν μορφὴν, ὁμοίους ποιοῦντες, καλλίους γράφουσιν."—Poet. κ η.

This passage Sir Thomas Lawrence said he wished to be inscribed in letters of gold over the door of his painting-room, for he had constantly followed what it enjoined.

CHAPTER IX.

A National Gallery of Art.—The Elgin Marbles.—The Committee of the House of Commons.—Discrepant Evidence before the Committee.—Inconsistencies of Artists. The Report of the Committee.—The Townleyan Marbles.—The Egina Marbles refused by the English and bought by the Bavarian Government.—The Phygalian Marbles.—Parsimony of Mr. Perceval.—Lord Byron's irrational attack on Lord Elgin.—Evidence of Mr. Nollekens; of Mr. Flaxman; of Mr. Westmacott; of Mr. Chantrey; of Mr. Rossi; of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. West.—Dr. Johnson's observations on Sculpture.—The evidence of Amateur-witnesses.—Mr. R. P. Knight's opinions.—The Earl of Westmorland's anecdote of George III.—The value of antique statuary in England.—Sums paid for Statues by the Marquis of Lansdowne and Mr. R. P. Knight.—Continued controversies respecting the Theseus and Ilissus.

It was not until the year 1816, that the English Government can be said to have listened to any proposal to form a National Gallery of Art. Should the theory ever be established, that academies and galleries retard, instead of pro-

mote the progress of the Arts, England will have the fame of being the last of the civilized nations that inflicted this injury.

In 1816, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine into the qualities and value of the Elgin Marbles, and to report to the House upon the expediency of purchasing them, as a nucleus of a National Gallery of Sculpture.

The proceedings of the Committee, and the evidence taken by it, afford an abundant scope for the ridiculous. More contradictory testimony was never produced in what lawyers technically call, a Horse Cause.

Perhaps no adage was ever more false than *de gustibus non est disputandum,* for the disputes upon all objects of taste, or that are connected with the fine arts, are infinite, interminable, and not the reverse of acrimonious.

In the contradictory opinions so painfully, and often so ridiculously palpable in the evidence of the artists, delivered before the Committee, it will be found that merely servile copiers of facts admire exclusively the *ideal.* Artists, on the contrary, who are all imagination, abandon the ideal for even the vulgarly natural. In very few instances can there be traced the slightest analogy between the opinions of the

witnesses, and what have been known as the characteristics of their works and the features of their minds. Men exquisitely sensitive to feeling never attempt the pathetic, whilst those of coarse and callous natures produce works of delicacy and tenderness. Fuseli's paintings were certainly in unison with his character, but it is said that, ere he took up the pencil, he supped deep with horrors, or, in other terms, he produced indigestion by feeding upon raw pork.

It is very remarkable, that whilst the Government of England has been proverbial, throughout every region of the earth, for an expenditure almost insanely profligate, it has been of all governments the most disreputably mean with respect to promoting science, literature, and the arts.

The Townleyan collection of Marbles was purchased for the British Museum, in June 1805; but the Committee remarked, that "They were in excellent condition, with the surface perfect, and, where injured, they were generally well restored, and perfectly adapted for the decoration, and almost for the ornamental furniture, of a private house." This is rather an odd view of the subject; but the Committee, in the same strain, proceed—"The Townleyan Marbles being entire, are, in a commercial point of view, the

most valuable of the two (the Elgin)." After this, from a Committee of the House of Commons, let no man discredit the royal saying—"I always buy Mr. ——'s paintings, they are so beautifully shiny, and look as smooth as glass."

Our Government refused to give 6000*l.* for the Egina Marbles, because "Their real value was supposed not to exceed 4000*l.*, at which Lusieri estimated them." The Bavarian government, however, did not consider Lusieri as a saint of infallibility, and it purchased them for 6000*l.*, a sum, considering the value of money, and the nature of the revenue of Bavaria, equal to five times six thousand pounds, in the then depreciated paper currency of England.*

The Marbles of Phygalia (Arcadia) were purchased for the British Museum, for 15,000*l.*; but the Committee lament that the rate of exchange encreased the amount to 19,000*l.*, and declare this to be more than equal to their value, though, with an inexplicable inconsistency, they immediately acknowledge that they would have sold for this sum to a private purchaser.

Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, agreed, in the first instance, to give the Earl of

* No Sovereign of Europe has been more devoted to Literature and the Arts than the King of Bavaria.

Elgin, 30,000*l.*, " provided Lord Elgin should make out, to the satisfaction of a Committee of the House of Commons, that he had expended so much in acquiring and transporting (his Collection)." This had little to do with the subject; but, after a lapse of about five years, and the arrival of eighty additional cases, and the augmentation of the collection by the addition of a collection of medals, the Committee consent to encrease the offer to 35,000*l.*, but this partly in consideration of what they are pleased to term the rise, or, in other words, the fall, in the value of money. To give more money for an object, because money has risen in value might form a good argument in suing out a certain description of statute from the Court of Chancery.

Lord Byron's attack on the Earl of Elgin for removing these hallowed remains of antiquity, must be well remembered, and as much regretted, by every body. Had Lord Elgin not performed this great public service to his country, these unequalled efforts of genius would have been transported to Paris long ere this, or otherwise they would have been pounded into mortar by the Turks, or have been destroyed in the barbarous wars that have since desolated Attica.

The first of the professional witnesses examined before the Committee upon these marbles was the celebrated sculptor, the late Mr. Nollekens, an artist devoid of aught but the faculty of most accurately copying Nature. Of these marbles, he said, "They are very fine—I compare them to the finest of Italy."

"Were you ever in Greece yourself?"

"No, never farther than Rome or Naples."

"I saw all the fine things that were to be seen at Rome."—"As to fine things, they are not to be got every day."

This is sufficiently ludicrous. But this experienced sculptor deposed, that he compared the Elgin Marbles to the finest of Italy—that the Theseus was of as much *ideal* beauty as the Apollo, and that the bas reliefs of the Centaurs and of the Frieze were in the first class of art.

The erudite, classic, and excellent sculptor, Mr. Flaxman, deposed, that the bas reliefs "were the most excellent of their kind he had seen." That they were "superior almost to any works of antiquity, except the Laocoon and Torso Farnese; because they are known to have been executed by the artists whose names are recorded by the ancient authors."

To estimate things, not positively, but in relation to names, is a curious style of reasoning,

or rather a style confined to the fine arts. But Mr. Flaxman proceeds to state, that the Theseus he estimated before the Torso Belvidere; but that it admitted of no comparison with the Apollo Belvidere, because the surface of the Theseus was corroded, the limbs mutilated, and the head in such an impaired state, that he "could scarcely give an opinion upon it;" and lastly, because the Apollo was so much more of the order of ideal beauty. "Even," said Mr. Flaxman, "if the Theseus were perfect, I should value the Apollo for the *ideal* beauty before any male statue I know."

Here then we have one great sculptor asserting the Theseus to be of as much *ideal* beauty as the Apollo, and another sculptor pronouncing it so inferior in *ideal* beauty as to prevent any comparison. Next, I find Canova asserting the Theseus and the Ilissus to be of equal merit, and Mr. Flaxman considering the Ilissus to be *very* inferior.*

* The last of worldly affairs that excited the interest or engaged the attention of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was the able defence of Flaxman, by their mutual friend, Mr. Campbell. Whilst Lawrence's feelings were absorbed in this subject, he expired,—little reflecting that the defender of Flaxman would in a few days be called upon to perform the office of his biographer—a task which the world will lament that circumstances subsequently prevented his performing.

Mr. Westmacott deposed that the Elgin Marbles were "*good things*," and that the Theseus and the Ilissus were *infinitely* superior to the Apollo Belvidere, but that he could not compare them to the Laocoon, because the former were so destroyed on the surface.

Surely, this must equally have prevented any comparison between them and the Apollo. But this eminent artist then declared, that he could not determine which of the statues, the Theseus or Ilissus, were the best, "they were both so excellent," and that the Theseus was vastly superior to the Apollo Belvidere; because the latter "is more an ideal figure." Mr. Westmacott was then asked his opinion as to the relative value of the Elgin and Townleyan Collections, and he answered, that the latter "have a decided value; you can form a better estimate of them; *because you can make furniture of them.*"

Mr. Chantrey next waved any answer as to estimating the Theseus and Ilissus in relation to the Apollo, declaring their styles so different, that they did not admit of any comparison, although the Theseus and Ilissus were more according to "nature in the grand style."

Mr. Rossi next deposed, that the Theseus

and Ilissus were superior to the Apollo Belvidere and Laocoon.

Such was the absolute confusion of professional evidence upon these and all other points of the case, that the character of the report of the Committee is not to be wondered at.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was next examined: and the following is the short-hand report of his evidence:—

"Martis 5° die Martii, 1816.

"Henry Bankes, Esq. in the Chair.

"Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knt. R.A. called in, and examined.

"Are you well acquainted with the Elgin Marbles?

"Yes, I am.

"In what class of art do you consider them?

"In the very highest.

"Do you think it of importance that the public should become possessed of those Marbles, for the purpose of forming a school of art?

"I think they will be a very essential benefit to the arts of this country, and therefore of that importance.

"In your own particular line of art, do you consider them of high importance, as forming a national school?

"In a line of art which I have very seldom practised, but which it is still my wish to do, I consider that they would; viz. historical painting.

"Have you had opportunities of viewing the antique sculpture which was formerly in Italy and recently at Paris?

"Very recently at Paris.

"Can you form any estimate of the comparative merit of the finest of the Elgin Marbles, as compared with the finest of those works of art?

"It is rather difficult; but I think that the Elgin Marbles present examples of a higher style of sculpture than any I have seen.

"Do you conceive any of them to be of a higher class than the Apollo Belvidere?

"I do; because I consider that there is in them a union of fine composition, and very grand form, with a more true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the human frame, than there is in the Apollo, or in any of the other most celebrated statues.

"Are you well acquainted with the Townley collection of Marbles?

"Yes. I am.

"In what comparative class should you place the Elgin Marbles, as contrasted with those?

"As superior

"Do you consider them as more valuable than the Townley collection?

"Yes, I do.

"Is that superiority, in your opinion, applied to the fitness of the Elgin Marbles for forming a school of art, or is it as to what you conceive to be the money value?

"I mean as to both.

"Are you well acquainted with the Phygalian Marbles lately brought to the Museum?

"Yes.

"Compared with the Elgin bas reliefs, in what class do you estimate them?

"I think, generally, that the composition of them is very fine, that some of the designs are fully equal to those in the Elgin Marbles; but the execution, generally, is inferior.

"Have you any thing that leads you to form any conjecture as to the age of the Phygalian Marbles, compared with the age of the Elgin Marbles?

"I should guess that they must have been very nearly of the same age.

"Do you consider the Metopes to be of equal, or inferior, sculpture to the Frieze?

"I think that the Frieze of the Panathenaic procession is of equal merit throughout. I do not think the same of the Metopes; but I think

that some of the Metopes are of equal value with the Frieze.

"Do they appear to you to be of the same age?

"Yes, I think so. The total and entire difference of the character of relief, appears to have arisen from the difference of situation in which they were placed.

"You have stated, that you thought these Marbles had great truth and imitation of nature; do you consider that that adds to their value?

"It considerably adds to it, because I consider them as united with grand form. There is in them that variety that is produced in the human form, by the alternate action and repose of the muscles, that strikes one particularly. I have myself a very good collection of the best casts from the antique statues, and was struck with that difference in them, in returning from the Elgin Marbles to my own house.

"What do you think of the Theseus, compared with the Torso Belvidere?

"I should say that the Torso is the nearest in point of excellence to the Theseus; it would be difficult to decide in favour of the Theseus; but there are parts of the Torso in which the muscles are not true to the action, and they invariably are in what remains of the Theseus.

"Do you happen to know at what price that was valued in the collection at the Louvre?

"I do not.

"You have seen the Hercules of Lord Lansdowne's collection?

"Yes.

"What comparison does that bear to the Theseus or the Neptune?

"I think it inferior.

"Do you think it much inferior?

"There are parts that are very inferior. There are parts in that, that are very grand, and parts very inferior.

"Do you think any estimate might be placed on these Marbles by comparison with pictures?

"No, it would be very difficult; I cannot do it myself.

"Do you consider, on the whole, the Theseus as the most perfect piece of sculpture, of a single figure, that you have ever seen?

"Certainly, as an imitation of nature; but as an imitation of character, I could not decide, unless I knew for what the figure was intended."

Thus concluded the evidence of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The last sentence is curious, and may excite a smile.

It was a flattering compliment to examine Sir Thomas Lawrence, for, except the President of the Royal Academy, he was the only painter who was consulted upon the subject. His opinion with respect to the inferiority of the Apollo Belvidere was hardly to be expected, considering the general turn of his mind and the character of his works.

Mr. West, the President of the Academy, thought the Apollo and the Laocoon only "systematic art;" whilst he said "the Theseus and the Ilissus stand supreme in art."

Dr. Johnson observed—"After all, it is not so very easy to make a stone look like a man;" and to this I may add, that after stones have been made to look like men, it does not appear to be very easy to judge of the likeness.

The Amateurs examined by the Committee were Messrs. R. P. Knight, W. Wilkins, the architect; the Rt. Hon. C. Long, Lord Farnborough, W. Hamilton, Taylor Combe, the Earl of Aberdeen, J. B. S. Morrit, J. H. Fazakerley, A. Day, and the Rev. Dr. P. Hunt.

Mr. Payne Knight gave the preference to the Apollo, and thought the Theseus a spurious addition by Hadrian, and that some of the Metopes were "very poor."—Mr. Day thought the Theseus and Ilissus superior to the Apollo

Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Torso. It would be tedious to pursue the subject on all the points; there were as many opinions as there were persons.

The present Earl of Westmorland related of the King (George the Third), that a Minister once endeavoured to get his Majesty's consent to a measure, by urging that both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox approved of it. "My Lord," replied his Majesty, "when Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contradict each other, one *may* be wrong and one *may* be right; but when Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox agree in opinion, be assured that they are both wrong." The contradictions of all the witnesses examined by the Committee may lead to the inference that one of them may be right; had they all agreed, we must have inferred that they were all wrong.

The following memoranda will give persons a general idea of the value of antique statuary in England.

The Marquis of Lansdowne gave for a Mercury 700*l.*, for his Hercules, 600*l.*, and for his Venus, 700*l.*, but which was valued at 1400*l.* Mr. Townley gave for his Discobolus 700*l.*, and for the Relief of the Feast of Icarus, 400*l.*, and for a large Venus, 700*l.*

Mr. P. Knight stated that this Venus, or the

Marquis of Lansdowne's Mercury, was each worth any two of the articles in Lord Elgin's collection. If this be correct, what are we to think of the host of artists, Lawrence included, who thought one statue alone, the Theseus, in Lord Elgin's collection, superior to all statues?

The veneration for the works of antiquity may be estimated by a few extracts from a list of prices attached to antiques, in a document laid before Parliament.

"Recumbent statue of Hercules, as on the coins of Croto, *with little of the surface remaining*, 1500*l.*

"*Trunk* of a male statue recumbent, 1500*l.*

"*Back and shoulders* of a *trunk*, on which the head of Hadrian appears to have been, 200*l.*

"About thirty-five pieces of frieze, *completely ruined*, 1400*l.*"

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*

The conflict of opinions respecting the Theseus and the Ilissus continued long after they were removed into the British Museum. In 1818, an artist of great genius said publicly at the British Museum, that the left arm of the Theseus, from the shoulder to the elbow, was too short, and his neck too thick. "Now,

Sir," says a writer upon art, "this is a mistake: the left arm of the Theseus is two faces in length, and his neck the size of the calf of his leg; both therefore, the arm and neck, are of the right proportions, *because* these proportions are the regular proportions of beautiful nature. He also said, that the bent side of the Ilissus was too short; this is also a mistake. Nature is often shorter; and in the position of the Ilissus, it is impossible that the bent side of the body could be longer, because the opposite side is so much stretched. The whole weight of the body of the Theseus rests on the left arm, consequently the muscles are more swollen, from action and compression, than in the right arm, which being stretched, the muscles hang in undulating relaxation; the bones of each arm are precisely of the same length; it is the action of the muscles that gives each a different appearance."

Who shall decide, when artists disagree?

APPENDIX

TO

VOL. I.

THE LECTURES

AND

PUBLIC ADDRESSES

OF

SIR T. LAWRENCE.

ADDRESS

TO

THE STUDENTS

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

AT THE ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES,

10th DECEMBER, 1823,

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, KNT.

PRESIDENT.

In the general reference to works by deceased Members of the Royal Academy, the picture of "the Death of the Earl of Chatham," and other admirable compositions by the same master, were inadvertently omitted. The error was partly occasioned by the character of his principal work; which, though strictly historical, being composed entirely of Portraits, did not at the time present itself to the writer's mind, as an example for Academical Instruction.

Mr. Copley's name, and the picture in question, are of too just celebrity to be intentionally overlooked; especially at a moment, when the claims of American genius are so forcibly presented to us, by new testimonies of its power.

If it be observed that the names of GAINSBOROUGH, HOPPNER, and WILSON are wanting, it must be remembered that it was to the students in historical composition that the Address was delivered; and therefore, to the masters excelling in that department, that their attention was directed.

The *mention* of the Shakspeare Gallery cannot fail to recall the powerful works of MR. OPIE; with those of his distinguished compeer, still living—the biographer of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

TO

THE MEMBERS

OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS,

THIS ADDRESS,

PUBLISHED BY THEIR DESIRE,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

THO^{S}. LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

ADDRESS, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

"THE Council and General Assembly have great pleasure in witnessing the number of candidates on this occasion, and are well satisfied with the general progress of the Schools.

In adjudging the premium for the best historical picture, they have been governed by those principles of Art, which form its real dignity—They consider the successful work, as presenting the most striking representation of the subject; a bolder character of composition; an effect well suited to poetic incident, (though perhaps carried to artificial excess,) with that approach to historic depth and richness of tone, which appears in unison with the general design, and promises the future Colourist. These are the merits which in their opinion have deserved the prize.

Your own good taste, Gentlemen, will remind you, that we are to judge of works by the presence of beauties, not by the absence of defects; and that, even if it fully reached the faultlessness of the character, the picture which should exhibit only the "coldly correct," would with difficulty obtain our sanction.

It must not, however, be considered, that we apply this term of negative praise, to the pictures that receive the second premium; but as nothing can compensate for the entire want of original power, so, the superior value we assign to it, will command our decision in its favour, where considerable ability is not distant.

The works which have gained the silver medal, have much in them to commend. They show that careful attention to the drawing, and anatomical knowledge of the figure, so desirable in academical studies; and they are not deficient in very pleasing colour: whether the *tone* of that colour be strictly appropriate, is doubtful; the premiums were adjudged on other grounds; and the design, chiaro-scuro, and colour, proper to historical or epic subjects, will probably be more deeply considered by the artists, on future occasions.

Your Judges, Gentlemen, are but Students of a higher form. Continuing our exertions at a more advanced station, the obstacles we have ourselves to encounter, remind us of the difficulties that await you; and we

limit our expectations of your success, by the uncertainty of our own. It is a part of the triumph of our Art, that it is slow in progress; and that, although there are frequent examples in it of youthful promise, there are none of youthful excellence. Even the early paintings of Raffaele, bear no comparison in finished merit, with the juvenile productions of the Poet; with those of our own country; of Milton, Pope, or Cowley. Proceed then with equal firmness, humility, and hope; be neither depressed nor vain; but chiefly elated, because you determine to do better; as knowing that in a state of reasonable progress, the seeds of beauty are already sown, if you retain the consciousness of defect.

The rising School of England ought to do much; for it proceeds with great advantages. It has the soundest theory for its instruction, the brightest example for its practice, and the history of past greatness for its excitement.

The paternal care of the revered Founder of this institution, by the judicious selection of its officers, and the assignment of their duties, provided the most effectual means of study; and the councils of this Academy have been watchful to extend them; while, as the establishment advanced, the care of its professors was seconded by the general exertions of the members, till in knowledge and ability it attained an eminence under

its former and late President, that more than placed it on a level with the most enlightened schools in Europe. The noble works of those celebrated Artists, and of others of their time — the comprehensive labours of Barry — the Shakspeare and Milton Galleries — the many sublime designs by the great Author of the latter, whose unapproached invention and high attainments, enforce this tribute to living genius — The numerous illustrations of our Novelists and Poets, in the greater number of which, the purest spirit of Raffaele may be traced — the rich embellishments of Eastern fancy displayed in others; with as fine delineations of the pathos and comedy of Cervantes — the series of Outlines from Homer, and the Greek Tragedians, which embody the principles of ancient Art; and in the expression of sentiment as well as grandeur, seem coeval with its brightest age! — these various and unrivalled efforts of the pencil fully support me in the assertion; whilst in the sister arts, the names of Banks, of Nollekens, and Bacon, Sir William Chambers, Mr. Dance, and Mr. Wyatt, still more confirm it. We must be careful not to surrender this distinction; and although one obvious disadvantage presents itself in the inadequate powers of the Individual who now fills the chair, I yet hope, Gentlemen, that remembering by whom he has been preceded, and by whom he is surrounded, you will yourselves en-

deavour to make up the *amount* of honour; to do justice to the scene of your education, and the expectations of the country; and to perpetuate by your own, the services of those great men, who so largely contributed to its fame.

Except in less brilliant periods, when decision may err between equality of talent, the voice of a profession is usually just; and of those distinguished persons, the pre-eminence must undoubtedly be given, to our former and late President.

The elevated philosophy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in those golden precepts, which are now acknowledged as canons of universal taste; and that illustrious Society, of which he was the centre, combined with his genius to give a dazzling splendour to his name, which seemed to leave him without any competitor; yet the powers and knowledge of Mr. West, deserved not the contrast in their present fortunes.

At an æra when historical painting was at the lowest ebb (with the few exceptions, which the claims of the Beautiful and the eminent, permitted to the pencil of Sir Joshua), Mr. West, sustained by the beneficent patronage of his late Majesty, produced a series of compositions from sacred and profane history, profoundly studied, and executed with the most facile power, which not only were superior to any former productions of

English art, but far surpassing contemporary merit on the Continent, were unequalled at any period below the schools of the Carracci. The picture of "the Return of Regulus to Carthage," preserved with gracious attention in the palace of Buckingham House, and of "the Shipwreck of St. Paul," in the chapel of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, are examples that may securely be adduced in testimony of the fact.

Towards the close of an honoured and laborious life, and when his advanced age might reasonably have deterred him from exertion, he produced a large and interesting work,* which, meeting with liberal reward, so forcibly excited the admiration of the public, as even by its attraction to add new means of patronage, to the prompt benevolence that secured it. This was succeeded by others, of still more arduous subject, of greater magnitude, and, if possible, more powerfully impressive. The display of such astonishing ability in age, (for he was employed on them in his eightieth year,) combined with the sacred importance of his subjects, gave him celebrity at the close of his life, far greater than he had ever before enjoyed; and he became (almost to forgetfulness of deceased greatness) the one popular Painter of his country. Yet what slight circumstances may re-

* "Christ healing the Sick," purchased by the British Institution.

tard the effect usually produced by death on the fame of the eminent and good! It is now more than three years, that we have witnessed at his own residence, an exhibition of the accumulated labours of this venerable and great artist,—whose remains were honoured with a public funeral, and whose loss was felt as a national calamity — totally neglected and deserted! the spacious rooms in which they are arranged, erected in just respect to a parent's memory, and due attention to the imagined expectations of the public, as destitute of spectators as the vacant halls of some assembly; and but for the possession of other property of known value, threatening to injure the remaining fortunes of the filial love that raised them. But though unnoticed by the public, the gallery of Mr. West remains, Gentlemen, for you, and exists for your instruction; while the extent of knowledge that he possessed, and was so liberal to convey — the useful weight of his opinions, in societies of the highest rank — the gentle humanity of his nature, and that parental fondness, with which youth, and its young aspirings, were instructed and cherished by him, will render his memory sacred to his friends, and endeared to the schools of this Academy, while respect for worth, and gratitude for invaluable services, are encouraged in them.

For myself, indebted to his friendship for no incon-

siderable portion of that service, I can truly say, that I never estimated the comprehensive ability of that great Artist so highly, as when comparing his labours in my memory, with many of the most celebrated compositions, then before me, of the revivers of modern art; and were the revered friend now living to whom my letters were addressed, his report would be evidence of that impression.

I hope it is impossible that the Nation should long continue its neglect; and seem to prove by this indifference, that the general enthusiasm so recently excited by those fine productions, and the respect then shown to their venerated Author, were but the impulse and fashion of an hour, dependent on the mere convenience of place and distance, instead of the rational tribute of the judgment, and the feeling protection of an enlightened and just People.

Yet, whatever in extent of fame had been the successful rivalry of Mr. West with his illustrious Predecessor, the integrity of your late lamented President would still have yielded the chief honours of the English school to our beloved Sir Joshua! of whose works, character, and conversation, he often spoke, in the last years of the intercourse I had the honour to have with him, with that pleased and proud remembrance, which great minds always hold of the Competitor who had most severely

tasked their powers;—of the genius that had surpassed them.

With what increased splendour did that genius lately re-appear amongst us!

Many of us must remember, when after a long absence, the great tragic Actress of our time, returned for a season to the stage; to correct the forgetfulness of taste, and restore the dignity of her art. It was so with the return —the recovered glories of Sir Joshua! They who believed themselves best acquainted with his works, and entitled by their knowledge to speak of them with enthusiasm, felt how much that knowledge had forgotten; how inadequate to their merits was the praise they had bestowed. The prejudices, so injurious to modern art, were gone—Time, seemed to have advanced the future with double speed, and presenting Truth, invested her with new radiance! The few remaining competitors and scholars of this great Artist, saw him then with the eyes of posterity, and beheld in their own narrow period, the sure stability of his fame.

It is singular, that the judgment, the unpretending sense, and manly simplicity, so generally acknowledged to have marked the character of Sir Joshua, should have been impugned only on those opinions upon Art, which seem to have been the most deliberately formed, and were enforced by him with parental zeal, as his last

remembrance to this Academy. Sufficient proof of the sincerity of his admiration of Michael Angelo, had previously existed, in the actions of some of his finest groups having been taken from him; but we want no other evidence of its truth, than his picture of Mrs. Siddons; a work of the highest epic character, and indisputably the finest female portrait in the world.

The link that united him to Michael Angelo, was the sense of ideal greatness; the noblest of all perceptions. It is this sublimity of thought, that marks the first-rate genius: this impelling fancy,—which has no where its defined form, yet every where its image; and while pursuing excellence too perfect to be attained, creates new beauty that cannot be surpassed! It belongs only to that finer sagacity, which sees the essence of the beautiful or grand, divested of incongruous detail; and whose influence on the works of the great President, is equally apparent in the calm firm Defender of the national Rock, as in the dying Queen of Virgil,* or the grandeur of the tragic Muse.

* This passage alludes to Sir Joshua's Portrait of General Eliott, Lord Heathfield, the Defender of the Rock of Gibraltar, and to Sir Joshua's pathetic historical painting of the Death of Dido. The former picture is now in the National Gallery, and the latter was the property of his late Majesty George IV. In this beautiful painting, the time of action is taken from the following lines of Virgil, and it would be difficult to say whether the great poet, or the great painter, have more

To a mind so enlarged and liberal as Sir Joshua's—who decried not the value of an Art that gave the world its Shakspeare; and in whose society, a Garrick and a Kemble lived in grateful intercourse with Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson,—we may well imagine how gratifying were the contemplation and progress of that divine work; and allowing much to anticipated fame, we may equally believe, that part of the noble purpose was protection of the genius he admired! to affix to passing excellence an imperishable name; extend the justice withheld by the limits of her art; and in the beauty of that unequalled Countenance, (fixed in the pale abstraction of some lofty vision, whose "bodiless creations" are crowding on her view, and leave in suspended action the majestic form,) to verify the testimony of tradition, and by the mental

deeply impressed the feelings with a sense of the pathetic and the grand.—Ed.

> 'Nam, quia nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat;
> Sed misera ante diem, subitoq; accensa furore.
> Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
> Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
> Ego Iris croceis per cœlum roscida pennis,
> Mille trahens varios averso Sole colores,
> Devolat, et supra caput astitit: Hunc ego Diti
> Sacrum jussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.
> Sic ait, et dextrâ crinem secat: omnis et unà
> Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit."

grandeur that invests her, record in resistless evidence the enchantment of her power!

That the works, Gentlemen, of this illustrious Man, should have the strongest influence upon you, cannot be a matter of surprise: that the largest *style* of painting that perhaps is known, should captivate the scholar as it has charmed the teacher, is the most natural result that could have been produced in minds of sensibility and taste; but let it not mislead them. If they determine to make the labours of Sir Joshua their example, let them first examine by what only means their excellence was acquired.

His early pictures bear evidence of the utmost delicacy of finishing; the most careful imitation. That sensitiveness of taste, which probably from boyhood he possessed, could never have permitted him to enter into the mean details of Denner; or content himself with the insipidity of Cornelius Janssen; but in mere finishing he was inferior to neither; and the history of the greatest masters is but one. Truth is the key of Art, as knowledge is of power: within the portals you have ample range, but each apartment must be opened by it. The noblest work that perhaps was ever yet projected, the loftiest in conception, and executed with as unequalled breadth, is the ceiling of Michael Angelo: the mi-

niatures of Julio Clovio, are not more finished than his studies.

On you, Gentlemen, who with the candidates of this evening are entering on the first department of the Art, the conduct of Sir Joshua should act with treble force. Mr. Burke says of him, "In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere." To that sphere let his example guide you, and it will lead you to the highest: to Correggio, to Titian, to Raffaele, to Michael Angelo! To "those divine men, in whose presence" (to use his own eloquent language,) "it is impossible to think, or to invent in a mean manner; and by the contemplation of whose works, a state of mind is acquired, that is disposed to receive those ideas of art only, which relish of grandeur or simplicity."

Tasks of great difficulty lie before you, and with them you have one essential duty to perform: fulfil the latter, and the former will more certainly be achieved. Be faithful at all times to the dignity of your art: let nothing tempt you to bend a noble theory to imperfect practice; be constant to it in failure, as in success, remembering that the most insidious approach of error is masked by disappointment. There may be new combinations, new excellencies, new paths, new powers (of which, to the glory of a sister country, we have fortu-

nately high example); there can be no new PRINCIPLES in art; and the verdict of ages, (unshaken, during the most daring excitement of the human mind,) is not now to be disturbed. The variety of nature has no limit; and in the subjects she presents, there is ample scope for the utmost diversity of thought; but since the judgment of mankind has limited the circle of GREATNESS but to few, be these your audience, your tribunal: reject all meaner association; assured that once admitted to the highest, the rest are at all times sufficiently at your command.

The present auspicious circumstances indicate an approaching æra, that may teach us to look with less regret on the splendour of the past—A People more and more informed on the subject of the Fine Arts; a Legislature alive to the importance of encouraging them; a Government adopting measures to secure for them the noblest examples; and a gracious Monarch to command its efforts!—a monarch at all times the munificent Patron of this establishment, and whose reign has not been more the glory of his people, than their advancement and happiness are his reward.

ADDRESS

TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS ON THE 10th OF DECEMBER, 1825.

DELIVERED BY

THE PRESIDENT,

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, KNT.

GENTLEMEN,

IT has again been my pleasing duty to distribute the highest prizes of the Royal Academy.

In deciding on the productions of youthful genius, there will often be much nicety of discussion, since taste and judgment, the subtlest and severest arbiters, are to give the sentence. Some difference of opinion may have existed on the present occasion. The result, however, sufficiently proves that the Academy are pleased with your exertions.

In framing the laws which refer to those exertions, the Council and Members of the Royal Academy employed the most serious consideration, and maturely weighed every probable circumstance to which they can apply. It might reasonably be expected, that the known printed regulations of a public body would be scrupulously obeyed, by those who are to benefit by their operation, and the most injurious consequences would ensue, if they could be infringed with impunity. As this however cannot be permitted, the penalty of the fault, or the mistake, must fall on the individual. The regret indeed may be deeply felt by the Academy; since few things can be more painful to it than to see a work of genius deprived of its reward, and the Institution itself of the just credit, which it might otherwise have gained from it.

The superior importance attached to the delivery of the gold medals, which secure to the Students who receive them, the advantages of foreign study, determined the Council of the Royal Academy to give more of ceremony to it, than belongs to the distribution of its Prizes on other occasions. In conformity with this usage, my predecessors in the Chair have occasionally given monitory addresses or finished Discourses on the higher principles of art, and the works of the finest Masters. A custom which produced the greatest benefit

to the arts that they have received in modern times, cannot be too justly commended, or carefully followed; yet still the performance of this voluntary task must be governed by the feelings and ability of the Individual. A true knowledge of his limited talent may lead him to fear attempting it, and chance may deprive him of the power. In this predicament I unfortunately stand at the present moment. An absence on the Continent, protracted beyond my expectation, and from which I returned but yesterday, has been so much occupied by my professional labours and by the engagements resulting from them, as to have filled the period which I intended to devote to the arrangement of such impressions or opinions, as I might have considered worthy of your attention. I think it fair, however, to mention one circumstance, not perhaps generally known, which may a little extenuate the omission.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the usual propriety of his fine judgment, justifies himself for undertaking an office not specified in the laws of the Academy, by many considerations which fully authorize it, but veils the real circumstance by which it was occasioned. At the commencement of the Institution, the principles of Taste were less generally diffused, and that nobler theory unknown which he so essentially contributed to form. This partial ignorance had its effect on the instruction of that

period; and a Professorship—not then graced by the ability of a Barry, an Opie, and a Fuseli, was felt to be inadequately filled, for the great purposes of the Institution. As the most substantial good often results from temporary ill, we owe to that unfavourable circumstance attending the struggling efforts of an infant society, one of the purest, and most permanent triumphs of this country.

But, Gentlemen, I need not point out to you the obvious difference between the situation, as well as powers of that illustrious Man, and of the Individual who now addresses you. You now, not only enjoy the benefit of Sir Joshua's enlightened taste, but of the practical knowledge of Mr. West, and of the genius of the great man whom we have lately lost! You will soon participate, in the information and judgment of his intelligent Successor.*

Of the qualifications of that gentleman for his important duty, it is almost improper in me to speak, since they have received the full sanction of this Academy; but I may be allowed to notice the generous zeal, with which he prepares himself to undertake the office.

Long a master in his art, and often presenting in his works examples of its highest principles, he descends again to be the pupil, and travels to obtain from personal inspection of the practice of the greatest masters,

* Thomas Phillips, Esq. R. A.

fresh matter for your instruction. If other motives have mingled with that object—if the anxiety of friendship —respect and solicitude for distinguished genius, have determined, not the purpose but the moment of his departure, you will not be the less grateful to him for his sympathy on a subject of such general interest, but rather give more weight to an obligation, so feelingly enhanced.

The mention of my absence on the Continent calls from me for every expression of humble gratitude, and as due acknowledgment of the honour conferred by his Majesty on the Royal Academy, in the late mission intrusted to its President. In venturing to undertake it, I had no fears for the credit of the arts of my country, too variously and powerfully supported at home; but I did justly apprehend that my own good fortune might desert me, and leave me unequal to my task.

If I have escaped this danger, I chiefly owe it to the beneficence of my reception—to the considerate regard of his Most Christian Majesty to the wishes of the King, —and to the liberality of a Foreign School, as candid as it is great.

Gentlemen, I will not longer detain you, except to wish you new exertions for new honours, and tranquillity and health in their pursuit.

ADDRESS

TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS ON THE 10TH OF DECEMBER, 1826.

DELIVERED BY

THE PRESIDENT,

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, KNT.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the distribution of the Prizes of the Royal Academy affected only the interests and feelings of the candidates, it would still be formed with the most guarded care; for it being the duty of the General Assembly to distinguish superior merit, it is their obvious policy, to implant in the minds of the students that reliance on the justice of the Academy, which may leave them unchecked in their competition by the slightest fear of prejudice or neglect.

But a further duty is imposed on the Council and Members of this Academy. The chief purpose of its institution is the *advancement* of the Arts; and the progress of the Schools being essential to this object, it becomes necessary, not only to be just in the immediate decision, but to see what relation the works now presented, bear to those of a former year—how far they have improved upon, or kept pace with them—or to what cause, whether to carelessness or erroneous modes of study, their failure may be assigned.

If any doubt, Gentlemen, of your success has existed in the present instance, that doubt must appear to have been unimportant, since all the Prizes are awarded.

But while a result so gratifying seems to render your longer attendance unnecessary, you must permit me to offer a few considerations to your attention, which I have reason to believe are sanctioned by the opinions of my academical friends, and which the duties assigned to me, authorize me to suggest.

They relate, in the first place, to the Drawings from the Life.

I need not remind you, that if the surest clue to knowledge of the living figure be a faithful imitation, that mode of drawing is best adapted to it, which in itself is the most simple; since it is with the pencilling of a picture, or the execution of a drawing, as we are told it is

with style in writing—that being considered the purest, which least attracts us from the subject.

It is on this point, that some of the drawings appear to be defective. We see in them a slight—yet obtrusive mode of hatching, which, though it may have the appearance of facility, cannot belong to accuracy and truth.

I know that there is some temptation to this error—that it seems to give evidence of power, and to show how much knowledge the artist must possess, who can afford to be so careless in its display. We have even the revered authority of your late Professor of Painting, for the term "gracefulness" being applied to the execution of a picture, as giving it a certain ease and lightness, which conceal its real labour. But this, however pleasing in the finished works of the established painter, becomes a dangerous attempt in the efforts of the student; and, indeed, is contrary to every mode of *study*, by which past excellence has been achieved. We find, in the first thoughts of the greatest masters, and in the details for their noblest works, no attempt at style, or manner of execution. The mind is solely bent on its important object; and the hand is accurate or careless, as the attention is more or less directed to it.—Your present studies, Gentlemen, may be considered as details for your future works. It is here that you are acquir-

ing knowledge, and collecting materials for those performances, which are hereafter to render you valuable to your country; and in proportion to their truth, is the promise of the excellence to which they lead.

There is, Gentlemen, another defect, the very opposite to this, which attaches to both the Schools, but, I think, chiefly to the Antique Academy. It is that exclusive attention to the relief, and high finishing of the parts of the figure, which too much diverts the mind from its general proportions.

We acknowledge the usefulness of the most careful finishing, when it is not accompanied by this defect; and we sometimes find it difficult to condemn a drawing, which presents so many beautiful details, and affords such pleasing evidence of the patient labour that produced them. Yet I know not any fault, that should more firmly and constantly be checked, than the inattention to which it leads.

In the great works of the ancients, proportion is every thing. It stamps the character of their divinities—of the Demi-God, the Hero, the Athlete, and the Slave; and these, fixed in the mind, supply the like scale for the historical characters of the Painter. Even in that second department of the Art which I practise, there is no defect more fatal to the resemblance of the whole, than deviation from the proportion of the parts.

[1] The features may each be accurately like, and convey their just expression; but if either be too large, or small, or too widely separated from each other, the striking part of the resemblance is gone, and while a something of likeness cannot be denied, its impression on the spectator is unsatisfactory and vague.

If in these Remarks I appear to intrude on the province of The Keeper *, who so anxiously, and so ably, presides over your Studies, I still have reason to believe that they are in unison with his sentiments; and I need not say, that in their application to Historical Painting, those sentiments are of the highest authority and weight.

The limited number of examples from the Painting Academy, and their confined subject in composition, render it less necessary for me to address the Students of that School.

I feel some regret that they had not a more extensive field for their labours—but it would be great injustice in me not to congratulate them on their success. The merit of the Pictures has been generally acknowledged by the Council and the Assembly; and the Gentleman who has failed, has shown sufficient power, to justify our hopes from his talent, in a future year.

We are sorry that only one specimen from the life, has been presented to us in Sculpture. Still the Pre-

* Henry Thompson, Esq. R. A.

mium has been given for it; from a mixed motive—that of marking our approbation of the successful parts of the model, and of showing to the Students, that the Academy take no advantage of any temporary want of combined effort, to withhold from them its Rewards.

In voting the premium for the best Architectural Drawing of a known building, a prevailing sentiment in its favour has arisen from the completeness of its study, and the neat accuracy of its various measurements and details. It is this attention to the whole of your allotted task — this absence of all narrow reservation of that labour, which cold minds are too often contented to limit to what they imagine is a sufficient end—it is this generous impulse to do the *utmost* that is expected from you, that, in its enlarged principle, will fit you for communion with the eminent and good,—and give you kindred right to lament at their extinction!

I know that the regulated proceedings of this evening, might justify, or impose my silence—but why, when the form of that estimable Being,* whose death we are deploring, is not yet consigned to earth—why should we not speak to you, Gentlemen, who may be considered as part of the family of this mansion, of the loss we have mutually sustained? Why should we hesitate to offer

* Mr. Flaxman had died on 7th December 1826, three days before this Lecture was delivered.

to you, sympathy and condolence; and to claim them from you?

It is just that you should admire and revere him—it is just, on every principle of taste, and virtue, that you should venerate his memory! And is it not equally so, that you should *grieve* for him, WHO TOILED TO DO YOU SERVICE!

You remember the feebleness of his frame, and its evident though gradual decay—Yet how short has the time been since you saw him with you, sedulous and active as the youngest member—directing your studies with the affection of a parent—addressing you with the courtesy of an equal—and conferring the benefit of his knowledge and his genius, as though he himself were receiving obligation.

If, on the last meeting of this Academy, any Member had been justified in declining to quit the happy seclusion of his studies, it was this admirable man; whose solitude was made enjoyment to him, by a fancy, teeming with images of tenderness, purity, or grandeur; and whose imagination at the close of his life was severely intent on subjects, that called for its greatest energy; had he lived to execute or direct them, he would have left permanent records of his genius on the Palace of his King. But nothing of present distinction, or future fame, made him forgetful of a duty. On the day when the Premiums were to be voted, he was punctual

in his attendance in these rooms; patiently going round to the performances of the Candidates—intently observing each—and, if a doubt existed in his mind, with that modest candour which never left him, seeking to guide his own opinion, by the impressions of his friends.

To you, Gentlemen, this was benefit, and honour.—Yet it was but one example of the even tenour of his conduct in this Academy; of which I could produce to you eloquent testimony, from members, early associated with him in his duties, and long distinguished by endowments of no common kind.

The lamented Mr. Fuseli, in his lecture on Invention, has well discriminated between its real character, and that imaginary power which ignorance had assigned to it.

Mr. Flaxman's genius, in the strictest sense of the words, was original and inventive.

His purity of taste led him, in early life, to the study of the noblest relics of antiquity; and a mind, though not then of classical education, of classic basis, urged him to the perusal of the best translations of the Greek philosophers and poets; till it became deeply imbued with those simple and grand sentiments, which distinguish the productions of that favoured people. When engaged in these mingling studies, the patronage of a lady of high rank,* whose taste will now be remembered with her

* The late Dowager Countess Spencer.

known goodness—gave birth to that series of compositions from Homer and the Greek tragedians, which continues to be the admiration of Europe. These, perhaps, from their accuracy in costume, and even the felicitous union between their characters and subjects, to minds unaccustomed to prompt discrimination, may have conveyed the idea of too close an imitation of Grecian art. Undoubtedly, the *elements* of his style were founded on it; but only on its noblest principles; on its deeper intellectual power, and not on the mere surface of its skill. He was more the sculptor of sentiment, than of form; and, while the philosopher, the statesman, and the hero, were treated by him with appropriate dignity, not even in Raffaele have the gentler feelings and sorrows of human nature been traced with more touching pathos, than in the various designs and models of this estimable man. The rest of Europe know only the productions of his genius, when it bent to the grandeur of the antique; but these, which form its highest efforts, had their origin in nature only; and in the sensibility and virtues of his mind. Like the greatest of modern painters, he delighted to trace from the actions of familiar life, the lines of sentiment and passion; and from the populous haunts and momentary peacefulness of poverty and want, to form his inimitable groups of childhood, and maternal tenderness; with those nobler compositions

from Holy Writ,—as beneficent in their motive as they were novel in design,—which open new sources of invention from its simplest texts, and inculcate the duties of our faith.

In piety, the minds of Michael Angelo and Flaxman were congenial. I dare not assert their equality in Art. —The group of "Michael and the fallen Angel," is a near approach to the greatness of the former; and sanctified as his memory is by time and glory, it gained no trivial homage in the admiration of the English Sculptor; whose "SHIELD OF ACHILLES," *his* genius alone could surpass!

But I trespass too long on the various business of this evening.—To be wholly silent, on an event so afflicting to us all, was quite impossible.

I know the great and comprehensive talents that are round me—I know the strength remaining to the Academy, but from a long experience of the candour that accompanies it, I feel that I may safely appeal to this assembly, or their acknowledgment with mine, that the loss of Mr. Flaxman is not merely loss of power, but loss of dignity to the institution. Deep and irreparable is his loss to art, not only to his country! and to Europe —but to posterity—to whom his works, as they are to us, will be inestimable treasures—but who knowing how short and limited the span that Providence has

assigned to the efforts of the longest life, and the finest intellect, and learning that his genius through its career was peaceful, and had inadequate reward, will feel it to be their happier destiny to *admire*, and not to *mourn* him—to be thankful that he had *existed*, and not, like us, to be depressed that he is gone—to revere and follow him as their master, and not, as is our misfortune, to lament him as their friend!

He died in his own small circle of affection;—enduring pain—but full of meekness, gratitude, and faith! recalling to the mind, in the pious confidence of his death, past characters of goodness, with well remembered homage of the friend.

"And ne'er was to the bower of bliss convey'd
A *purer* spirit or more welcome shade."

CATALOGUES

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY,

From 1769 to 1830.

THE following Extracts from the Catalogues of the Royal Academy from its commencement, are curious, as they exhibit the progress of the Institution, and the rise and maturity of Artists afterwards famous, and some of whom are now living, whilst the sons of others still possess the public favour.

1st CATALOGUE, 1769,

Contains a Prefatory apology for asking money for admission. Of the works, 2 were by Bacon; 2 Bartolozzi; 4 Sir W. Chambers; 2 Cipriani; 5 Sir Joshua; (4 Portraits, and Hope Nursing Love); 4 Gainsborough; 4 Ang. Kauffman; 2 West. (Departure of Regulus from Rome, Venus Lamenting Adonis); 3 Wilson, (all Landscapes); 2 (Landscapes) Zuccarelli. Total contents of Exhibition, 136.

2nd CATALOGUE, 1770.

1 Bacon; 2 Bartolozzi; 4 Sir W. Chambers; 3 Cipriani; 3 Richard Cosway; 3 John Flaxman, Sen.; 3 W. Hoare; 4 Angelica Kauffman; 8 Sir Joshua, (7 Portraits, and the Children in the Wood); 2. West, (Leonidas and Cleombrotus, and a Mother and her Child); 4 Richard Wilson, (3 Landscapes, and Cicero with Atticus and Quintius at the villa at Arpenum. Cic. de leg. 2. 74.); 3 Richard Cosway; 3 James Wyatt, (views of the Pantheon, Oxford Street); 3 Zoffani; 5 Zuccarelli. In all, 245.

3rd CATALOGUE, 1771.

1 Bacon; 1 James Barry, (Temptation of Adam, Paradise Lost, book 9); 1 Bartolozzi; 4 Sir W. Chambers; 4 Richard Cosway, Associate; 1 John Flaxman, sen. (model in wax); 7 Gainsborough, (whole-length portraits); 1 William Hoare; 1 William Holland, (architectural); 6 Angelica Kauffman; 1 *Henry* Morland; 3 Nollekens; 6 Reynolds, (2 Portraits, Venus chiding Cupid, Nymph and Bacchus, Girl Reading, an Old Man, half-length); 9 West, (Death of Wolfe, Hannibal at the Altar, Compassion of Pharaoh's Daughter for Moses, Hector leaving Andromache, Death of Procris, &c.); 3 Wilson; 2 J. Wyatt; 3 Zoffani; and 1 Zuccarelli. In all 276.

4th CATALOGUE, 1772.

1 Bacon; 3 Barry, (Venus rising from the Sea, Medea's Incantation over her Children, and Education of Achilles); 1 Sir W. Chambers; 1 Cipriani; 2 Richard Cosway; 3 John Flaxman, *Junior;* 6 Gains-

borough, (of which four were whole-length portraits); 4 W. Hoare; 5 Angelica Kauffman; 7 P. J. de Loutherbourg, (Member of the Royal Academy, Paris); 1 *Henry* Morland; 2 Nollekens; 6 Reynolds, (5 portraits, and the Captain of Banditti); 5 B. West, (Penn's Treaty with the Indians, Simeon with the Child Jesus, Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus, Death of Hyacinthus, Una from the Fairy Queen); 2 Wilson; 3 Wyatt; 3 Zoffani; and 1 John Soane, Hon. Member, (front of a Nobleman's House). In all, 324.

5th CATALOGUE, 1773.

2 Bacon; 3 Barry, (two portraits, and Jupiter and Juno on Mount Ida); 1 Bartolozzi; 3 Sir W. Chambers; 2 Cosway, R.A.; 1 Thomas Engleheart; 2 J Flaxman, Jun.; 5 W. Hoare; 1 Richard Holland; 5. Angelica Kauffman; 8 P. J. de Loutherbourg; 1 *Henry* Morland; 4 Nollekens; 1 James Northcote, (a portrait, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's); 2 P. Reinagle; 13. Sir Joshua, (10 portraits, a Nymph with Bacchus, a Strawberry Girl, and Ugolino); 2. J. Soane, (at Mr. Holland's); 10 West, (of which 2 were portraits); 1 R. Wilson, R.A.; 1 James Wyatt; 2 Zoffani, R.A.; 1. Zuccarelli. In all, 385.

6th CATALOGUE, 1774.

1 Bacon; 4 Barry, (Lear and Cordelia, Mercury inventing the Lyre, Antiochus and Stratonice, and a portrait); 1 Bartolozzi; 1 Sir W. Chambers; 3 Cipriani; 1 Cosway; 1 Fuseli,* (Death of Cardinal Beau-

* This was the first painting which Fuseli exhibited at the Academy.

fort); 3 W. Hoare; 7 Angelica Kauffman; 7 P. J. de Loutherbourg; 5 Joseph Nollekens, R.A.; 2 James Northcote, (at Sir Joshua Reynolds's); 3 Reinagle; 13 Sir Joshua Reynolds, (among which was the Infant Jupiter); 1 J. Soane; 3 B. West; 3 R. Wilson; 2 James Wyatt. (Associate.) In all, 364.

7th CATALOGUE, 1775.

4 By J. Bacon; 2 Barry; 2 Sir W. Chambers; 2 Cosway; 1 J. Flaxman; 7 Angelica Kauffman; 5 by P. J. de Loutherbourg; 3 by J. Nollekens; 1 James Northcote; 12 by Sir Joshua Reynolds, (among these were, a Lady in the character of St. Cecilia, and a Beggar Boy and his Sisters); 2 by J. Soane; 7 by West, (among which were 2 portraits); 4 by Angelica Kauffman; 4 by Richard Wilson. In all, 401.

8th CATALOGUE, 1776.

2 By J. Bacon; 2 by J. Barry, (Death of General Wolfe, and portraits in the characters of Ulysses); 2 by Sir W. Beechey; 1 Sir W. Chambers; 1 Cipriani; 1 Singleton Copley; 5 Angelica Kauffman; 11 Loutherbourg; 4 Nollekens; 1 Northcote; 13 Sir Joshua Reynolds, (10 portraits, Omiah, St. John, Samuel); 1 J. Soane; 6 West, (among which was the Domestic Scene); 1 Richard Wilson. In all, 379.

9th CATALOGUE, 1777, contained Paintings 423; 10th, 1778, 429; 11th, 1779, 395; 12th, 1730, 489; 13th, 1781, 547; 14th, 1782, 556; 15th, 1783, 465; 16th, 1784, 539; 17th, 1785, 641; 18th, 1786, 616; 19th, 1787, 666.

In this Catalogue, 19th, 1787, Thomas Lawrence first exhibited. He had the seven following paintings. His residence was 4, Leicester Square.

184, A Mad Girl; 207, Portrait of a Lady; 229, of a Young Lady; 231, of a Lady; 234, of Mrs. Esten in the character of Belvidera; 255, a Vestal Virgin; 258, Portrait of a Young Lady.

In this Exhibition, Sir Joshua Reynolds had 13; West, 2; Westall, 1. Sir Joshua's were not of note, except a Portrait of the Prince of Wales.

20th CATALOGUE, 1788.

Six by T. Lawrence, Jermyn Street.

60, Portrait of a Lady; 61, of a Gentleman; 110, of a Gentleman; 112, of a Lady; 113, of a Lady; 147, of a Gentleman.

Sir Joshua had 18 paintings in this catalogue. In all, 656.

This year, 1788, was published "The Bee, or the Exhibition exhibited in a new light, being a complete Catalogue Raisonné of the Exhibition." In the publication occur the following observations upon Mr. Lawrence's paintings:—

"No. 60. This is a wonderful effusion of an early genius, of whom we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

"No. 112. Portrait of a Lady, (Miss Madden). After carefully examining and admiring the sky, the draperies, and the background of this little gem, let us cry out as we look upon the face, 'Happy the artist who had such a model, and happy the model who had such an

artist.' But they are both very young; let The Bee therefore gently buzz in their ears, beware of vanity:—it is alike the bane of the artist and the beauty.

"No. 147. Portrait of a Gentleman, (Mr. Dance). This, as the production in oils of a very young man, whose crayon pictures we have mentioned, (see 60 and 112), is so very harmoniously coloured that we confess ourselves at a loss whose style to recommend our artist to pursue."

21st CATALOGUE, 1789.

In all, 615 paintings: 13 by Mr. Lawrence, No. 41, Jermyn Street.

51, Portrait of a Gentleman; 100, of a Lady of Quality; 122, of a Lady, (crayons); 128, of a Lady; 130, of a Gentleman; 171, of a Gentleman; 194, of a Lady of Quality; 232, of a Lady of Quality; 459, a Head from Nature; 528, Portrait of a Lady; 536, of a Gentleman; 554, H. R. H. the Duke of York; 555, Portrait of a Gentleman.

22nd CATALOGUE, 1790.

In all, 703: 12 by Mr. T. Lawrence, 41, Jermyn Street.

19, Portrait of a Gentleman; 26, of H. R. H. the Princess Amelia; 100, of Her Majesty; 103, of a General Officer; 145 of a Lady; 152, of a Nobleman's Son; 171, of an Actress; 202, of a Nobleman's Children; 219, of a Young Nobleman; 260, of a Clergyman; 268, of an Officer; 275, of a Young Lady of Quality.

23rd CATALOGUE, 1791.

In all, 672: 11 by T. Lawrence, 24, Old Bond Street.

75, Portrait of a Lady of Quality; 97, of a Gentleman; 122, of a Lady; 140, of a Gentleman; 180, Homer reciting his Poems; 255, Portrait of a Lady; 375, of a Gentleman; 385, of a Gentleman; 394, of a Gentleman; 429, of a Gentleman; 516, of a Child.

24th CATALOGUE, 1792.

In all, 780: 10 by Mr. Lawrence, A.

1. Portrait of a Lady of Fashion as La Penserosa; 25, of a Gentleman and his Lady; 65, of His Majesty, this was hung next to West's Edward III. passing the Somme, painted for the Audience Chamber, Windsor Castle); 109, of a Gentleman; 150, of a Lady of Quality; 183, of a Gentleman; 209, of an Etonian; 225, of a Lady of Quality; 366, of a Naval Officer; 513, of a Nobleman's Children. Hoppner was very strong this Exhibition;—he had portraits of the Prince of Wales and Duke and Duchess of York.

25th CATALOGUE, 1793.

In all, 856: 9 by T. Lawrence, 24, Old Bond Street.

7. Portrait of a Gentleman, (Mr. Whitbread, Jun.); 15, of a Gentleman, (Sir George Beaumont); 63, of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence; 80, Portrait of a Nobleman, (Marquis of Abercorn); 191, Prospero raising the Storm; 231, Portrait of a Gentleman, (the Hon. Mr. Robinson); 235, of a Lady, (Mrs. Finch); 545, of a Lady of Quality, (Lady Cath. Harbord); 614, of a Gentleman, (Mr. Grey).

26th CATALOGUE, 1794.

In all, 670: 8 by T. Lawrence, R.A. Elect, 29, Old Bond Street.

78, Portrait of a Gentleman, (Sir G. Eliott); 115, of a Bishop; 131, of a Nobleman; 160, of a Lady, (to be disposed of); 168, of a Lady; 173, of an Archbishop; 181, of a Lady; 199, of a Boy.

27th CATALOGUE, 1795.

In all, 735: 9 by T. Lawrence, R.A. Piccadilly.

55, Portrait of a Lady of Quality; 75, of a Young Lady; 86, of a Nobleman; 131, of an Officer; 168, of a Gentleman; 175, of a Lady of Quality; 191, of a Gentleman; 596, of William Cowper, Esq.; 602, of a Family.

28th CATALOGUE, 1796.

In all, 885: 8 by T. Lawrence, R.A. Piccadilly.

102, Portrait of a Lady of Quality; 103, of a Nobleman; 116, of a Lady; 147, of a Bishop; 163, of a Nobleman; 164, of an Artist; 183, of a Gentleman; 202, of an Officer.

29th CATALOGUE, 1797.

In all, 1194: 6 by T. Lawrence, R.A. &c.

74, Portrait of a Nobleman's Family, (Lord Exeter and Family); 148, of a Nobleman, (Lord Inchiquin); 166, of a Lady, (Mrs. Siddons); 170, Satan calling his Legions, Milton; 188, Portrait of a Gentleman, (Mr. Kemble;) 237, of Mrs. Charles Lock.

In a work called "A Guide to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, for 1797," I find the following critique:

"170. Satan calling his Legions. Mr. Lawrence has been hitherto chiefly known as a portrait painter. He has in this picture soared into a higher branch of his art with the greatest success. The figure of Satan is truly sublime, and that of the attendant fiend, Beelzebub, is all that the mind of the poet framed. Perhaps somewhat less of distortion in the countenance of the arch fiend would have been more according to Milton's description of him. Upon the whole, this performance must place Mr. Lawrence among the first artists of the English School."

30th CATALOGUE, 1798.

In all, 1054: 6 by T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter in ordinary to His Majesty, Greek Street, Soho.

30, Portrait of Mrs. Allnutt; 51, of Lord Seaforth; 184, of Mr. Bell; 225, of Mr. Kemble, as Coriolanus at the hearth of T. Aufidius; 253, of Mr. Thompson; 257, of Mrs. Neave.

31st CATALOGUE, 1799.

In all, 1118: 6 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street.

5, Portrait of Mr. Hunter; 76, of the Duke of Norfolk; 137, of Mr. S. Lysons; 223, of Miss Jennings; 234, of General Paoli; 294, of Mrs. Allnutt.

Hoppner had 8 in this Exhibition, viz. the Earl of Chatham, the Duke of Rutland, the Countess of Sutherland, the Archbishop of York, Lady Melbourne, &c. Opie had nine, nearly all portraits.

32nd CATALOGUE, 1800.

In all, 1100: 7 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street, Soho.

28, Portrait of Mr. Boucherette's Children; 54, of Mr. Curran; 178, of Mrs. J. Angerstein; 193, Rolla; 213, Portrait of the Rev. Mr. Pennicotte; 246, of Lord Eldon; 526, of Mrs. Twiss.

33rd CATALOGUE, 1801.

In all, 1037: 6 by T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty.

62, Portrait of General Stuart; 92, of Mrs. G. Byng; 173, of the Hon. Sophia Upton; 190, of the Hon. Caroline Upton; 197, Hamlet; 207, Portrait of Mr. Antrobus.

34th CATALOGUE, 1802.

In all, 1091: 9 by T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, Greek Street.

5, Portrait of Lady Templetoun; 17, of the Marchioness of Exeter; 56, of Earl Cowper; 72, of the Princess of Wales and Princess Charlotte; 176, of Lady Cunningham; 184, of Hon. T. Erskine; 421, of George Stonestreet, painted for the Phœnix Company; 422, a Master in Chancery, (marked Northcote in the Catalogue by mistake): 621, of Sir W. Grant, Master of the Rolls. Hoppner had only one painting in this year.

35th CATALOGUE, 1803.

In all, 1028: 5 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street.

21, Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Thurlow; 64, of Lady C. Hamilton; 105, of the Right Hon. W

Wyndham; 127, of the Hon. Miss Lambe; 182, of Lord C. Campbell.

36th CATALOGUE, 1804.

In all, 968: 6 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street.

17, Portrait of Mrs. C. Thelluson; 25, of Mrs. Williams; 110, of J. P. Kemble, Esq.; 121, of C. Curtis, Esq.; 157, of Sir J. Mackintosh; 193, of Mrs. Siddons.

37th CATALOGUE, 1805.

In all, 813: 5 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street.

96, Portrait of the Hon. C. Grey; 150, of Lord Amherst; 157, of H. Hoare; 195, of Lady E. Foster; 219, of the Bishop of Gloucester.

38th CATALOGUE, 1806.

In all, 936: 6 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street, Soho.

35, Portrait of Lord Ellenborough; 72, of Sir Joseph Banks; 91, A Fancy Group; 125, Portrait of the Earl of Malmsbury; 137, of W. Baker, Esq. M.P.; 176, of Miss Riddell.

39th CATALOGUE, 1807.

In all, 1113: 2 by T. Lawrence, Greek Street, Soho.

17, Portrait of the Hon. B. Paget; 210, of Sir F. Baring, J. Baring, and —— Wall, Esq.

Mr. Hoppner had 8 in this Exhibition, including Lord King, T. Grenville, the Prince of Wales, Lord Hawkesbury, the Right Honourable C. Long, and Mr. S. Hood. Opie had 6, including Portraits of Lord Lowther, the Duke of Gloucester, and Dr. Parr.

40th CATALOGUE, 1808.

In all, 998: 5 by T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, Greek Street, Soho.

74, Portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen; 95, of the Right Hon. William Pitt, a posthumous portrait; 133, of the Hon. Lady Hood; 134, of J. Farrington, Esq.; 175, of the Children of J. Angerstein, Esq. Hoppner only one. Opie none.

41st CATALOGUE, 1809.

In all, 886. T. Lawrence, none. Hoppner had 6.*

42nd CATALOGUE, 1810.

In all, 905: 5 by T. Lawrence, R.A. Greek Street, Soho.

61, Portrait of Lord Viscount Castlereagh; 67, of the Right Hon. George Canning; 159, A group of Portraits, consisting of Mrs. Wall, and her brother, T. Baring, Esq., of their Sons, and of the late Lady Baring; 171, Portrait of Lord Viscount Melville.

43rd CATALOGUE, 1811.

In all, 955: 6 by T. Lawrence, R. A. Greek Street.

13, Portrait of the Hon. C. A. Cooper; 69, of Mrs. Stratton; 88, Major General the Hon. C. Stewart; 113, of B. West, Esq. R.A.; 170, of the sons of —— Labouchere, Esq.; 194, of Warren Hastings.

44th CATALOGUE, 1812.

In all, 940: 8 by Mr. T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter in ordinary to His Majesty.

* Mr. Lawrence had taken offence at the hanging of Lady Hood's portrait in the preceding year, and refused to exhibit in the Exhibition of 1809.

19, Portrait of the Earl of Lonsdale; 20, of Miss W. Pole; 57, of Mr. Kemble as Addison's Cato; 65, of Viscount Mountjoy; 88, of Mrs. May; 103, Sir William Curtis; 108, of the Earl and Countess Charlemont and their Children; 228, of T. Taylor, Esq. (translator of Plato, Aristotle, &c.)

45th CATALOGUE, 1813.

In all, 945: 8 by T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, Greek Street, Soho.

7, Portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir T. Graham; 28, of Sir H. Englefield; 63, of Miss Thayer; 139, of Countess Grey; 158, of Lady Ellenborough; 159, of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Charles Stewart; 208, of Marquis Wellesley; 222, of James Watt, Esq.

46th CATALOGUE, 1814.

In all, 811: 8 by T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter in ordinary to his Majesty, Russell Square.

23, Portrait of Viscount Castlereagh; 56, of Lady Leicester; 64, of H. R. H. the Duke of York; 138, of Lady Grantham; 146, of the Marquis of Abercorn; 237, of the Right Hon. J. Macmahon; 271, of Lady Emily Cowper; 277, of Master W. Locke.

47th CATALOGUE, 1815.

In all, 908: 7 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, 65, Russell Square.

28, Portrait of Mrs. Wolff; 65, of H. R. H. the Prince Regent; 76, of H. R. H. Prince Metternich Winnebourgh, Minister for Foreign Affairs of His

Majesty the Emperor of Austria; 109, of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, holding the sword of state on the last day of thanksgiving at St. Paul's; 155, of Field Marshal Prince Blucher; 163, of the Hetman Prince Platoff; 276, of R. Hart Davis, Esq.

48th CATALOGUE, 1816.

In all, 970: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty, Russell Square.

12, Portrait of J. J. Angerstein, Esq.; 25, of the Bishop of London; 47, of the Bishop of Durham; 48, of the Marchioness of Stafford; 61, of Field Marshal H. R. H. the Duke of York; 107, of Lady Wigram; 161, Major. General Sir H. Torrens, K.C.B.; 184, of Canova.

49th CATALOGUE, 1817.

In all, 1077: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, 65, Russell Square.

24, Portrait of Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Anglesea; 44, of the sons of —— Pattison, Esq.; 68, of Lieutenant-General Lord Lyndoch; 72, of H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester; 150, of Mrs. Arbuthnot; 156, of Mr. P. Norton; 190, of Lady Maria Oglander; 346, of J. Jekyll, Esq.

50th CATALOGUE, 1818.

In all, 1117: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, and of the American Academy of Fine Arts.

25, Portrait of Lady Acland and her Children; 53, of Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower; 61, of H. R. H. the Prince Regent; 139, of the Hon. Frederick Stewart, son of Lord Stewart; 148, of the Earl of Suffolk; 165, of the Duke of Wellington, in the dress that he wore, and on the horse he rode at the Battle of Waterloo; 230, of William Morgan, Esq.; 284, of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Lowther.

51st CATALOGUE, 1819.

In all, 1248. Sir Thomas had nothing in this year's Exhibition.

52nd CATALOGUE, 1820.

In all, 1702: 5 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, and of the Fine Arts at New York.

88, Portrait of John Bloomfield, Esq.; 115, of John Abernethy, Esq.; 122, of the daughter of His Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles of Austria; 140, of Lady Selina Meade; 171, of the Right Hon. Sir William Grant, late Master of the Rolls, painted for the gentlemen of the Chancery Bar, attending the Rolls Court.

53rd CATALOGUE, 1821.

In all, 1165: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence.

69, Portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry; 70, of H. R. H. the late Princess Charlotte; 106, of Mrs. H. Baring and Children; 171, of Sir Humph. Davy, Pre-

sident of the Royal Society, &c.; 180, of the Lady Louisa Lambton; 193, of the late Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy; 208, of Viscountess Pollington and Child; 331, of James Palmer, Esq. Treasurer of Christ Church Hospital.

54th CATALOGUE, 1822.

In all, 1049: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, &c.

35, Portrait of Count Michael Woronzow; 67, of Mrs. Littleton; 73, of H. R. H. the Duke of York; 77, of His Majesty, for the Royal Palace, Windsor; 80, of the Countess of Blessington; 113, of the Duke of Bedford; 134, of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; 300, of Little Red Riding Hood.

55th CATALOGUE, 1823.

In all, 1131: 7 by Sir T. Lawrence, Principal Portrait Painter to His Majesty, &c.

7, Portrait of the Earl of Harewood; 28, of the Archbishop of York; 84, of Lord Francis Conyngham; 89, of the Countess of Jersey; 124, of the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer; 318, of Sir William Knighton; 445, of a Young Lady.

56th CATALOGUE, 1824

In all, 1037: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence.

Devonshire; 291, of Sir William Curtis, Bart.; 392, of the Children of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

57th CATALOGUE, 1825.

In all, 1072: 8 by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

28, Portrait of Mrs. Peel; 57, of H. R. H. the Princess Sophia; 71, of the Duke of Wellington; 83, of the Right Hon. George Canning; 118, of the Lord Chancellor; 140, of J. Wilson Croker, Esq.; 288, of the son of John George Lambton, Esq.; 399, of Lord Bexley.

58th CATALOGUE, 1826.

In all, 1105: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence.

65, Portrait of Lady Wallscourt; 75, of Lord Robert Manners; 91, of the Marchioness of Lansdowne; 101, of the Right Hon. Robert Peel; 109, of the Right Hon. George Canning; 158, of the Hon. Mrs. Hope; 307, of the Viscountess Melville; 396, of a Child.

59th CATALOGUE, 1827.

In all, 1127: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence.

26, Portrait of Miss Croker; 75, of the Countess of Normanton; 117, of the Earl of Liverpool; 134, of Mrs. Peel; 146, of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; 212, of Lord Frederick Leveson Gower; 314, of John Nash, Esq.; 422, of Richard Clarke, Esq. Chamberlain of the City of London.

60th CATALOGUE, 1828.

In all, 1214: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence.

66, Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst; 77, of the daughter

of the Right Hon. W. Peel; 114, of the Countess Gower and her Daughter; 140, of the Marchioness of Londonderry, and her Son, Lord Seaham; 158, of Earl Grey; 263, of Sir Astley Cooper; 341, of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis and her Son; 463, of the Earl of Eldon.

61st CATALOGUE, 1829.

In all, 1223: 8 by Sir T. Lawrence.

57, Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence; 97, of Miss Macdonald; 102, of the Duchess of Richmond; 135, of Lord Durham; 172, of Robert Southey, Esq.; 193, of the Marchioness of Salisbury; 338, of John Soane, Esq.; 455, of Mrs. Locke, Sen.

62nd CATALOGUE, 1830.

In all, 1278: 8 by the late Sir T. Lawrence, &c. &c.

71, Portrait of Lady Belfast; 79, of His Excellency the late Sir Ralph James Woodford, Bart. Governor of Trinidad, painted for the Hall of the Illustrious Board of Cabildo, of that Island; 100, of the Archbishop of Armagh; 114, of Miss Fry; 116, of the Earl of Aberdeen; 136, of T. Moore, Esq.; 312, of the Earl of Hardwicke; 427, of John Angerstein, Esq.

CATALOGUE

OF THE

WORKS OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

EXHIBITED

IN THE YEAR 1830, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DECEASE,

AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Numbers 1 to 21 were Painted by Order of His late Majesty for

THE WATERLOO GALLERY AT WINDSOR.

NO.

1 His Most Gracious Majesty, George the Fourth.
2 Small Portrait of His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.
3 The Prince Metternich.
4 General Tchernicheff.
5 General Overoff.
6 The Earl Bathurst, K.G.
7 Field Marshal the Prince Blucher.
8 The Cardinal Consalvi.
9 Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G. bearing the Sword of State.

10 His late Holiness Pope Pius VII.
11 The Hetman Platoff.
12 The late Earl of Liverpool, K.G.
13 The Baron Hardenburg.
14 The Count Capo d'Istria.
15 The Count Nesselrode.
16 The late Marquess of Londonderry, K. G.
17 Frederick William the Third, King of Prussia.
18 Francis the Second, Emperor of Austria.
19 Charles the Tenth, King of France.
20 The Archduke Charles.
21 Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias.
22 The Lady Emily Cowper,—from the Collection of *Earl Cowper.**
23 Mrs. Harford.—*R. H. Davis, Esq. M.P.*
24 The Countess of Normanton—*Earl of Normanton.*
25 The Marquess of Londonderry, K. G.—*Marquess Camden, K. G.*
26 The Countess Gower—*Earl Gower.*
27 The Honourable Mrs. Hope—*Thomas Hope, Esq.*
28 Master Hope—*Thomas Hope, Esq.*
29 Lady Georgiana Gordon, the present Duchess of Bedford– *The Duke of Bedford.*
30 Lady Grantham—*Lord Grantham.*
31 Sir Francis Baring, Bart. John Baring, Esq. and J. Wall, Esq—*Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. M. P.*
32 Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis and Son—*The Hon. G. A. Ellis, M. P.*
33 Hamlet—*Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. M. P.*

* The names in Italics indicate the owners of the paintings.

34 His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, K. G.—*H. R. H. Prince Leopold, K. G.*

35 Lady Baring, Mrs. Wall, Sir Thomas Baring, Bt. Master Baring Wall, and Master Francis Baring—*Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. M. P.*

36 The Baron Gentz—His Majesty.

37 The late John Julius Angerstein, Esq.—*John Angerstein, Esq.*

38 Lady Georgiana Fane—*Earl of Westmoreland, K.G.*

39 The Countess Cowper—*Viscount Melbourne.*

40 Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte; a Drawing—*John Meredith, Esq.*

41 The Earl of Aberdeen, K. T.—*Earl of Aberdeen, K. T.*

42 The Right Hon. Sir William Grant—*The Rolls Court.*

43 The Children of John Angerstein, Esq.—*John Angerstein, Esq.*

44 The Marquess of Lansdowne—*Marquess of Lansdowne.*

45 Richard Hart Davis, Esq. M. P.—*R. H. Davis, Esq. M. P.*

46 Miss Thayer—*F. Knight, Esq.*

47 Sir Edmund Carrington, M.P.—*Sir Edmund Carrington, M. P.*

48 Mrs. Littleton—*E. J. Littleton, Esq. M. P.*

49 The Hon. Charles William Lambton—*Lord Durham.*

50 The late Earl of Liverpool—*Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M. P.*

51 The Lord Durham—*Lord Durham.*

52 Donna Maria de Gloria—His Majesty.

53 The Duke of Wellington, K. G.—*Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M. P.*

54 The Children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq.—*Charles B. Calmady, Esq.*

55 Lady Peel—*Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M. P.*

56 The late Right Hon. George Canning—*Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M. P.*

57 Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, M. P.—*Right Hon. J. W. Croker, M. P.*

58 Miss Croker—*Right Hon. J. W. Croker, M. P.*

59 Miss Murray—*Right Hon. Sir G. Murray, M. P.*

60 The Duke of Bedford—*The Duke of Bedford.*

61 The late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.—HIS MAJESTY.

62 Mrs. Wolff—*Miss Croft.*

63 The Hon. Miss Upton—*Viscount Templetowne.*

64 The Countess Rosalie—*Miss Croft.*

65 The late Duchess of Devonshire—*The Duke of Devonshire.*

66 The Cardinal Consalvi—*The Marquess of Bristol.*

67 The late John Kemble in the character of Cato—"Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!"—*Executor of Sir T. Lawrence.*

68 Lady Wigram—*Sir Robert Wigram, Bart.*

69 The Viscount Seaham—*Marquess of Londonderry.*

70 The Marchioness of Londonderry—ditto.

71 Mrs. Angerstein—*J. Angerstein, Esq.*

72 Miss Capel—*John Capel, Esq. M. P.*

73 Miss Siddons—*Duke of Bedford.*

74 His Royal Highness Prince George of Cumberland—HIS MAJESTY.

75 The Marchioness of Londonderry and Lord Seaham —*The Marquess of Londonderry.*

76 The Duk · d'Angoulême—HIS MAJESTY.

77 The Duchess of Richmond—*The Duke of Richmond.*

78 Benjamin West, Esq.—HIS MAJESTY.

79 Sir Jeffry Wyatville—HIS MAJESTY.

80 Francis Chaplin, Esq. M. P.—*Executor of Sir T. Lawrence.*

81 Vice Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, *G. C. B.—Sir E. Codrington*, G. C. B.

82 Satan !—

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !

—*Executor of Sir T. Lawrence.*

83 The late Samuel Lysons, Esq.—*Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

84 Mr. Samuel Woodburne—*Mr. Samuel Woodburne.*

85 John Soane, Esq. R. A.—*John Soane, Esq. R.A.*

86 His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G. HIS MAJESTY.

87 The late John Kemble in the Character of Hamlet— HIS MAJESTY.

88 His Royal Highness the Duke of York, K. G.— HIS MAJESTY.

89 The Prince Schwartzenburg—HIS MAJESTY.

90 The late Right Hon. George Canning, M. P.—HIS MAJESTY.

91 The Portrait of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. at the Age of Seven; his first attempt in Oil Painting—*John Meredith, Esq.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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